December 16, 1933

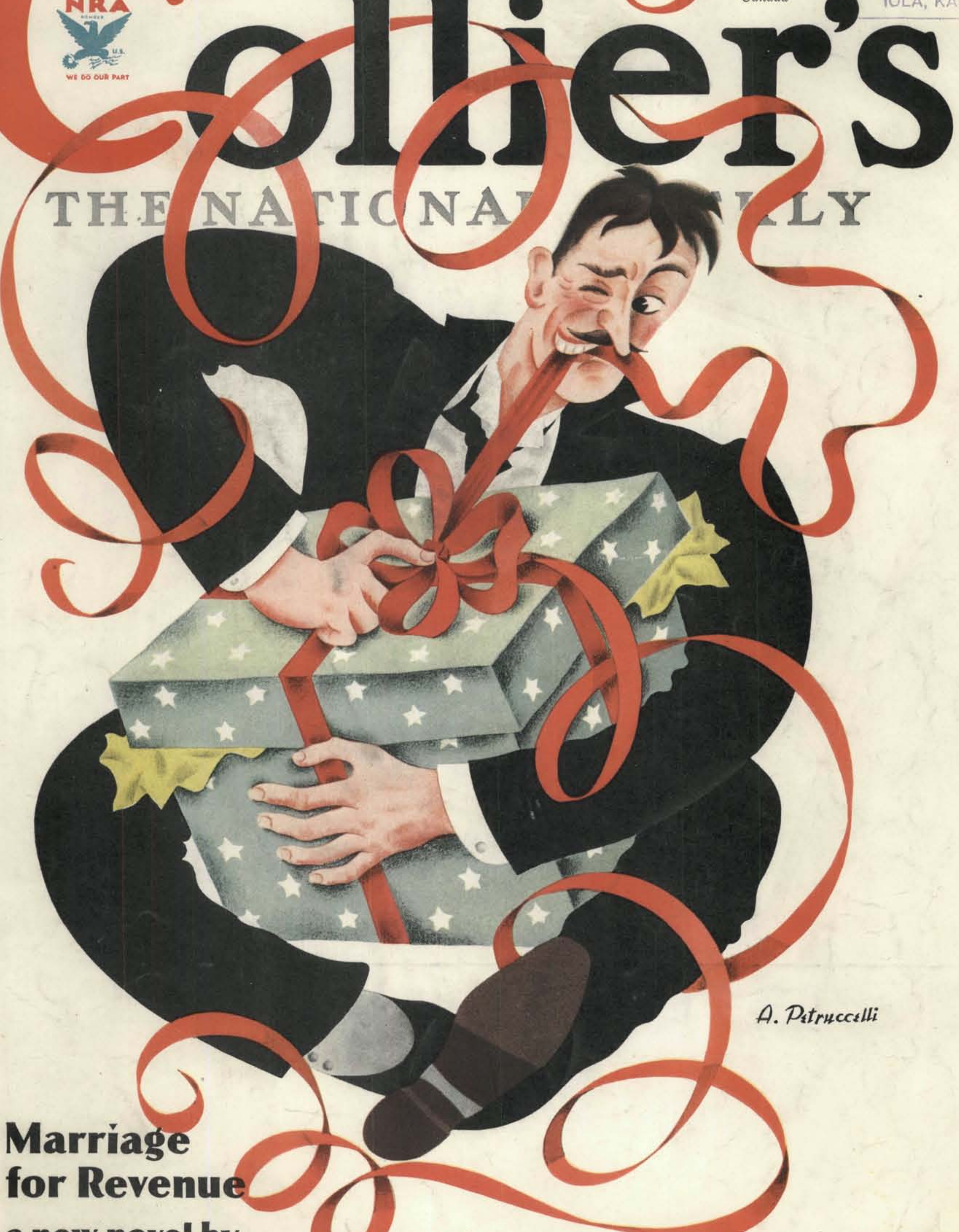
5¢ a copy
10c in Canada

IOLA FREE PUBLIC
LIBRARY
IOLA, KANSAS

/

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Marriage for Revenue

a new novel by

George Agnew Chamb

S R ELLIS 128
212 N SYCAMORE 2134
IOLA C
KANS 24AU35 6 2 2

DEC. 16, 1933

CANADA DRY'S
SPARKLING WATER
A pure lithiated, ultra-violet-ray treated carbonated water
CANADA DRY GINGER ALE INCORPORATED, N.Y.
CONTENTS 28 FL. OUNCES

THIRSTY . . . BUT *Thrifty!*

EVEN our Best People, these days, have discovered how to be thrifty though thirsty. They're using Canada Dry's Sparkling Water.

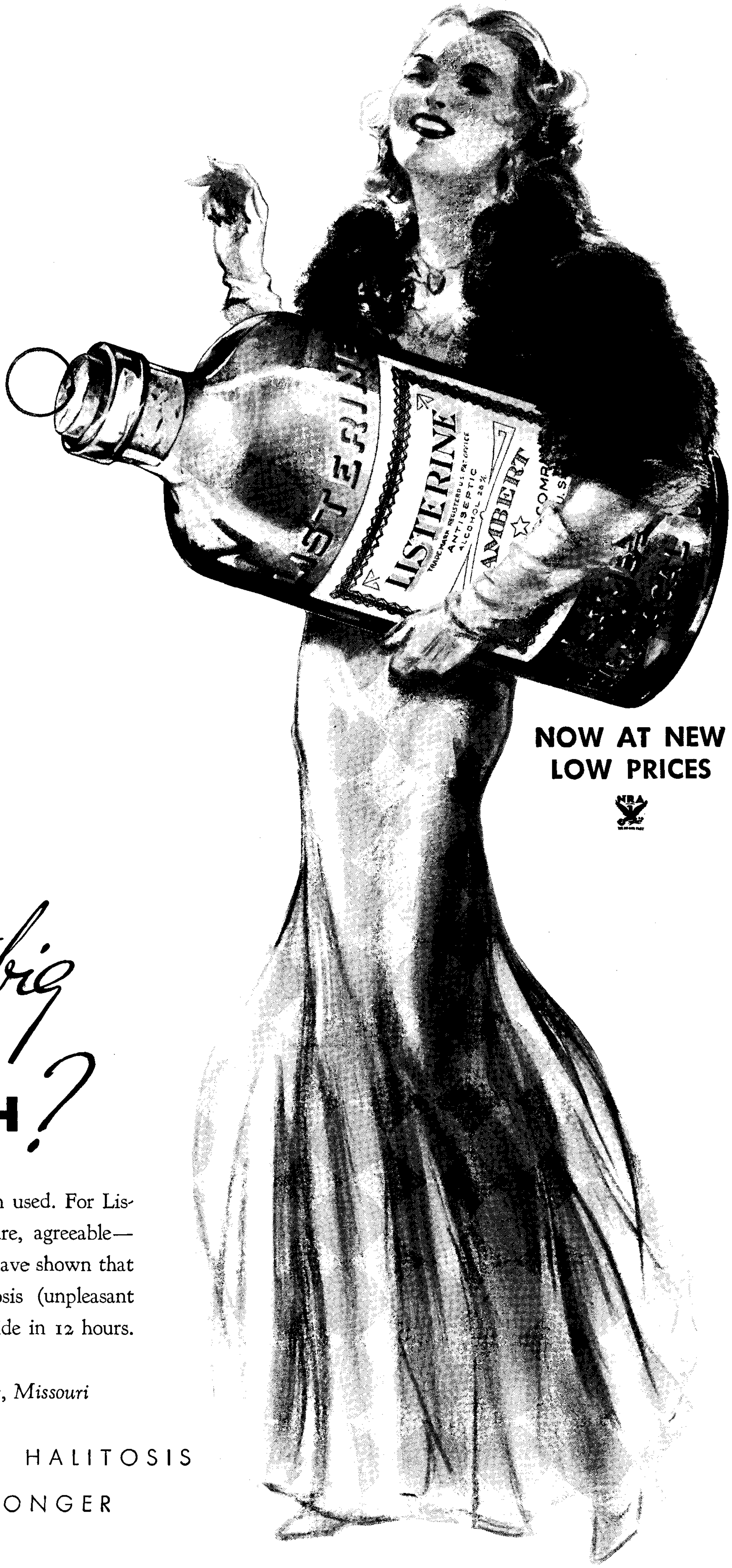
After all, why not? It comes in a big bottle making anywhere from 5 to 8 tall drinks. And it's remarkably low in price. Yet you can't find another water with more bubbles or more lasting sparkle at any price.

That's just the result of Canada Dry's secret method of pin-point carbonation. The tang and zest last long after you open the bottle.

One sip of Canada Dry's Sparkling Water will tell you all this . . . and more! Try it soon.

A FULL 28-OUNCE BOTTLE ONLY 20c . . . PLUS 5c BOTTLE DEPOSIT

Slightly higher in a few places where freight rates do not permit return of bottles



NOW AT NEW LOW PRICES

Who's afraid of the big bad BREATH?

The answer is nobody—if Listerine has been used. For Listerine instantly makes the breath sweet, pure, agreeable—beyond power to offend others. Actual tests have shown that Listerine instantly conquers cases of halitosis (unpleasant breath) that ordinary mouth washes fail to hide in 12 hours. Before any social engagement use Listerine.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Missouri*

LISTERINE INSTANTLY ENDS HALITOSIS

DEODORIZES HOURS LONGER

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

AFTER Blondy Swanson sees Miss Clarabelle Cobb in just one performance of Mr. Georgie White's Scandals, he is never quite the same guy again. He takes to sending her packages of trinkets, including such articles as diamond brooches and bracelets and vanity cases, for there is no denying that Blondy is a fast guy with a dollar.

But it seems that Miss Clarabelle Cobb will not accept any of these offerings, and she is openly criticized for this action by some of the other dolls in Mr. Georgie White's Scandals, for they say that after all there is a limit even to eccentricity.

And after Miss Clarabelle Cobb takes plenty of outdoors on Blondy Swanson, many citizens feel very sorry for him, especially as they hear that she marries some legitimate guy in Akron, Ohio.

But this is by no means the end of Miss Clarabelle Cobb, for she is found on Christmas Eve by "Three Wise Guys" who are looking for a gripsack full of lovely, large, coarse banknotes in a town called Bethlehem, Pa. The scribe is Mr. Damon Runyon, who is a very wise guy himself.

THERE was a part of the defeated German army that never surrendered—the remnant of Richthofen's famous "flying circus." Hopelessly beaten, flatly disobedient, the commander, Captain Goering, withdrew his dozen planes farther and farther into Germany, still clutching in his hand the cane always carried by Manfred von Richthofen. Goering is now Hitler's second-in-command, the mailed fist and booted heel of the Third Reich. Next week T. R. Ybarra shows you "Hard-Boiled Hermann," the man who makes Hitler's sleep uneasy.

WHEN plague developed on the Berlanga Farm in Honduras, hell broke loose among the natives. They shouted for "The Donovan." Dr. Donovan. No one else would do. And Dr. Donovan was sixty miles away, keeping a white woman alive by sheer nerve and endurance. What to do? It was "Scoundrel's Choice" either way. Frederick Nebel takes you into the steaming jungle to watch the play of love and hate in the grim hold of necessity.

IN SIDI-BEL-ABBES Georges Surdez tells you the heroic story of a legionnaire. Walter Davenport takes up the enspiriting subject of whisky and drains it to the last drop. In the second installment of "Marriage for Revenue" you become further involved in the meteoric career of Larry Raglan and his rapacious wives. Marie Beynon Ray, Freling Foster, Marian Sims, Alan LeMay and Ray Tucker add zest and variety. A swell party.

This Week

●

December 16, 1933

Cover by Antonio Petruccelli

GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN
Marriage for Revenue, Part I. **The new serial—a romance of Wall Street in the days of the cyclone, and after. Page 7**

NATALIE SHIPMAN
Rose in Bloomers. **Proving how wrong a man can be about a girl. Page 10**

JOHN T. FLYNN
Uneasy Money. **The story of inflation —and what it would do for us. Page 12**

BRASSIL FITZGERALD
Campus King. **Romance, transplanted from the campus into the cold, cold world. Page 14**

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Attention Mr. Smith. **The birth of a hero. Page 16**

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
High Man Out, **by Paul Jones. Page 18**

RAY TUCKER
A Dime a Dozen. **The plight of the bosses. Page 19**

ALAN LeMAY
Thunder in the Dust, Part III. **Tom Cloud takes a partner. Page 20**

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT
Staged in Moscow. **Comrade Woollcott goes to the play. Page 22**

EDWARD L. McKENNA
A Winning Ticket. **One woman joins the adventurers. Page 24**

SELMA ROBINSON
Wrapped Up in Christmas. **Get out the red ribbon. Page 26**

TEDDY HAYES and JOHN B. KENNEDY
Champs and Chumps. **Fighters on the loose. Page 28**

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. **Choice morsels of facts—easy to take. Page 45**

EDITORIAL
If You Know a Better Bird— **Page 58**

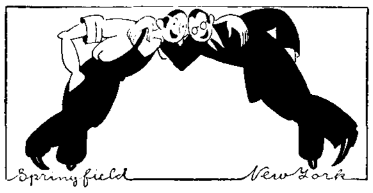
●

Any Week

WE SHOULDN'T be at all surprised if Mr. H. V. D. Moore of New York City received a letter from John T. Flynn, whose recent "Wall Street Medicine" has moved Mr. Moore to complain that Mr. Flynn is in error when he says that stock-market speculation is one of the several developments of our high-powered civilization that we could get along surprisingly well without. "If," says Mr. Moore, "Mr. Flynn had studied the history of the United States, he would have seen that the whole country has been built up by speculation. Had it not been for the New York Stock Exchange and similar institutions, this country would still be in the ox-cart period."

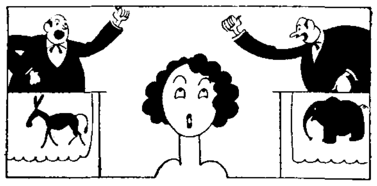
MR. MOORE and Mr. Joseph J. Hess of Omaha, Nebraska, ought to enjoy each other a lot. Mr. Hess informs us—and you—that "relatively speaking this country is now in the ox-cart stage. If you think that the Roosevelt Administration with its NRA and so forth is socialistic and that recognizing Russia indicates that we are abandoning the precepts of our fathers, just wait. You haven't seen anything."

"WHAT is the idea," asks Mr. A. P. Rosemont of San Francisco, California, "of doing business in New York and patronizing a printer in Springfield, Ohio?" That's an easy one. You see, Mr. Rosemont, he's our printer. Or maybe it's that we're his editors. Anyway, we and our printer are just like that.



"THIS," gloats Miss G. VaNell of Chicago, Illinois, holding aloft Grover Jones' recent "Along Came Prosperity," "is one copy of Collier's the janitor won't get. Please, Mr. Jones, hear the cry of a lonesome, lost gal from Toad Hop, Indiana. Yessir, Toad Hop. Ask Mr. Jones, my dear editor, whether he remembers Paris Road and the Bethesda Church, Sugar Creek and the Deep Vein. And there was the old covered wooden bridge (five dollars fine for driving faster than a walk) over Sugar Creek. Chelsea Jumper —remember him, Mr. Jones?—did most of his courting inside it. Remember Mr. Harvey, the teacher? He's dead, Mr. Jones. Auto accident. And . . ." But we can't let Miss VaNell go on like that. It isn't good for her. "I won't miss an issue of Collier's," she promises, "not ever again."

MRS. DAVIS H. HEERGEIST of Philadelphia says she doesn't know just what form of government she'd substitute for what we have, but "I do know that we have very little chance to express ourselves in running our own political affairs. The choice we have in voting for our rulers is so small. On one hand you have an incumbent seeking reëlection and not in one case in ten is he worthy. His opposition promises all the things the incumbent promised and didn't deliver. And it's crullers to dollars he won't deliver if given the chance. We listen, try to believe, hope, vote and are disillusioned all over again."



AND Mr. Al Schoedesmith of Huntington, West Virginia, has gone into intensive training that he may be able to bear up "during the coming battle between Congress and the White House for control of the rest of us. The White House will have ideas about how to do us good and Congress will have a lot," goes on Mr. Schoedesmith. "We will have some too. But what of it?"

"IT IS apparent," agrees Mr. Bland Creasap of St. Louis, Missouri, "that NIRA is doing everything in her power to further the worker's constitutional guarantee of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. If she wants a job for life all she has to do is to show us how to end the pursuit." Leaving us to take it but not to believe that Mr. Creasap would then be happy.

"YOU don't suppose, do you," demands Miss Bernice Steihl of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, "that all these belated critics of the NRA had something better to offer all this time, particularly some of the newspaper publishers we've had to listen to, and were just too modest to say anything about it, do you?"

"I LIKE you guys," says Mrs. Torr Wyley of Paducah, Kentucky, "because you don't take yourselves too seriously. Drop in sometime. I'm as flat as Monday morning but I've got a side of beef, two hogs and a quartette of sheep hanging where they're handy and enough sweet-potato likker to keep us warm and I never felt better in my life. Let the thinkers think and the woe boys shed the bitter tears. Drop in sometime and let's sit out this depression. I got enough to last till then."

WE'RE leaving now.

Vol. 92, No. 25. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by P F. Collier & Son Company, Springfield, Ohio. Copyright, 1933, P. F. Collier & Son Company, in the United States. Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Thomas H. Beck, President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Albert E. Winger, Treasurer. Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts.

5 cents a copy in United States. $2.00 a year. $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. For Canada add $2.50 per year for Canadian duty. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $4.50 a year to Newfoundland and Labrador. $5.50 a year to all other countries.
Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States Funds to Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

Mr. Woollcott discovered that one of the charms of the new Chrysler was a little pleasant reading while the car took a dirt trail at 70.

"IT'S THE WORLD'S FIRST *Sensible* MOTOR CAR"

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ — ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT ★ ★

Alexander Woollcott — noted critic, author, playwright; famous on the air as The Town Crier — accepted Mr. Chrysler's invitation to preview the new Airflow Chrysler. Here is his story — told in his own inimitable fashion.*

"I HAVE discovered that preparations for a new model in the automobile business are characterized by a touch of melodrama. Yesterday I was led blindfolded along what would once have been a two-weeks' journey into the wilderness before it was considered safe to show me the 1934 Airflow Chrysler.

"The result was an ample reward.

"The car was hidden away up a road so primitive that I have seen its like only in the Argonne during the War. We made the inward trip along this pock-marked pathway in a standard first-rate car of the old dispensation. We arrived shattered and exhausted but otherwise none the worse off except for two instances when I had bitten my tongue through.

"But when we retraced this same road an hour later, I was riding in the new Chrysler, and though we went at 65 miles an hour, for all the jolting I felt I might as well have been riding on asphalt of purest ray serene.

"While we were going at that breathless pace along a dirt road I was able to write on a pad on my knee precisely as if the car had been stationary. It is literally true that on such a road at such a speed the new Chrysler carries passengers with less vibration than the best car has hitherto been able to manage on the best road ever built.

"To one who has bumped much over the highways of the world such an experience is uncanny. For the first few miles, when you see ahead of you the makings of a nasty jolt, you wince with your neurotic memory of what such jolts have always meant to you. But the new Chrysler goes over such an interference with the ease of a swan on a lake. By the time you have crossed three such sources of trouble and had no trouble at all, you begin to feel for the first time in your motoring life what relaxation really is.

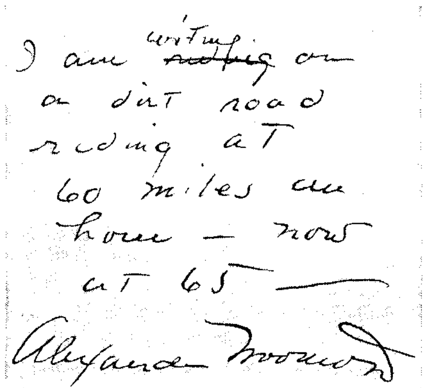
"*The 1934 Chrysler is the world's first sensible motor car.* It is the first time a car has been made by taking a standard automobile apart and refusing to put back those parts which could justify themselves only by the poor plea that they had always been in an automobile before.

"The result should make the Chrysler the pre-eminent car for American life at a time when everything we have and are—our government, our courts, our schools—will be first challenged, then examined and then retained, if at all, only insofar as it too can justify itself.

"I think that this car could best be introduced to the world by a whimsical cartoon, in two parts. The first would show a highway in 1904. In that year an automobile was enough of a rarity to make any decently sensitive horse shudder at the sight of the snorting monster. Nowadays when a car comes down the road a horse merely yawns. Indeed they say that nowadays the only thing unusual enough to frighten a horse is the sight of another horse.

"The next picture should be 1934. Around the bend comes the new Chrysler, and at the sight of that innovation and forecast of the future, the artist should show all the other automobiles trembling with fear, issuing steam from their headlights, climbing trees and leaping fences. But only at first. Only while the new style is a novelty. In another year, all the others, having recovered from their fear, will have tried to be like it.

"For some reason, the Chrysler people insist upon using my photograph instead of the cartoon."



I am ~~riding~~ writing on
a dirt road
riding at
60 miles an
hour — now
at 65 —
Alexander Woollcott

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Coming Soon

Watch for magazine and newspaper announcement. *Tune in* on Chrysler's big air program "New York Goes to the Auto Show," Sunday, January 7 from 8:00 to 9:00 P. M. E. S. T. Columbia Broadcasting System.

*Name Copyrighted—Chrysler Corporation

AIRFLOW
THE MOTOR CAR
OF TOMORROW
CHRYSLER

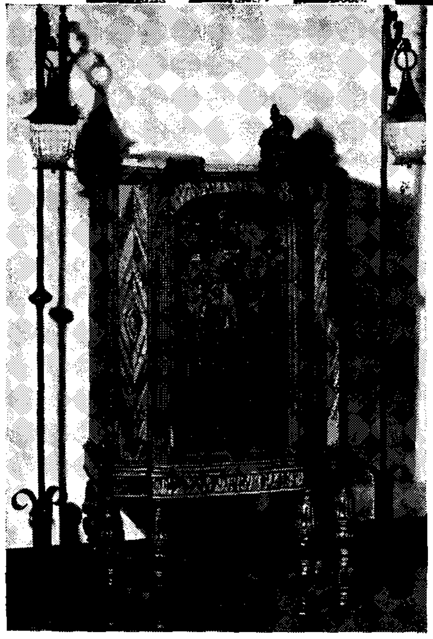
There is a PHILCO *for every purse... and every purpose for home..for automobile*

ARE you planning one great worthwhile gift to the whole family? Then one of the great PHILCO Inclined Sounding Board models will fill the bill to perfection—without too much of a bill attached!

Do you want a radio for the personal use of a member of the family—for a friend—or for some room in the house where an additional radio will mean greater comfort and enjoyment to someone who spends many hours there? Then you may choose one of PHILCO'S "personal" radios—wonderfully compact but tremendously efficient for their size.

Possibly you want a radio in the automobile to double the pleasure of motoring? PHILCO now provides a single unit radio with a real man-size speaker that reproduces programs with a tone quality that compares favorably with the finest of home radios!

Whatever your radio requirements—PHILCO has the right answer at the right price—from $22.50 to $600.

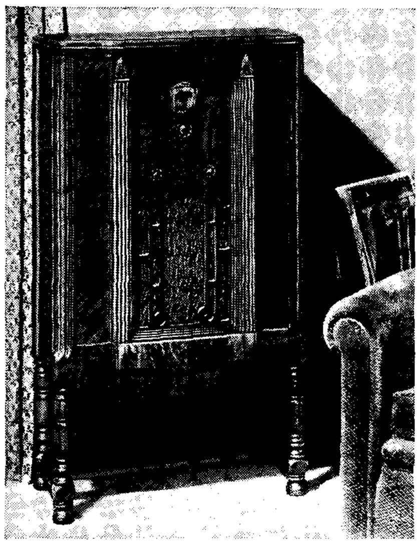


PHILCO 18H . . . $89.50

A new and attractive PHILCO Highboy—which receives not only the entire broadcasting range—but both channels of police calls and many amateur stations, airplane and airport calls.

Gives you the new and exclusive PHILCO Super "Class A" Audio System, Bass Compensating Tone Control, Shadow Tuning, Automatic Volume Control, etc.—a PHILCO Highboy that sets a new high mark for quality reproduction at so low a price.

PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY SET



$22.50 to $600

All prices subject to change without notice

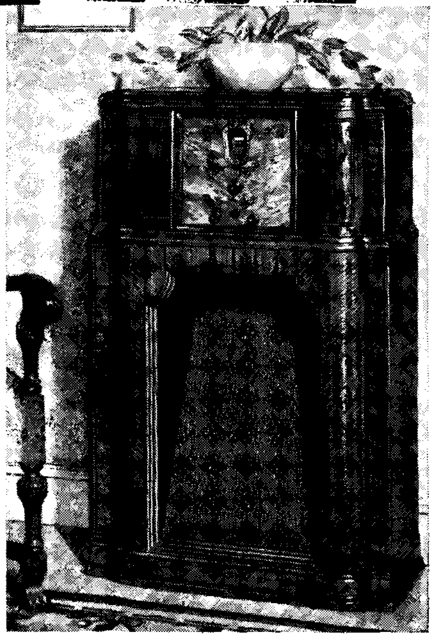
NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

PHILCO 60L • $42.50

Exceptional value at an amazingly low price! A PHILCO Lowboy with Automatic Volume Control, Tone Control, Illuminated Station Recording Dial, PHILCO Electro-Dynamic Speaker with superb tone.

Covers the entire broadcast band—BOTH police channels, and puts you in touch with many of the interesting amateur, airplane and airport stations.

Uses the latest type PHILCO 6.3 volt multiple-function high-efficiency tubes.



PHILCO 16X . . . $175

If you would enjoy the truest and most perfect reproduction of the regular broadcasting stations — and then be free to adventure in the fascinating realm of the short-waves—possibly to pick up Europe, South America or other foreign countries—this is *your* radio.

Short-wave tuning made easy by PHILCO Wave Band Switch and Dual Ratio Tuning. Range from 23 megacycles (23,000 kilocycles) to 520 kilocycles (13 to 575 meters).

A new achievement in tone! PHILCO Balanced Power Super "Class A" Audio System gives pure, undistorted tone over the whole range from pianissimo to crescendo!

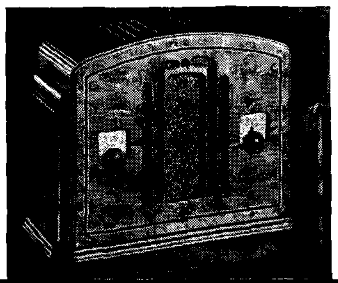
Auditorium Speaker, Bass Compensating Tone Control, Automatic Volume Control, Automatic Interstation Noise Suppression, Shadow Tuning, Illuminated Station Recording Dial, Full-Floating Chassis, PHILCO High-Efficiency Tubes, etc.

A BRAND NEW PHILCO AUTO RADIO AT $49.95

(Complete and installed on any make car—any model—any year)

A new 1934 model PHILCO Auto Radio featuring a full-size dynamic speaker—the same type used in high-priced home radios. Four-point tone control. More powerful—more selective—better tone than any auto radio that $49.95 ever bought before!

LISTEN TO BOAKE CARTER OVER KEY COLUMBIA STATIONS



PHILCO 54C

Automatic Volume Control, Illuminated Dial, Electro-Dynamic Speaker. A. C. or D. C. Tunes regular broadcast stations, all police, and many amateur and airplane stations. Built-in aerial—no ground required. Hand-rubbed Butt Walnut Cabinet $33. PHILCO 57C (A. C. only) $22.50.

PHILCO

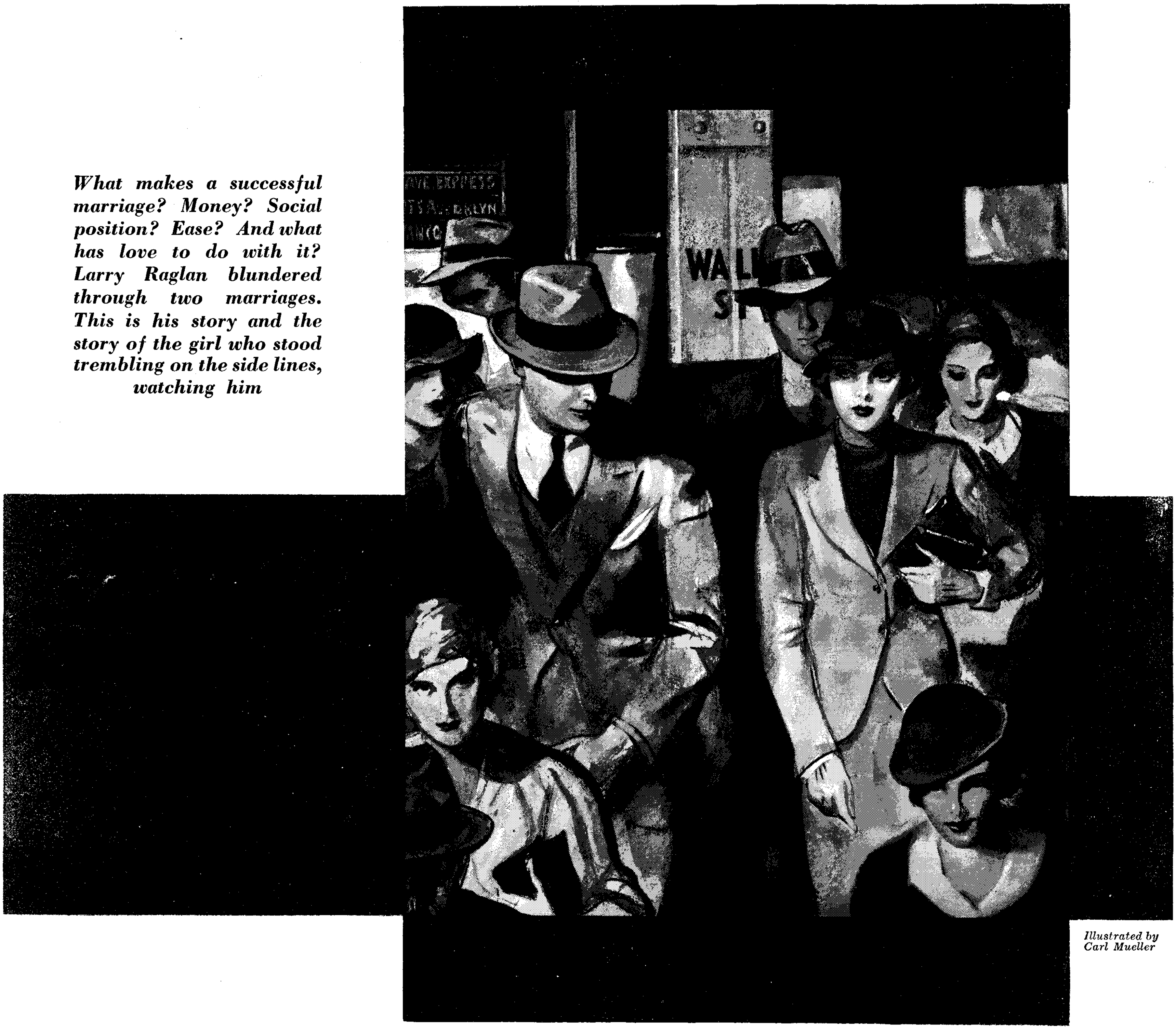
A musical instrument of quality

PHILCO 60B

Exceptional performance and delightful tone at a most moderate price. Automatic Volume Control, Tone Control. Covers regular broadcast band, all police, and many airplane and amateur channels. Illuminated Station Recording Dial. Full-size Electro-Dynamic Speaker, $29.50.

Collier's The National Weekly for December 16, 1933

What makes a successful marriage? Money? Social position? Ease? And what has love to do with it? Larry Raglan blundered through two marriages. This is his story and the story of the girl who stood trembling on the side lines, watching him



Illustrated by Carl Mueller

REGIS MULHOLLAND flushed and paled with the regularity of a tide, as if her blood would never steady down again to an even flow. A dull rage seemed to have taken up its abode within her. In all the twenty-three years of her pampered life nothing like this had happened before and she was trying to accustom herself to the idea of hating somebody. She hated her sister-in-law, Dora Mulholland. She hated her soft ways, her kitten-like attitude toward the male world, her big brown eyes and her amazing pertinacity. But most of all she hated her demoded, snobbish notions and on this May morning she was setting out to even a long score.

Not being subway-broken, she was confused—alarmed lest the rushing express carry her to the outskirts of Brooklyn against her will and intention. The thing that annoyed her most was the sparsity of guards, of people in uniform whose business it was to guide the puzzled public. She asked a neighbor a question and was answered in an unknown dialect. She crept near one of the doors at Brooklyn Bridge and held her breath to the next station. Fulton Street—that was still on Manhattan. Another long breath. Wall Street. She made a leap for the platform and stopped short to get her bearings.

A gay young man, hurrying by, turned his head to throw over his shoulder: "Forgot your golf sticks, eh?"

She cast him a bewildered, angry look but presently she realized what he had meant. No other girl was dressed as she was dressed. Most of them looked neat, some of them really smart, but with a smartness that was indigenous to the locality. The sports clothes she had on were smart for day wear in every haunt with which she was familiar, but on a downtown subway platform they made her look like a fish out of water. None of the ugly fishes, however, or the gay young man would not have bothered.

Her appearance was arresting not only by reason of the bloom of youth so often mistaken for abstract beauty but because of an ingrained sincerity apparent in both her body and manner. Her slenderness was the slenderness of correct proportion, owing nothing to that emaciated thinness suggestive of a silhouette on edge. As to manner, straightforwardness seemed her dominant characteristic. It dwelt in her level gray-blue eyes, in the free swing of her limbs and in the way she carried her head. It showed even in the sparing use she made of rouge and powder and in the way she let nature take its course with her ash-brown hair, decidedly curly on some days, almost straight on others. One felt she was the sort of person who might be nervous in strange surroundings but never actually afraid.

A SIGN directed her to the Trinity Building, suggesting connection with Trinity Place, which was her goal. She plunged into the passage and emerged in a vast lobby. Men in uniform at last! The most imposing of the elevator dispatchers bent at the waist to lend her his ear. "Trinity Place? Straight through, Miss." She walked the length of the towering hallway, her heels tapping on the stony floor. People looked at her. Was she making more noise than anybody else? No; it must be her clothes. Mentally she passed her wardrobe in review; she possessed everything for out-of-doors before sunset, half a dozen frocks for after dark, but nothing that would have saved her from seeming an alien in this new world. Not even her tailored suit with only one button. It would have made her look a transient instead of like somebody whose hope it was to stay.

She scanned the numbers across the street, walked to the one she sought and entered another lobby, pretentious though far less imposing than that of the Trinity Building. She studied the directory board. Abbott, Raglan & Company, 2120-2123. Since there was no other Abbott, that must be it. Two minutes later she entered a reception-room, luxuriously fitted with mahogany and upholstered leather. There was a door leading to the right and another on the left, the latter bearing the legend, "Trading Room." Straight ahead was a single broad window overlooking

Trinity churchyard. A girl with shoe-button eyes, at a small desk near the entrance, looked up inquiringly.

"I would like to see Mr. Abbott, please," said Regis.

"Have you an appointment?"

"Not exactly, but if you'll tell him it's Don Mulholland's sister I think it will be all right."

"You're Miss Mulholland then," stated the girl, studying Regis' get-up shrewdly.

"Yes."

"Is it a personal matter?"

"Very."

"Social?"

Regis hesitated, then met the black eyes frankly. "Social has a lot of meanings and I might pick one that would fit, but I won't. I'm looking for a job."

SHE half turned as if to go but, surprisingly, the girl looked pleased—pleased with herself. "You almost got by," she said. "You could have, if you'd felt like lying. What's your name?"

"Regis Mulholland."

"Regis? That's a funny one."

"It's a good old Irish name—one of the few that haven't been worn out."

"Mine's Irish too," said the black-eyed girl. "Kathleen, but nobody knows it. Everybody calls me Kit—even Happy, the office boy, and the men on the elevators."

"I wouldn't mind if I were you," said Regis. "Kit is a swell name." She made another move as if to go.

"Hold it," said Kit impulsively. "Sit down for a minute. I won't phone; I'll go in and see what I can do." Some minutes passed before she returned.

"Any luck?" asked Regis.

"I don't know," said Kit, a puzzled knot on her brow, "but he'll see you. I told him what you said about being your brother's sister, and the way he took it, I'd say you had him guessing. Come this way."

The door to the right led into an inner consulting room scarcely wider than a corridor, off which opened the private offices of the heads of the firm, each with a window dominating the old cemetery. In the slanting light from the first of these Regis caught a glimpse of a figure which promptly warmed her heart, putting her at ease. It would be easy to talk to this person. He was relatively young, somewhere between thirty and thirty-five. He wore stunning tweeds, so genuine that the mere sight of them was like a whiff of peat smoke. His lanky form was jack-knifed in a tipped chair, hands clasped behind a tousled head of tawny hair, big feet planted in the middle of a spotless blotter.

Regis started toward him, but her guide quickly seized her arm. "Not in there," she whispered. "That's Mr. Raglan—nuts on air and never has a secret." She threw open the neighboring door, waited for Regis to pass through, and then closed it, leaving herself outside.

MR. ABBOTT'S clothes were no less remarkable than those of Mr. Raglan, but for an opposite reason. They were beautifully tailored, fairly conservative, and yet managed to be conspicuous through a single touch. This hallmark of the opulent broker consisted in knife-edge creases of an incredible sharpness not only to the cuffless trousers, but to the sleeves of the coat as well. Shirt, scarf, the handkerchief peeping from a breast pocket, no less than the burnished custom-made shoes, testified to a number of things—the accuracy of their owner's taste, the excellence of his laundry and the prime condition of his pocketbook. As to his person, he was fresh with the freshness of splendid health and so blessed in lesser respects that his good looks had become a byword. His colleagues delighted in changing his nickname every time a new male movie star swam into the public ken. Stenographers never failed to whisper when he passed. Yet he was no prig, being too intent on where he was going to be deflected either by banter or adulation. At the moment of Regis' entry his handsome face was clouded by a frown.

"Sit down," he said shortly. Regis sank to the edge of the nearest chair. "So you're Don Mulholland's sister, are you?"

"Yes."

"Pretty awful, that smash-up. He lived for quite a while afterward, didn t he?"

The color deepened in Regis' cheeks. Her eyes grew moist but remained steady. "Almost a week."

"That made it worse," said Abbott. "I'm sorry." The frown deepened on his brow. "Will you explain a mystery, Miss Mulholland?"

"What mystery?"

"Why you came to me?"

"Because I want a job."

"No, no. I guessed that. But why did you pick on me?"

"Because you were *in Don's class at college.*"

Abbott's frown disappeared but only to be replaced by a look of exasperation. "That's so. We were in the same class, but the mystery still remains."

"Oh," said Regis, "I think I know what's puzzling you. You see, I was a lot younger than Don—too young ever to go to a prom or anything like that—so I knew scarcely any of his friends. I don't think I saw more than three or four and that was when I was a little girl. I couldn't remember their names, but I found his class directory. Now you see, don't you?"

"I can guess," said Abbott. "You decided to go through the list alphabetically?"

"That's it," said Regis, with an uncertain smile.

Abbott did not smile back. "What do you know how to do?"

"Not much, I'm afraid."

"You mean you thought you could just walk into a job on the strength of being Don's sister?"

"It isn't quite as bad as that," said Regis, her eyes lighting rebelliously. "I took a business course." She snapped open her bag. "Do you want to see my certificate?"

"No." He pressed a buzzer. "As long as you don't care what it is, I'll give you a job." A freckle-faced boy of fifteen popped into the room. "Happy, this is Miss Mulholland. Take her to Mr. Smith and tell him to put her to work at twenty-five a week."

REGIS stood up but hesitated for a moment. She had secured employment at her first attempt, yet she was *conscious of no elation. On the contrary,* she felt ashamed, as if she had been tossed a bone from an overloaded table. Abbott eyed her, perhaps watching to see whether she would deign to pick it up. There was something strange about him, something hard and withdrawn, as though business could isolate a man from the common human stream.

"Thank you," she murmured and turned quickly to follow the boy. Too quickly. As she hastened out she collided violently with a lanky figure that smelt of peat smoke.

"Oh!" she gasped. "I b-beg your pardon."

Mr. Raglan looked at her without appearing to see her, a vague twinkle in his eyes. "That's all right," he murmured. "I'm the one that's to blame—always bumping into something or other." He stood back to let her by, then passed into the neighboring office.

"Talking to the new help?" asked Abbott.

"What new help?" inquired Raglan absently, still in a semi-daze.

"Miss Mulholland, sister to Don. Remember him?"

"Don Mulholland? Of course, but in the distance. One of the gods above me. Got killed, didn't he?"

"With Ollie Bertrand. Cracked from two thousand feet up, and lived for a week. Queer business, his sister coming to me for a job."

"Why?"

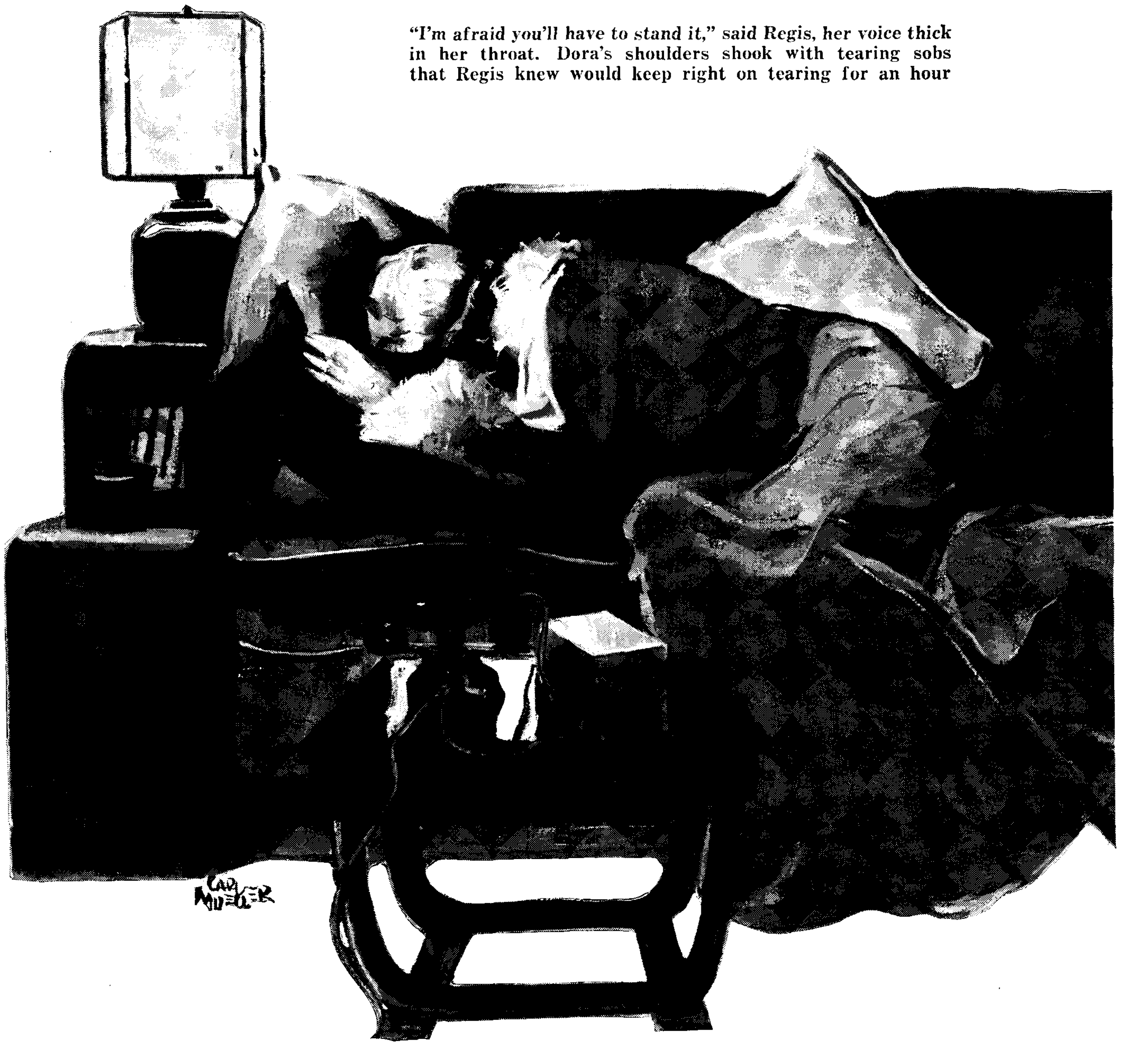
"Because Don had about as much use for me as he had for a snake. I didn't have any use for him either, but it wasn't quite the same thing. I could see him and leave him alone, but he couldn't see me at all."

"*Then why should she come to you* and why did you give her a job?"

"She came to me because Adsit Abbott is the first name in the class directory. As for why I gave her a job, I suppose it was to give myself a laugh. I can feel Don turning in his grave." Perceiving Raglan's attention was perfunctory, Abbott dropped the subject. "What's on your mind?"

"I had it out with Ellie last night," said Raglan.

"Ellie!" exclaimed Abbott with a quick glance. "What's up?"



"I'm afraid you'll have to stand it," said Regis, her voice thick in her throat. Dora's shoulders shook with tearing sobs that Regis knew would keep right on tearing for an hour

"She's leaving me," said Raglan, seating himself across the corner of the desk, swinging his free leg and staring at the floor.

"Why?" demanded Abbott impatiently. "Why can't two people muddle along without handing a living to a bunch of lawyers as well as doubling up on their own expense accounts? It's a lot of hooey."

"I suppose that's the way it always looks from the outside," admitted Raglan slowly, "a simple blackboard problem. But when you get close in, under the skin, it's different."

"Pretty sudden, isn't it?"

"You know it isn't," said Raglan, looking straight at his partner for the first time and frowning. "We've been pulling two ways for quite a while, but I guess I swung the axe that cut the rope by buying back the house I was born in off Stuyvesant Square. When she found I was actually set on living in it she hit the ceiling and never came down."

"A smart church and an old Quaker meetinghouse entirely surrounded by slums," muttered Abbott. "I don't blame her."

"Neither do I. You don't get me, Ad, any more than she does. All you see is what comes to the office six days out of the week. That's the machine, but it isn't me. I'm a queer skate—possibly the only one left of its kind. 'Home, sweet home' is branded on my breast. I hate all apartments. I like stairs and plenty of room. I don't mind a furnace. I like an attic and a back yard. I want a couple of kids."

"Christmas!" gasped Abbott.

Raglan smiled wanly. "I thought that would lift you out of the ring; it did Ellie."

Abbott frowned, studying his partner from under drawn brows. They formed a strange contrast, Abbott dark, Raglan towheaded. But the difference was one of attitude as well as of appearance. Abbott, though barely three years older than Raglan, suggested a finished mechanism, as efficient, for instance, as a mowing machine. Raglan had the look of something alive and still growing, of an animal as yet only sleepily aware of the power in its sinews. Abbott's frown deepened as he arrived at the inevitable conclusion to his train of thought.

"How much did you promise her?"

"Half of what I've got."

COLOR began to stain Abbott's sallow cheeks. "In cash?"

"That was the idea."

"Not on your life!"

Raglan, coming awake, stared down at him in surprise. "Why not?"

Abbott sprang to his feet, moved to the window, rapped a tattoo on it with his knuckles, and scowled. "Have you put anything in writing?"

"Not yet. I told her I'd have to talk to you first."

"Thank heaven for that!" exclaimed Abbott fervently. "Larry, listen to me. You've got to do this thing in the regulation way. You've got to let her divorce you and have the courts decide exactly what you must give her on a monthly basis."

"I don't see why," said Raglan. "I hate all that public dirty linen. Why can't we do the thing decently in private? Why can't I hand her half I've got, or all I've got, and kiss it goodby?"

"For the simple reason that if you did you'd be double-crossing me as well as yourself. Perhaps you think we're rolling in money, and in a way we are. But if you do what you're planning to do, can't you see what we'd be up against? To take that much out of the business would mean liquidating half your share. But that isn't all. With what you'd have left, we'd have to rewrite our articles of partnership from A to Z."

"I don't get you."

"Oh, yes, you do. We both started from scratch, didn't we? We've gone up like a rocket. That was fair, it was fifty-fifty, but the minute you skim the cream off your—"

"I see," interrupted Raglan, coloring. "Of course. You're quite right, Ad. But how I hate the mess of a divorce!"

"Why should you? It's common enough, isn't it? Everyday stuff that's been pushed off the front page for the common run of mortals, never to return. There's New York, Paris, Reno and Mexico. New York is the hardest, Mexico the easiest." He scowled in concentration; then a change came over his hidden face. He turned his eyes without turning his head and swept Raglan's lax figure with a measuring glance. "I've got an idea," he continued presently. "Why don't you leave it all to me? Let me talk to Eleanor. I'll pry her off New York and Paris, try for Mexico and probably end up by getting Reno."

"You mean I wouldn't even have to see her?" asked Raglan, his attention seized at last.

"Where are you living now? At the apartment?"

"No. I moved out this morning on my way to the office. I'm stopping at the club."

"Then it's possible you won't have to see or speak to her. All you'll have to do will be to sign the necessary papers as they come along. No bother at all to you, and a minimum of publicity. Why, you're no more fitted to handle a deal of this kind than you are to jump up here out of Trinity churchyard. You'd be splendid at jumping down, but not back again. The trouble with you, you'd give away your shirt with your last penny and Eleanor is the kind that would take it."

"Oh, no," protested Raglan. "I can't agree to that, because I don't believe it."

"You don't?" said Abbott, his eyes narrowing. "Well, we won't argue the point and I'll tell you why. Because it would cost you about a million to prove I'm right."

"LISTEN, Ad, you're talking about my wife. I admit it was I who brought her into the conversation, but I've still got the right to call a limit."

"Sure, you have," said Abbott pleasantly, "while she's your wife. So I accept your suggestion. Let's stop talking about her, at least until neither one of us has a right to a high hat. But what's the word? Shall I mix in, or shan't I?"

Raglan considered soberly for a moment, then gave his decision: "Go ahead."

"Fine." Abbott turned definitely from the window, his hands now thrust in his trousers pockets. "Isn't it time you were getting on the floor?"

"I suppose so."

"There's a rumor Tige McClurg is going to stage another show."

"Really?" exclaimed Raglan, rising with unusual alacrity. "I wouldn't miss one of his circuses for anything. Is it going to be up or down?"

"Who knows? Probably plenty of each until he thinks he feels the swing—then he'll ride it for a fare-you-well."

"I don't agree," said Raglan from the doorway. "He'll sell and buy till everybody's dizzy, including himself, but that's only groundwork. In my opinion, he's made up his mind to push XL through the roof and ride it to the sky."

"What do you call the roof?"

"Oh, I don't know. Let's say three hundred."

"Three hundred? You're crazy."

"Am I?" said Raglan, starting to go. "Wait and see."

"COME back here, Larry," cried Abbott. "If that's the way you feel about it, what do you say to our taking a flyer? A thousand shares, and we'll swear to each other we'll get out if it ever hits two hundred and ninety-nine."

"Nothing doing," said Raglan. "Let's stick to our guns: no speculation. Besides, we've agreed that this crazy boom can't last."

"But it has lasted," protested Abbott, "and it's kept right on lasting."

"What of it? Doesn't that make it just so much nearer the end? I'll buy for anybody else as long as the collateral looks good, but when it comes to throwing in Abbott, Raglan & Company on the last flick of the lash, count me out."

"The last flick of the lash!" jeered Abbott. "I remember your using those very words six months ago."

"That doesn't worry me," said Raglan easily. "What's important is whether you'll remember six months from now that I used them again today."

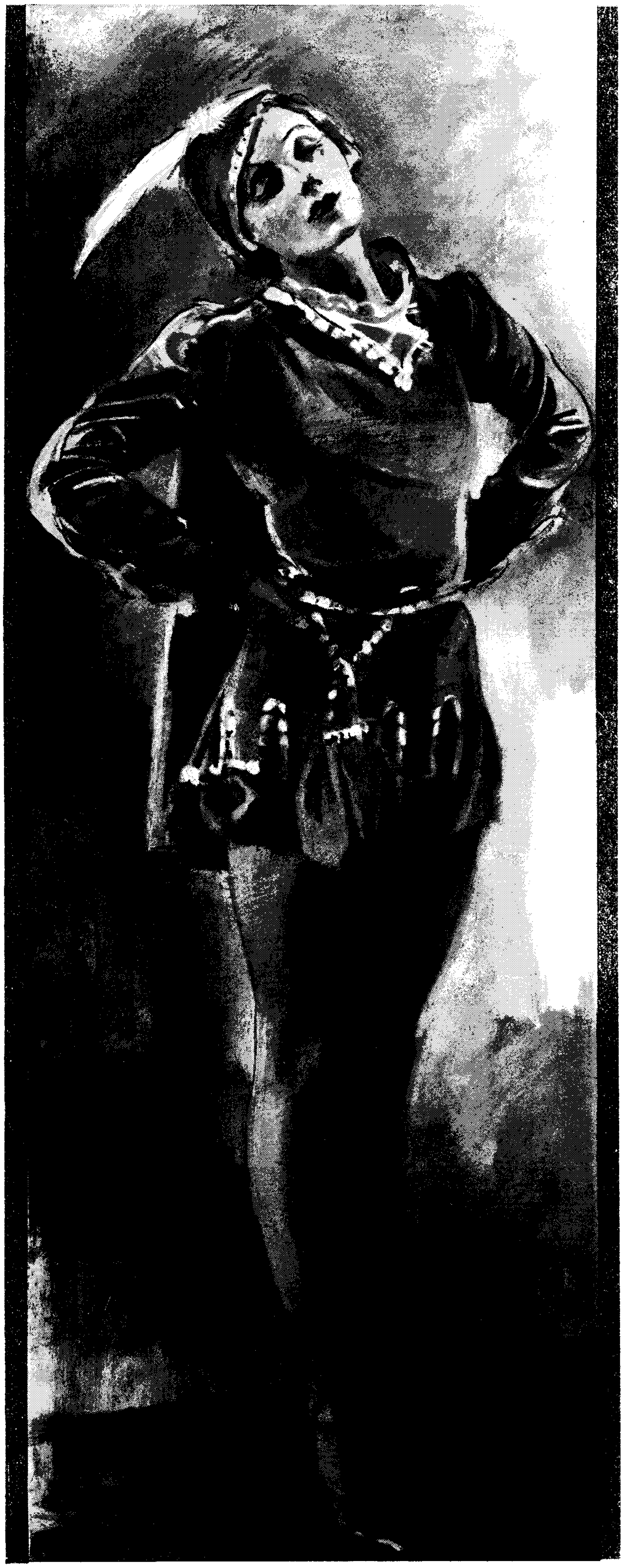
"All right. Have it your own way. But will you let me go it alone? Will you take my order for five hundred XL against my personal account?"

(Continued on page 52)

Rose in Bloomers

By Natalie Shipman

An open wire, and a gentleman all in black! An old-fashioned set-up? Well, so it was—only the girl's methods are as modern as today



She gazed at herself delightedly. "Anyway, I'm not a Little Woman. I never was, and now he'll see"

THE telephone rang, shattering the stillness of the big house. Rose Benson turned slowly away from the window and the winter sunset that was flooding river and sky with crimson. Another long peal, and she crossed the dim library to lift the receiver.

"Oh, no, no!" It was a man's voice, a voice with a gay, delightful ring to it—familiar, yet whose? "I don't want her for myself—she's too delicate for a plain lad like me. She's charming, of course—pretty and quite intelligent, but much too precious to play with. She's just a Little Woman—a Rose in Bloomers."

Rose had opened her mouth to speak, but she could only gasp. She leaned back against the table, her hand tightening on the receiver, her eyes wide and dark. She knew who it was now—Hugh Mariner. His calling her up was amazing enough, but this! Were the wires crossed? Ought she to break in? She hesitated; incredibly, he went on:

"No, but the kind of girl you want for a party is someone who knows what it's all about. Rose is just one more sleeping beauty. And look out, my boy, for if you break through her magic circle of conventionality you'll wake her up to real life—and heaven knows what'll happen then! Still, if you're willing to risk it, Bill, she's lovely for one evening, and her eyes— Operator, are you ringing my number—Commonwealth 8722? I *am* connected? What the—!"

Rose heard him cough, then he went on in a very different tone:

"HELLO, is this Mr. Benson's house? May I speak to Miss Rose? Oh, hello, Rose, this is Hugh Mariner."

She managed to murmur, "Oh, yes, Hugh. . . ."

"How are you? I haven't seen you for ages, and I called up to ask if you wouldn't join me and two friends in some sort of a pleasant evening."

"I'm frightfully sorry," said Rose, her soft voice softer than ever, "but I'm going out to dinner."

"Oh, that's a shame! You don't think you could break away early and let us pick you up somewhere?"

She said, even more gently, that she didn't believe she could.

He was heartbroken. But his voice sounded just as it always did—easy, laughing, with the curious little shade of reserve that made it irresistible. For a minute she nearly relented.

"Well," he said, "I hate to be insistent—"

"You aren't, a bit."

He laughed. "I'm terribly disappointed. But perhaps we'll meet at the Morses' on Friday—the masquerade. I hear it's going to be quite a party."

"I don't believe I'll be there," she said. "Thank you for calling me up, Hugh, and I'm sorry about tonight."

Hugh Mariner hung up and turned a horrified face to his audience. "My Lord, I was connected! All the time I was selling her to Bill. Great Peter, do you think she heard?"

The others reassured him. They said that the club operator always took ages to get a number, and that of course he hadn't been connected until the last minute. Anyway, Rose couldn't have heard; if she had, she'd have hung up at once. The last argument more or less convinced Hugh. But he liked Rose Benson in a queer way—all the queerer because she was not in the least his kind of girl—so he went on reproaching himself until Bill suggested that he do some more telephoning, and this time get his woman.

In the Bensons' library, Rose was still standing by the telephone, one hand on her hot cheek. Her face was stinging, and so was her spirit. The girl Hugh had described would certainly have burst into tears. But, strangely enough, she felt no desire to cry. She stood there a long time, her head bent, her dark eyes intent and brilliant. Then she walked out of the library and upstairs to her own room, to the long mirror. . . .

If Rose had known Hugh Mariner, or men in general, better than she did, she might not have been so shocked by his casual description of her. But as the only child of elderly parents, her social experience had been limited to the Back Bay youths of dancing school, coming-out parties and football games. Most of these conformed with depressing consistency to the solid and expensive cut of cold roast that forms the greater part of correct Boston's social provender.

But Hugh Mariner did not. He was neither conservative nor conventional. He was a mysterious figure, someone to be wondered about, adored by susceptible maidens and disapproved of by their less impressionable parents. One mother, transplanted from Richmond and more liberal than most, sighed, "Hugh is really the only boy I know who is *both* intelligent and charming! Why, he might not be a Bostonian at all!" To which another lady, New England-born, replied tartly, "Well, his family have lived on Beacon Street for years! He's very attractive and he talks well but, after all, I told Jane I'd rather she didn't ask him for Wednesday unless that nice Ames boy couldn't come."

ROSE had heard such comments for a year or two before she met him. She wondered if he was as fascinating as people said, if he really did do as he liked, and if most girls fell in love with him. She confided her doubts to Roger McLean, an old friend and one of the few people she knew who saw Hugh often.

"You'd like him," Roger told her. "And—most people wouldn't think so—but I have an idea he'd like you."

"Oh, no," said Rose. "He has a lot of girls, none of them a bit like me. Doesn't he enslave them by dozens?"

"Hundreds. But that doesn't prove anything—he has a philosophy of safety in numbers." He regarded Rose thoughtfully from behind his thick spectacles. "Yes, you're more his kind of person than you seem. It's your mouth that gives you away. It's—well, it's naïve, and yet it doesn't quite belong in the Back Bay. I must get you and Hugh together. He won't fall in love with you, because he never does, but you might be quite good friends if you ever got to know each other properly."

Rose shook her head, but she looked forward to seeing Hugh with a comfortable feeling of preparedness. She knew all about him, so she was safe.

When they finally met, she saw at once that he was everything she had heard, and more. Of course he was delightful to look at—brown-faced, dark-haired, with very clear gray eyes under skeptical, slanting brows. He had enchanting manners quite different from those of the boys she danced with at the Somerset. And he had a quality that was not simply the glamour of his reputation—a strange, sensitive power of his own. It had something to do with his way of smiling and looking away, of talking to someone else and at the same time making Rose electrically conscious of him. She could not analyze it; she only knew that she felt drawn to Hugh Mariner and deliciously, hopelessly baffled by him.

Hugh was both right and wrong in his description of Rose. She was not really pretty, but she was almost beautiful, with smoky hair, an ivory skin and wide dark eyes. She looked very young and soft and protected, and yet something in her face suggested the longing she had felt all through her conventional childhood. But she was not entirely conscious of what she wanted nor of how deeply she wanted it until she heard Hugh Mariner describe her as an old-fashioned girl.

AT THE Morses' masquerade she stood before the dressing-room mirror inspecting her costume for the last time. In the green doublet and long hose she seemed much taller and slenderer than usual, and her hair, cut that day for the first time in her life, curled up over the edge of a velvet cap and made her face look small and pointed and exotic. She gazed at herself delightedly. This wasn't she, this slim person whose eyes glinted even without their mask, whose scarlet lips smiled provocatively. But the lips were speaking with her own voice, "Anyway, I'm not a Little Woman nor a Rose in Bloomers! I'm not, and I never was, and now he'll see!"

Ted Moffatt, the cousin who had brought her to the party, stared at her when she joined him in the hall. "Why, Rose, I'd never guess—" he began.

"Hush!" she laughed. "Isn't it fun?"

Below them the big house was alive with sounds—voices, laughter, dancing feet and, under all, the quickening pulse of an orchestra. Two men with pajama legs showing below their fur coats passed them on the stairs. One looked vaguely familiar, and Rose heard him say, "Hugh isn't coming?"

"No. When I left he was talking about driving up to Dover. . . ."

They went on, and she clutched the banister with both hands. He wasn't coming! Then why was she here? She wouldn't stay—she couldn't! She would say she was ill and get away. She turned to Ted—then she found herself taking the last step down into the hall, greeting her hostess, sliding into Ted's arms. . . .

Half an hour later she told herself a little defiantly that it didn't matter. This new self of hers was really rather nice, and she was going to amuse it with everything and everyone. There were hundreds of people, but they all went by like figures in a dream. She noticed only one—a man who seemed to be following her. He was dressed completely in black with a long cloak and a cap like an executioner's. Over and over again she found him dancing beside her, and felt his eyes fixed on her from behind his mask. Once she heard him murmur to his partner, "Who is that lovely creature in green—the one dressed like Rosalind? I must meet her, Polly, so hurry up and get cut in on."

BUT Rose was swept away in the whirl, and the black-cloaked stranger never quite caught up with her, and the party turned into a dreadful, hot nightmare. She danced and laughed and drank a great deal of punch and was kissed several times by a stout, affectionate monk. People and lights, voices and saxophones, all merged and spun together, getting louder and louder—like an ether dream—and the faces kept jumping away from her, but it didn't matter, because Hugh wasn't there. At last she found a chance to escape, and slipped upstairs.

She hoped no one saw her as she walked quietly down a long hall, touching the oak paneling to be sure it didn't slide away from her. At the end she saw a half-open door, and pushed it cautiously. The book-lined room she entered was empty, with a single lamp on a table. A door beyond was a square of blackness, but she went on and found herself in a little conservatory where a fountain trickled and something smelled sweet. It was intensely dark; she could see almost nothing, but, groping around, she felt a wide, low couch and sank down on it wearily. The music sounded very far away. She thought, stabbingly, of Hugh Mariner and all that this party might have been. Then she closed her eyes. The darkness whirled a little, but it was friendly. It cooled her burning eyelids. . . .

Someone was speaking, and she struggled to sit up. "Hush," whispered a man's voice. "Lie still. There are some people inside, and we don't want—"

We! Where was she? Cool darkness, and the sound of water—oh, the conservatory at the Morses', and the party downstairs. But she had come up here alone. Turning her head, she felt rather than saw a dim figure half sitting, half kneeling beside her. She realized with only a faint surprise that it was the man in the black cloak. Her head hurt, so she closed her eyes again.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I felt so horribly that I came up here. Who are you?"

"Does it matter? Perhaps I'm the spirit of this masquerade, which is why I feel almost as low as you do."

"IT ISN'T a very good party," said Rose. "And I must have drunk a good deal of punch."

"Not good punch, either."

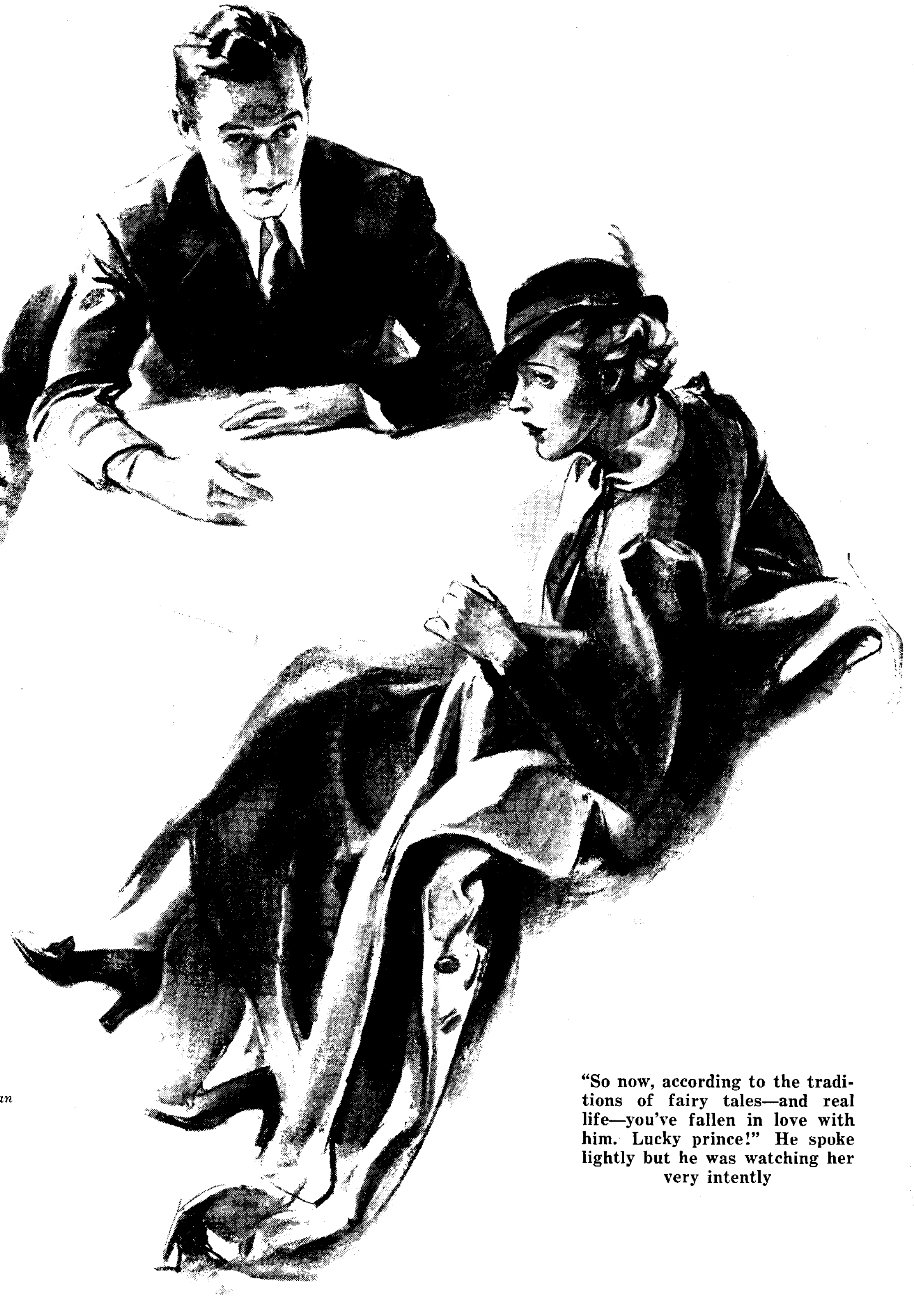
"It's made my head ache, so if you don't mind I'll shut my eyes. Have you—have you room enough?" As she moved over on the couch she felt a hard shoulder close to her own and leaned back against it with a little sigh. "Oh, this is nice! Peaceful, and private. I thought I liked parties, but I don't."

"Parties," he said, "are one thing if you're free—"

"Aren't you?"

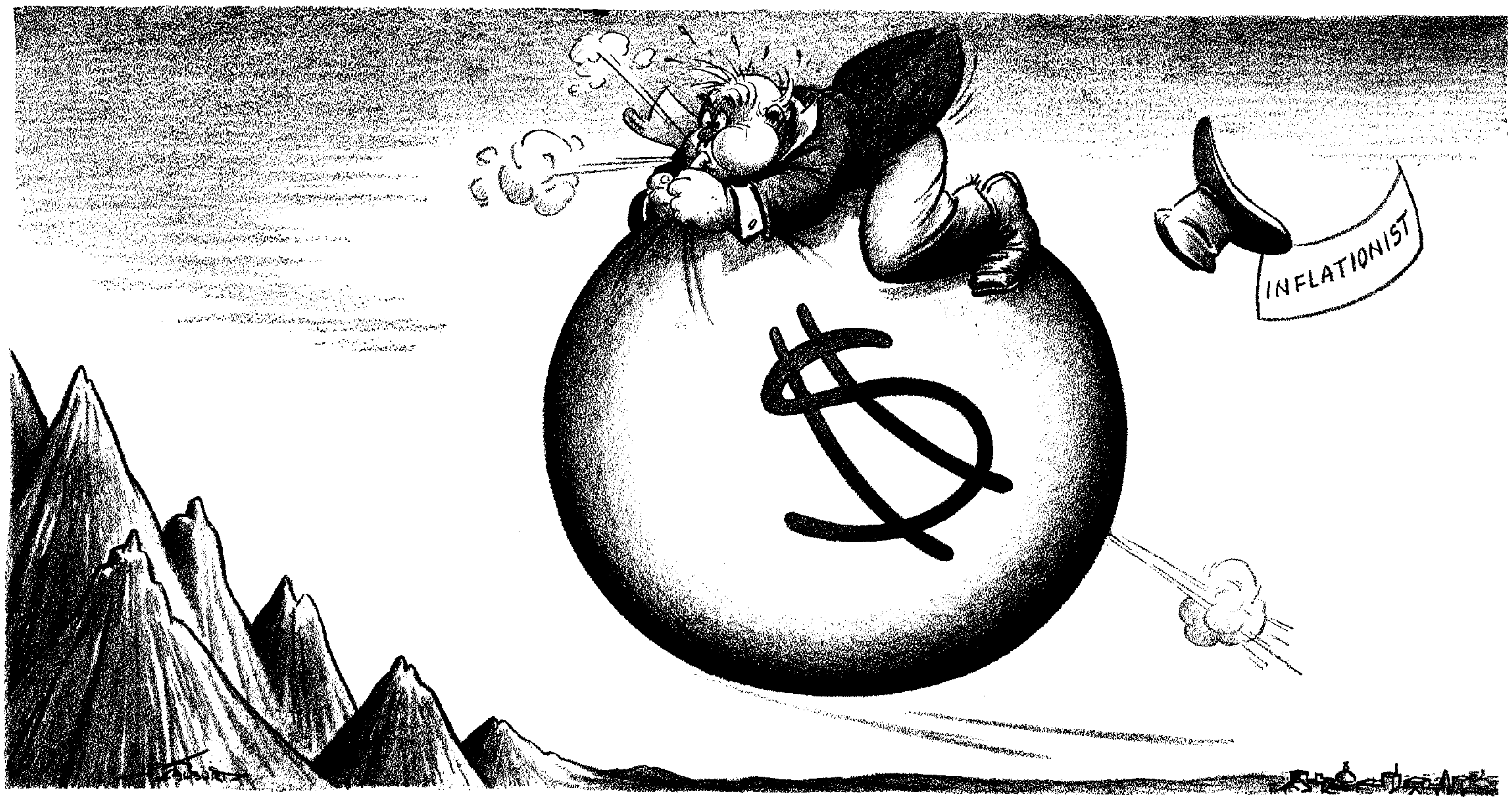
"I am now. I've been trying to escape ever since I first saw you downstairs.

(Continued on page 40)



Illustrated by John H. Crosman

"So now, according to the traditions of fairy tales—and real life—you've fallen in love with him. Lucky prince!" He spoke lightly but he was watching her very intently



The first victims of inflation will be those who hoped to benefit most

Uneasy Money

By John T. Flynn

Inflation in a dozen forms is being urged upon the country. Gentlemen, step up and name your poison. You can have it straight or diluted, adulterated or disguised. But if it's inflation it will have certain unmistakable effects. One drink inevitably leads to another and the hangover will be awful. Mr. Flynn takes the various plans apart and shows you what they add up to

IF YOU do not know what an index number is, you will soon begin to learn. The farmers and their champions, the inflationists, have identified the prices which obtained in 1926 by the index number 100. They want to get prices up to that figure again. The trick is simple. Inflate the currency. Make our dollars into fifty-cent dollars and then they will get two fifty-cent dollars for their wheat instead of one 100-cent dollar. That will bring farm prices to the 1926 level of 100.

But wouldn't it be funny if they went to 200? Or would it? And if the prices of everything else went to 200 with them? And then to 300? And then to 1,000? Impossible, you say. Well, prices in Germany were at an arbitrary index figure of 100 in 1913. During the war that figure rose. After the war it rose higher. And it continued to rise until it soared to an index number not of 500 or 1,000, but of 75,570,000,000,000—if you can read that number.

Congress will assemble in Washington in January and promptly begin to talk about inflation, on the tenth anniversary of the time when that fantastic figure made the whole world laugh while it spread tragic gloom throughout Germany. Ten short years and we have forgotten already.

All over the West and South and portions of the East, too, various groups are preparing various offensives for various kinds of inflation. Before Congress assembles they will have to agree on what plan they will unite behind. Because you can begin inflation in many ways. You will end always in the same way—with the printing press. But the proponents of the various schemes will have to unite on the initial step.

In the meantime, in the East—and parts of the West too—in the big cities and chiefly in Wall Street and all the little Wall Streets all over the land, the speculators are busy. Roger Babson puts out a series of articles telling you how to get rid of your dollars. Financial magazines describe the various ways of speculating in order to capitalize inflation—make profits out of it. Even sober university treasurers are actually considering speculation with their schools' funds to keep them from dwindling. There are dozens of schemes. They are good if you know how to use them. If you don't know—and it's dollars to wartime bubbles that you don't—you will probably lose everything you have.

The Maddest Notion of All

When it is all over, assuming we start this experiment, the result will be about as follows: The farmers will be impoverished. The workers will have been reduced to pauperism. The debts of the country will be cut fifty per cent, seventy-five per cent, more. But the means for paying them will be cut even more. The ordinary small business man will be ruined. The beneficiaries will be the speculators and they will be few. And we will have a brand-new crop of depression-inflation millionaires. Speculation, more than anything else, got us into the depression. The notion that we can get out of it by another orgy of government-started inflation is the maddest notion of all.

If this inflation gets under way, how will it begin? This brings us back to the various groups. One of the most industrious of these groups in Congress is made up of the free-silver advocates. They are perhaps most powerful in the House. But the outstanding leaders of the movement are in the Senate—Senator Burton K. Wheeler of Montana and Senator Key Pittman of Nevada. Pittman is now chairman of the powerful Foreign Affairs Committee. For a while he limited his support to rehabilitating silver in world markets. But now he is out strong for free silver.

Other powerful Senate leaders are for this plan. Senator William Borah is for it. Senator James Couzens at least voted for the Wheeler silver bill last April. Senator Arthur Capper and Senator George Norris, now at the height of his power in the Senate, are for it. It may be remembered that the Wheeler bill to remonetize silver at the ratio of sixteen to one came within six votes of passing at the last session of Congress. That, in fact, was the beginning of the little boomlet of May, June and July. It began before the NRA got under way. It was pressed forward, not to beat the codes, as so many supposed—there was no NRA and no threat of codes then—but to beat the threatened inflation.

How near inflation was then was revealed when, last May, Congress passed the Thomas amendment to the Agricultural Adjustment Act authorizing the President to proceed with inflation in any or all of four ways. It was not until the President practically announced there would be no inflation that that little boom collapsed.

The free-silver people stand on the theory that we haven't got enough money in circulation. Senator Wheeler states their position:

"We're supposed to have more than five and a half billion dollars. But remember the money in the Federal Reserve banks is not in circulation. Last year we had $791,000,000 in our commercial banks in cash. We certainly didn't have any more than that in the pockets and tills of the people. And that's all the money there is in circulation. That's less than $6 a head in the banks. In some of our agricultural states there is only $3.20 a head. And that's not enough to do business with."

The Fight for Free Silver

Senator Wheeler and his followers insist that the remonetization of silver would not be inflation. They assert that you have no inflation so long as you have a dollar in metal to back up every dollar in paper money issued. They insist also that the remonetization of silver would help the whole world as it would increase in the world markets the buying power of the millions in China and the Orient and South America who do business with silver money. And they press the further argument that remonetization of silver would help the farmer more than anyone else because farm products find their price in the world markets and prices in world markets are affected by the only international money there is—gold; and silver, if remonetized. If you talk to Wheeler about this he will tell you with the greatest emphasis that he is against fiat money, against greenbacks, and that the only way to avoid inflation by greenback printing is to remonetize silver.

Can a free-silver bill pass Congress and would the President sign it? The free-silver men point to that vote last April when the Senate came within six votes of passing Wheeler's bill. However, that vote was subject to some modifications. A number of senators voted for it who preferred some other form of inflation. That vote was a protest vote. It is not certain that silver can unite the divergent inflationary elements in the Senate. Besides, many powerful Administration senators voted against it.

Senator James Byrnes of South Carolina, who is very close to the President, was in the negative. So was the majority leader, Senator Robinson of Arkansas, and Senator Pat Harrison of the Finance Committee, Senator Glass of the Appropriations Committee—always potent in financial legislation—and Senator Fletcher, head of the Banking and Currency Committee.

In the House, one of the leaders told me that a canvass of the members at the last session showed a clear majority for free silver. That may still be true, but it remains to be seen if the silver people will be as strong as some other inflationary elements when Congress meets.

The scene in Washington is subject to swift changes, so that no one can say what the dominant mood there will be in January. But at the moment it looks as if the strongest group may be that led by Senator Elmer Thomas of Oklahoma. There are two Thomases in the Senate—Oklahoma Thomas and Utah Thomas. The former is the outstanding champion of currency inflation. But the latter has a little plan of his own. He is another college professor, like Raymond Moley—a professor of political science in the University of Utah. He is for free silver; but his plan is a slight, amiable one. He is for free coinage of silver, but only some silver, and not so very free.

He wants to limit it to newly mined silver in the United States. The mint is to be empowered to accept all newly mined silver, to coin it into dimes, quarters, halves and dollars and return it to the owner for use as money and charge him for the factory work of converting it into coins. The silver in a dollar is worth about 32 cents now. You can bring 32 cents' worth of silver to the mint, have it made into a 100-cent dollar, at a slight charge. That, Senator Thomas thinks, won't do much harm, won't inflate much, but will help the people of the silver states.

This is a weak and watery inflationary mixture. Not at all the strong grog which the other Thomas—of Oklahoma—wants. Last May, the Senate was getting ready to pass the Agricultural Adjustment Act. Washington was stewing with vast and incomprehensible designs for the regeneration of the cash register. The nation was in a turmoil—dizzy trying to keep track of the twenty-ring circus which was under way under the big top on Capitol Hill. Suddenly, from the back row of the Senate, rose the tall, white-haired legislator, with the classical senatorial visage—Thomas of Oklahoma. He sent to the desk an amendment. In the excitement it was only half noticed. It provided that the President be empowered to set about inflation in any of the following ways:

Four Roads to Inflation

1. By manning the pumps at the Federal Reserve banks—directing the Federal Reserve Board to buy United States bonds and notes up to $3,000,000,000 and pay for them in Federal Reserve notes.
2. By issuing greenbacks up to $3,000,000,000 and using them to purchase outstanding government obligations or notes and retiring the obligations thus bought.
3. By remonetizing silver at the ratio of sixteen to one.
4. By devaluing the dollar—reducing its gold content by as much as one half.

Presently the buzzing around the Senate and House revealed that the Oklahoma statesman knew what he was doing. He had made a move in grand strategy which was working. No majority could have been secured for any of these proposals. But he threw out a line with four hooks—each hook baited with the favorite worms of the different inflationists. By night all groups had grabbed their respective worms and were firmly fastened to the hooks.

The news got to the White House. A new situation suddenly arose. Thomas was sent for. He withdrew his amendment and went up to see President Roosevelt. The President wanted to discuss the matter. Vice President Garner was there. Garner at Cabinet and White House gatherings is not the meek and silent mouse that Coolidge was. He told the President the choice was pretty nearly out of his hands; that this bill was the mildest he could hope for; that it was not mandatory but discretionary; and that he would not have to use it unless forced by the imperious command of later events. Roosevelt agreed but desired modification. He suggested some technical changes; recommended that it be made an emergency measure; and suggested that the free-silver clause be changed to provide for the payment of war debts by means of silver and that remonetization of silver be limited to that amount of metal.

Thomas went back to the Capitol, reintroduced his modified amendment; the blessing of the Chief was made manifest through his spokesmen and the amendment went through.

That amendment gave a tremendous fillip to business, the grain market and the stock market. It looked as if inflation had taken the place of prosperity around the corner. The markets began to rise and they continued until the July collapse.

But what is Thomas' own plan? He proposes to issue Treasury notes. And as you cannot just put out treasury notes without some reason, he proposes, to keep inside the law, that the government shall put out $3,000,000,000 of bonds. Then the Treasury, under existing law, shall buy those bonds and retire them. The bonds will bear merely nominal interest—say one tenth of one per cent. The $3,000,000,000 will then be used to pay the expenses of the government, to pay for public works and for direct relief. Now just what does this mean? Let the senator explain it himself.

"First of all," he says, "all these notes will not be fiat money. They will be backed, dollar for dollar, by gold. Let's see:

"We now have about $4,323,000,000 of monetary gold in the country. That is what it is worth measured by the dollar composed of just 25.8 grains of gold, and that gold valued at $20.67 an ounce. If the price were to be pushed up to $41 an ounce, the value of our gold would be practically doubled. It would be worth a little less than $8,646,000,000.

"Now, then, we have $5,640,000,000 of money outstanding. Suppose we issue another $3,000,000,000. We will then have $8,640,000,000 of money and $8,646,000,000 of gold to back it up. Is that fiat money? Is that inflation?"

The senator will deny with emphasis that this is what is commonly called printing-press money. It is better, he will tell you, than Federal Reserve notes, which are backed by only forty per cent of gold.

Cheap Dollars and High Hopes

This differs, you will see, from the plan of the out-and-out greenbackers led by Nye and Frazier. They would print greenbacks and with them buy back all government bonds and save interest of about $600,000,000 a year. As this has no chance of adoption we need not notice it further.

The aim of all these groups is to cheapen the dollar. They insist that prosperity will never come back until we take the price-reduction tags off of goods and hang a sign on the dollar, reading: "Was 100 cents; now 50 cents." That, they insist, will raise prices. The farmer will get two dollars for what he now sells for one. They will be fifty-cent dollars, of course, but in some mysterious way the farmer will be better off with two fifty-cent dollars than with one hundred-cent dollar.

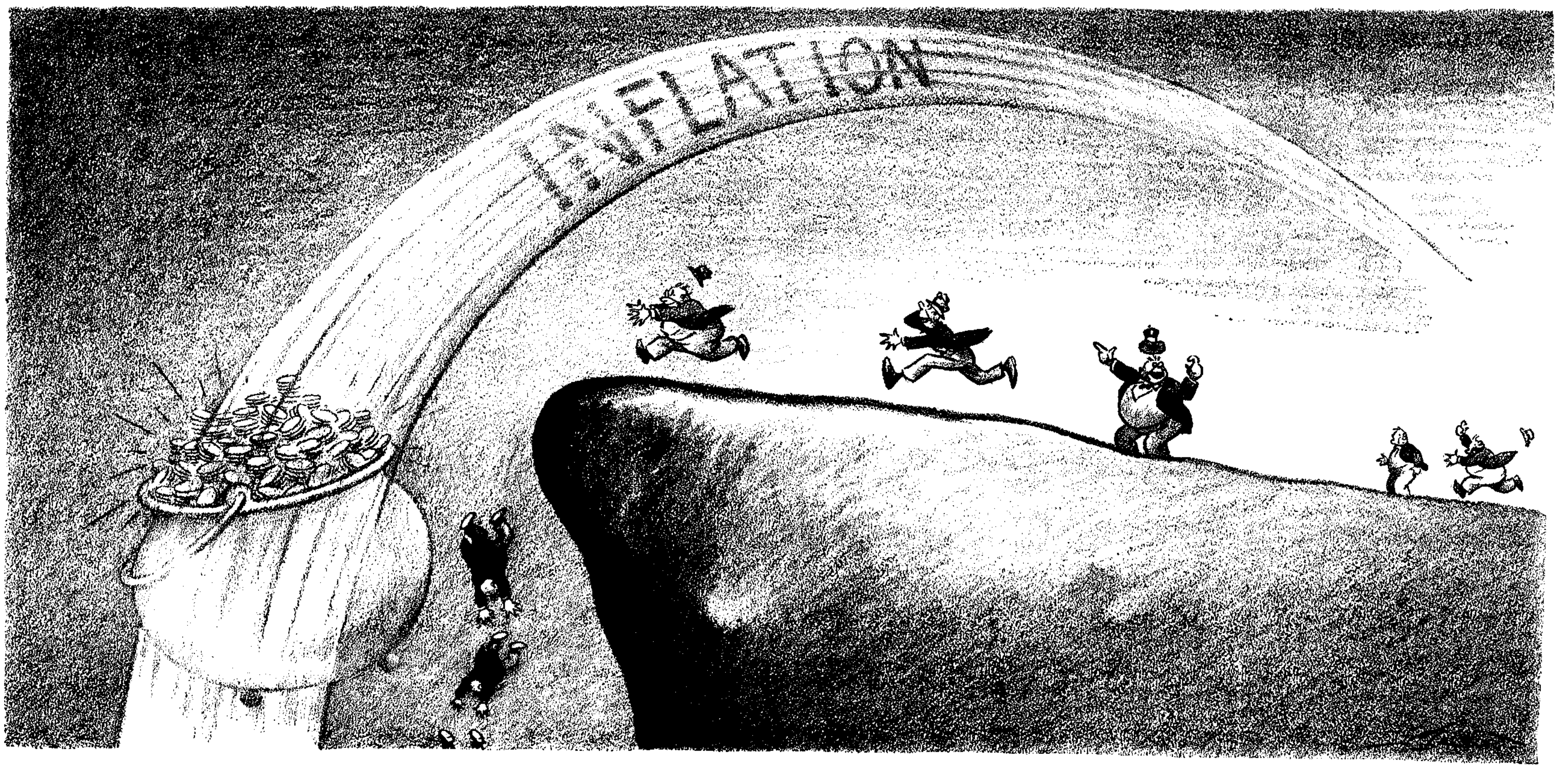
Of course, that's not the way they want it stated. They say he will be better off with two fifty-cent dollars than with no dollar at all. But that is really a tricky way of putting it.

The other great argument is that we now face the grim necessity of reducing the debt burden. It runs thus: Our debts are 238 billions. We can't pay them. As long as we can't pay we can't borrow more and we can't go forward until we can resume borrowing. There are only three ways of reducing the debt burden—bankruptcy, voluntary reduction, inflation. Bankruptcy is unthinkable. Voluntary reduction is not possible. Hence we must cut our debts by cutting the value of the dollars we owe. Cut the dollar to fifty cents and you will wipe out 119 billions of debt.

That's the process. Here's what its supporters claim it will do:

1. It will save the farmer by halving his debts and doubling his prices.

(Continued on page 54)



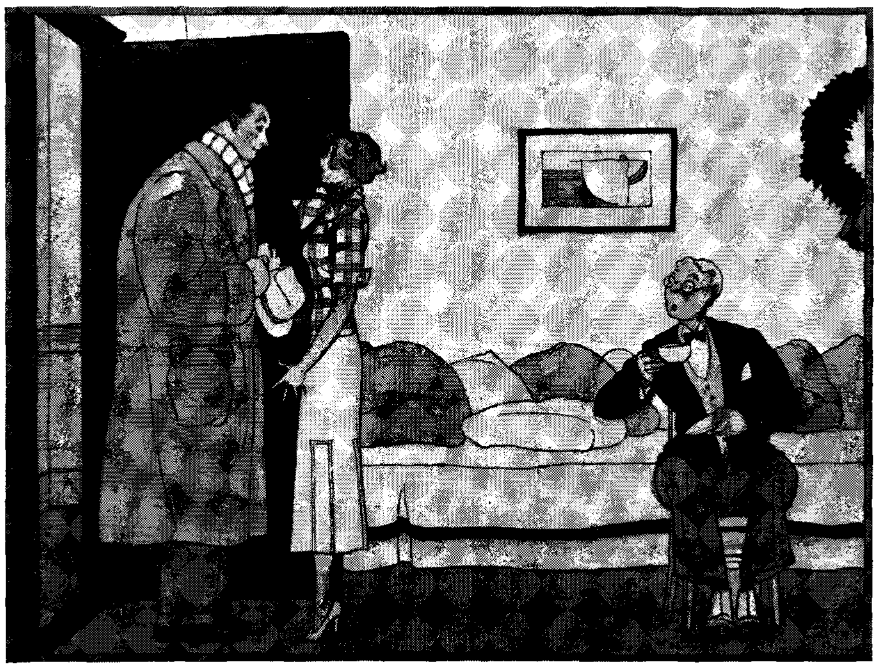
Men have pursued the will-o'-the-wisp throughout history. The result is always the same

Campus King

By Brassil Fitzgerald

They meet at college. They love. They part. They forget. "But sometimes," says the Professor, "they remember." This is his favorite story—about two who didn't forget

Harry Beckhoff


I turned to look. Rowe Madden was there, grinning in the doorway

STUDENTS come and go. I remember the good ones and the bad ones. Rowe Madden, for instance. The famous and infamous Madden. I see him now, a tall freshman, with a broken straw hat and a grin; a cheerful, big-fisted young rebel.

One September noon, hearing a riot under my windows, alarms and excursions and the delighted screaming of co-eds, I looked out, to see sophomores ragging a freshman. Unhappily. Two of the young men were down and a third was shouting for help. I hurried out. The sophomores retired and left the freshman to me; a lean young blackhead, with a torn collar and blazing blue eyes.

"What does this mean?" I asked sternly.

"Some fellers wanted my hat." A sudden wide grin. "Didn't get it." The hat was at his feet, what was left of it, a red-ribboned straw.

"Your name, please?"

"Madden," he said. "Rowdy Madden from Big Creek."

"There are four hundred sophomores, Mr. Madden," I said dryly. "You would be wise to wear a green cap like the other freshmen."

He considered that. "I guess I could lick them all right, fighting fair."

"You'd find it fatiguing," I said, and left him retrieving his books.

CURT ELLERY was waiting in my office. Curt was a favorite of mine; a boy with ideas and ideals. He turned from the window, amused. "Rescuing a frosh, sir?"

"No," I said, "not at all. A Mr. Madden from Big Creek was assaulting the sophomore class."

Curt smiled. "These hill-billies, sir; they have to be tamed."

"Not under my windows," I said.

Wendy came in then and Curt took us home in his car. Wendy is my niece. A bright slip of a girl, with dark, laughing eyes. And ways that are strange to me always. Very pretty indeed, but not robust at all. Like her mother.

While she made toast for my luncheon, I told her about the young savage from Big Creek. She listened with interest.

"What's he like, Uncle Allan?"

"Like a freshman, my dear; an obstreperous freshman in a mail-order suit."

Wendy smiled thoughtfully. "He needs a girl, Uncle Allan; a nice girl, like me."

The toast, I remarked, was burning.

Wendy is my sister's child and my ward. Her mother married an actor—an actor addicted to bad plays and small towns. When my sister died, he brought Wendy to me and went off to the wars. I heard from him once before he fell at St. Mihiel. Wendy, he wrote, would have his insurance, her mother's charm—and his genius. Wendy did have her mother's charm and, I feared at times, her mother's romantic unwisdom.

Within a week I came home from Faculty Club to find this Madden on my steps in the starlight with Wendy.

Her voice was bland and innocent. "You've met Rowe, Uncle Allan."

"I have indeed. How do you do, sir."

The lad didn't rise. "Howdy, prof," he said genially. "I got me a cap."

"I'm glad of that," I remarked, and went in.

After I retired I heard them on the porch: a mountainy drawl, Wendy's low laughter and, at long last, the clump of his feet on the walk.

AT BREAKFAST I mentioned Curt Ellery. "There's a young man," I told her, "with whom you'd have more in common. He thinks well and talks well. The boy has a future."

Wendy nodded gravely. "He'll be a congressman—and kiss babies. But not mine, Uncle Allan."

"Wendy! Please!"

"I'm going to New York," she assured me, "and be a great actor, like Dad."

Like her father, indeed! "Please get my green bag," I said, folding my napkin.

Wendy kept me informed about Madden. He was going to be a doctor, it seemed. He went out for football, and the powers that be found him a furnace to tend, for his room. The coach was impressed with his playing, called him a natural athlete. After football he took up boxing and carried the freshman colors right to the top in the midwinter tournament.

President Chase, who moves mysteriously at times, had appointed me to the faculty committee on athletics. And so, dutifully, I attended the finals, sat for three hours watching young heroes pommel and hug each other for the glory of Paxton and varicolored ribbons. A fat man beside me made unintelligible remarks. I didn't know him.

The heavyweight contest came last. The rivals entered the ring. The freshmen cheered for themselves and for Madden. He needed encouragement. His rival was a big-muscled junior, with legs like young trees and the shoulders of Atlas. Beside him, Madden looked almost frail; long-legged, flat-waisted and ribby. The bell rang. The boys circled each other warily, exchanged blows and embraced. Madden fought smiling. In the second round something happened. A blow that looked harmless to me. The big junior collapsed, went down and stayed down. The freshmen cheered loud and long.

When the roaring stopped, my neighbor was poking me with his elbow. "That bird could step for sugar."

"He could what?"

The man had boiled eyes. "Fight," he said, rolling his cigar, "fight for real money."

"God forbid," I said hastily.

He grunted and pushed by me into the aisle. I recognized him then. Morey, the name was, a pool-hall proprietor.

IN THE spring of that year Madden purchased a car, an ancient coupé, like a telephone booth on wheels. I was raking the lawn when it came rattling up the street and shuddered to a stop in front of the house. Rowe took a hand from the wheel and waved to me, graciously, like a young Prince of Wales.

"What do you think of it, prof?"

"Remarkable," I said.

He beamed. "Wendy'll be surprised."

"Very," I said.

Wendy was, and pleased. They drove off together as happy as kings.

One windy May afternoon I came on the two of them on the hill back of the campus. Below us the trail fell away to the river, the wide greening valley and the red roofs of the halls. Wendy was lovely there in the wind-blown sunshine, hugging slim knees and looking down on the world. Rowe sat beside her on his heels, a contented young viking, chewing a twig.

Within a week I came home from Faculty Club to find this Madden on my steps in the starlight with Wendy

"Hello, Uncle Allan." Mischief in Wendy's dark eyes. "Rowdy's been proposing. Go ahead, Rowdy, say it again!"

Rowdy grinned up at me. "She just follows me around," he explained.

"Look at his eyes, Uncle Allan. Aren't they blue? Black and blue mostly."

"How old are you two?" I asked.

"I'm twenty-one," Rowe said proudly. "Wendy's nineteen; just a kid."

She regarded him scornfully. "Hill-billy!" she said.

I left them abusing each other contentedly. Nothing serious between those two, that was quite evident.

THE summer passed; two summers. Wendy was a junior now; a too-popular junior. Ukuleles twanged on my porch, cars came and went, and the telephone rang at all hours. I was "Wendy's Unc," and "the prof" to half the campus. And to Rowdy, of course.

Rowdy had become what the undergraduates call a big shot. A football hero and a Sigma Rho. At Paxton, as elsewhere, fraternities differ. Some are worse than others. The Sigmas, for instance. You can't trust the punch at their dances.

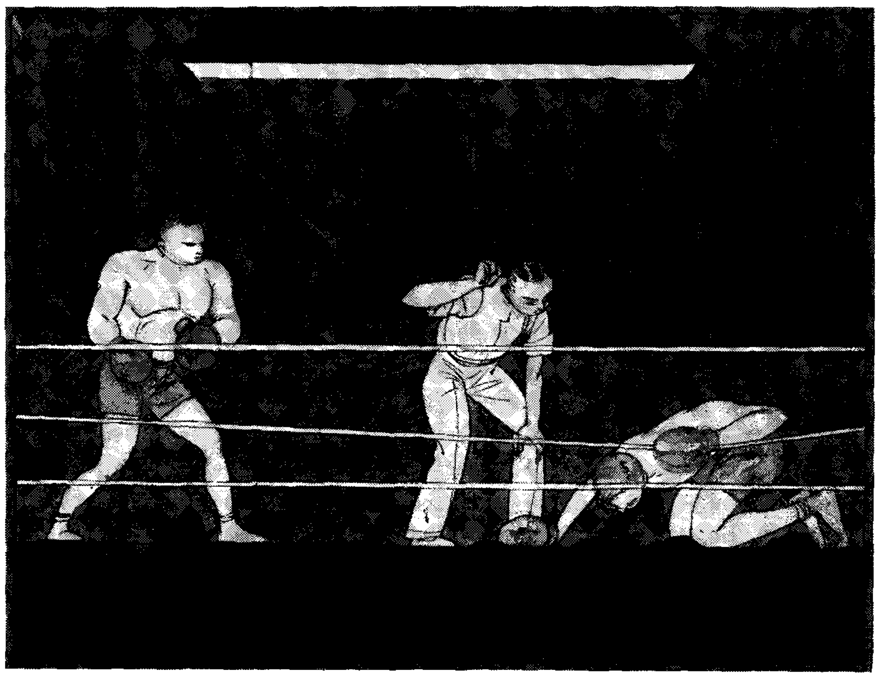
Rowe was no hill-billy now. Fame and the Sigmas were making him over. A man of the world in a camel's-hair coat and clothes that looked tailored. The papers were full of his prowess; stickers on the window of the campus drug store testified to his fame—a new fountain drink, the Rowdy Fizz. There were rumors about him. Curt Ellery told me he was spending a good deal of money. His people, I knew, had a small ranch beyond Big Creek. They raised sugar beets. Remarkable sugar beets, it would seem.

I asked Wendy about him.

"Rowe's all right," she said evasively, "but I don't like his crowd. I've told him so, too."

"How does he keep up his end?" I asked. "We don't pay our athletes!"

Wendy smiled at my innocence. "The old grads are good to him, Uncle Allan. And the stores. Whatever Rowe wears is the vogue. That makes a difference."



He got to his knees and groped for the ropes. Slowly he pulled himself up

"I don't like it," I said.

"I don't either," she said very quietly. "Let's turn on the radio and forget him for tonight."

The machine hummed and squawked, and a foolish voice filled the room. "Paxton, for the first time in ten years, is within reach of Northwestern honors. Can the Aggies tame Madden? Rowdy Mad—"

Wendy turned the dial.

THE Aggies couldn't stop Madden. I caught cold watching them try, sitting in the stands, drumming cold feet while Madden plunged through them and around them to victory. The whistle blew; the students swarmed down and carried the team off the field. I saw Rowe's black poll and his grin bobbing along in glory. Beside me Wendy was dancing with joy, cheering with the thousands for Madden.

"Stop that," I said sharply, "you'll have a sore throat."

She didn't hear me.

There was a dance that night, a victory ball in the gym. Wendy came down at nine to kiss me good night and show off her frock—fluttery stuff, chiffon, she called it. A frail little peacock, preening before me, wanting to know if she were as pretty as her mother.

"Your mother," I told her, "was beautiful."

She sat on my desk, swinging small silver slippers. "So am I. Rowdy thinks so." Under their curving lashes her dark eyes were starry. Rowdy was right.

He came in, flushed with his triumphs; a tall young magnificent, with a scratch on his cheek. I congratulated him, of course; said the usual things. He agreed with me.

"I'm pretty good, prof," he said carelessly. "I admit that myself."

Wendy, with her compact open, was regarding the bow of her lips. "The King of the Sigmas," she remarked, "and Wendy, his maid-in-waiting."

He smiled, undisturbed.

Outside in the street a horn blew, blew loud and long.

Wendy asked quickly, "Who is that?"

Rowe looked embarrassed. "Just the gang. Chuck and the others."

Wendy said coldly, "I told you I wouldn't go with them."

He looked unhappy. "I couldn't give them the gate."

Wendy's small chin lifted. "Then I'll take it, Rowe. I'm not going." She slipped off her wrap.

Rowe was scowling. "You can't do that to me," he said.

Wendy laughed, a laugh like the flick of a whip. I withdrew somewhat hastily. The sound of their quarrel followed me into the study; Wendy's murmur, Rowe's angry drawl. And that infernal horn.

The front door slammed. I heard the car going away and then it was quiet. I thought Wendy had gone, but then I heard her at the phone. She was calling Curt Ellery. I stayed where I was.

Rowe came no more to the house. I saw him on the campus with a co-ed named Billie Arden. Miss Arden was a Kappa, a very blond Kappa, known as a pin snatcher, which meant she liked boys. Wendy didn't speak of him and I respected her silence.

And then one Saturday morning the president sent for me. An alumnus in Butte had telephoned to tell him that Rowe Madden was in Butte to take part in a professional boxing match. He was to fight under the name of Malley. We called the Sigma house. Madden was absent; no one seemed to know where he was. At the president's request I took the noon train to Butte.

TWO men on the train were talking of the fight. One Sailor Burke of St. Paul had been matched with a Butte pugilist, who had broken his hand and was being replaced by Madden. The kid, they agreed, was being fed to the lions to save the take, whatever that meant.

The train was late into Butte and when I reached the arena the bouts had started. With some difficulty I found Rowe in a basement room, sitting in his bathrobe while a man did something with tape to his hands. A fat man with boiled eyes. I had seen him before. He cursed now and tried to shut the door in my face. Rowe interfered, put him out and bolted the door.

He, himself, was not pleased to see me.

"If you do this, Rowe," I said sternly, "you won't play for Paxton again. The students will never forgive you."

He didn't look at me. His voice was sullen. "I need the money, prof. There's five hundred in this if I win."

"You can't win," I told him. "You're being—being fed to the lion. This Sailor Burke is a pugilist of repute."

I should not have said that.

His head came up and he grinned. "I can take him," he said.

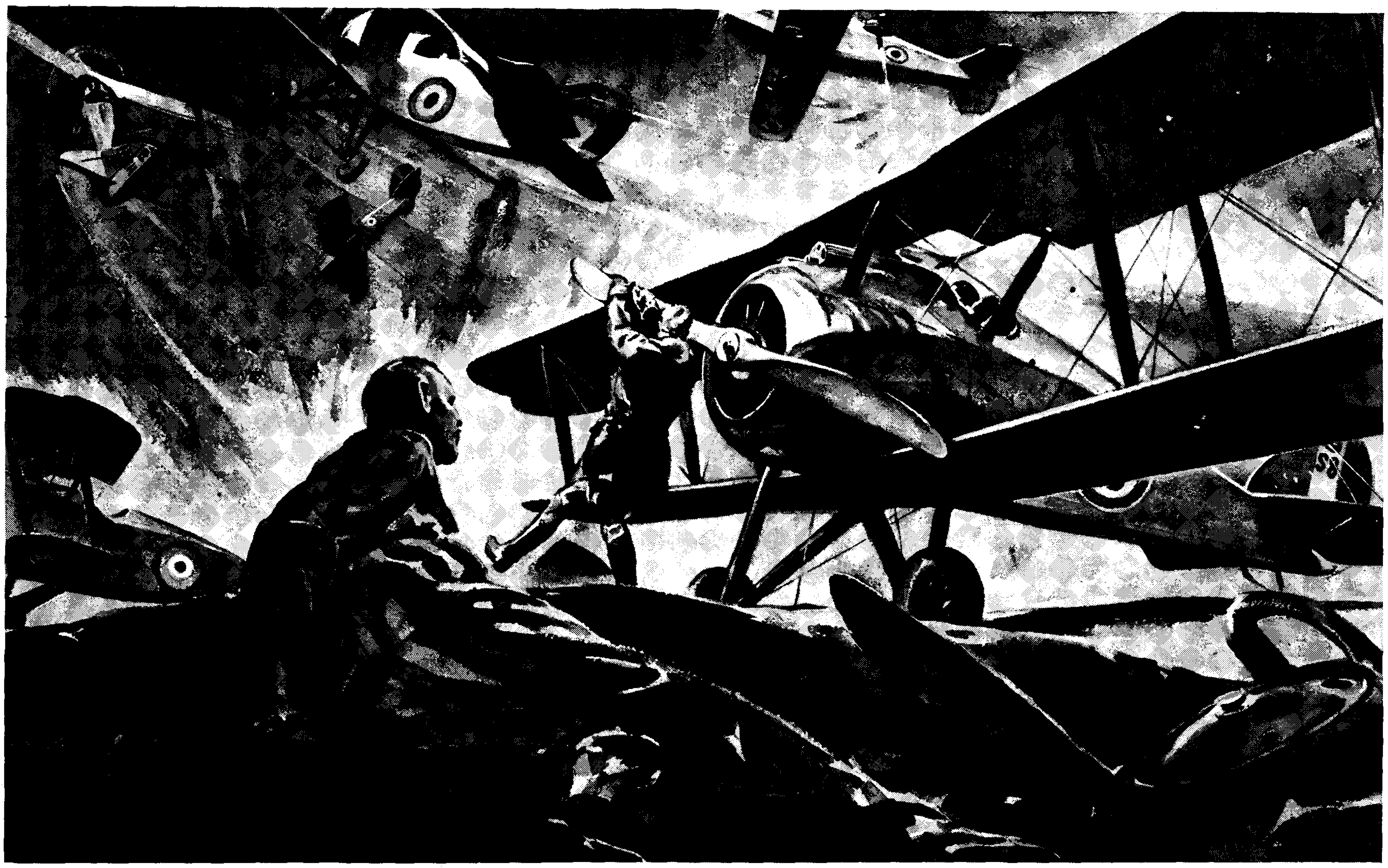
We could hear the crowd upstairs stirring restlessly, like a great beast.

I talked to him futilely. The fat man was pounding the door. "I'm sorry for you, Rowe," I said. "Let your friend in and me out."

I had bought a ticket, and I used it, willing, I confess, to see Madden chastised. I saw just that. This Sailor Burke, a bullet-headed bruiser, was too strong for Rowe and too quick. His fists jarred Rowe's head back again and again. The boy fought doggedly, his eyes swelling, his smile trickling blood. Around me the crowd began booing and shouting for a knockout. In the fourth round Burke changed his attack. He was hammering Rowe now about the line of his trunks. Suddenly Rowe went down like an empty sack. The crowd roared. The referee's arm rose and fell. That, I hoped, was the end.

But it wasn't the end. On the count of eight Rowe was on his feet again,

(Continued on page 56)



Elmore Brown

"I felt quite detached from the whole show, although my command was being wiped out"

Attention Mr. Smith

By Quentin Reynolds

Perhaps this story comes too late. We hope not. We hope the right man reads it

I WALKED into the office still feeling depressed over what had happened the night before. I sat down at my desk and looked over the morning papers. There was to be a cabinet meeting later in the day but we wouldn't get the result of that until evening. Neither Hitler nor Goering was scheduled to make a speech and, thank Heaven, there wasn't a single transatlantic flyer on his way to Berlin.

I turned over the pages of the Vossische Zeitung listlessly and then my head jerked up. I stared at that paragraph for a moment, blinked, and then looked again. It couldn't be true—and yet of course it was. It read:

"Major William Walsh, British aviation officer, was found dead last night in his room at the Hotel International. There was a single bullet wound in his heart and beside him lay an automatic pistol. Evidently Major Walsh had been cleaning the gun when it went off accidentally."

I was looking at this and feeling just a bit sick when the phone rang. It was Hubert Knickerbocker of the New York Post.

"Have you seen the Vossische Zeitung?" Knick asked quietly.

"Yes, I saw it."

"What'll we do about it?"

"God knows, Knick. Why not meet me right away at the Adlon and we'll talk it over."

Ten minutes later we were at the Adlon bar. Fred the bartender said: "You boys must of had a tough night. You both look terrible. Let me fix you up a couple of corpse revivers."

We looked at each other and winced. A corpse reviver is the name given to Fred's special pick-me-up. It wasn't the moment for people to be talking to us about corpses.

"Let's have some coffee," Knick said.

Fred murmured, "My God!" and disappeared to get us the coffee.

"Do you think that gun really went off by accident?" Knick asked.

"You tell me."

"And now what? Are we going to write the story? In England they'll accept Walsh's death as an accident. Have we any right to make them doubt it?"

I LOOKED at Knick. "How about that poor young American? If we write the real story, might it help him? Why think of the dead when this poor devil is living somewhere and only you and I have the power of vindicating him?"

"But," Knick protested, "we don't even know his right name. Walsh said, 'I think his name was Smith, but my records were all destroyed.' The story is so melodramatic that our papers will probably think we are having pipe dreams if we send it. Besides, strictly speaking, it isn't a news story. It's a feature story. It is— Say, it would make a great fiction story!"

"Suppose we wrote it in fiction form, disguising only Walsh's name," I said, finding a way out. "Now Smith, wherever he is, might read the story. He'd recognize himself, all right."

"An idea." Knick dropped two lumps of sugar in his coffee. "You write it. I've got to make a round of the concentration camps during the next week and I won't have time."

"If we can sell the story we might use the dough to find this American, Knick. I really feel sorry for him."

Knick stood up. "Swell. I must get back to the office now. I'll be seeing you as soon as I get back."

"So long."

"Wiedersehen," Knick said.

The story started with a phone call from Jerry Strong of the British embassy.

"I have a visiting fireman in town," Jerry said. "Very nice fellow, too. We really must do something for him."

"You mean *you* must do something for him," I growled. I was sick of those visiting firemen. Hardly a day passes in Berlin without some stranger coming to you with a letter of introduction from someone you just vaguely knew back home. "This will introduce John Smith, a great guy. Show him the sights. He has never been to Berlin before and he wants to ride around in side cars and get some indoor tan in those gay places."

The letters go like that and there you are, stuck with some person you never saw before. It interferes with your work and you spend a lot of money and all in all it's a great nuisance. They expect to find Berlin a wild, wild place and when you take them around to the few night clubs here they are disappointed and think you are holding out on them—the night clubs are so respectable.

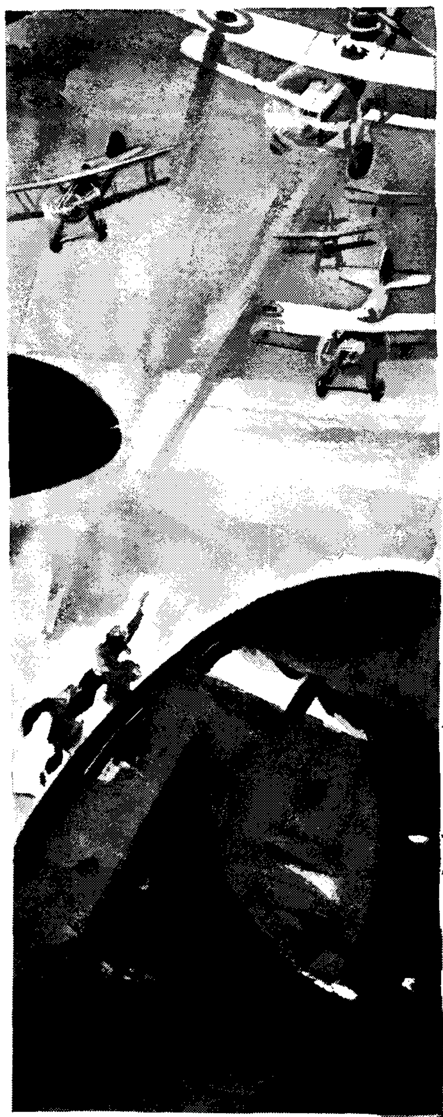
"NOW listen," Jerry pleaded. "How about that man from Chicago you had in town last week? Did I give a luncheon for him or did I not? How about that woman from New York who wanted to see the inside of the British embassy? Did I even introduce her to the ambassador or did I not?"

"All right," I said hastily. Jerry is very helpful, you know. "What do you want me to do?"

I could hear his sigh of relief over the phone. "Have dinner with us and then we'll wheel him around places. Sefton Delmer is having a party later. We'll take him there."

I made one last feeble effort to get out of it.

"I just remembered, Jerry. I have a dinner date with Knickerbocker and



"Baron von Genthner." It was a weak effort at best.

"Fine," Jerry said. "Von Genthner is the aviator, isn't he? Bring Knick and him along. My man is an aviator, too. He commanded a squadron during the war."

"What war?" I asked. But Jerry had already hung up.

So I phoned Knick and I phoned Von Genthner and met them at seven-thirty. Then we went to Pelzer's on Neue Wilhelmstrasse, and Jerry and his visiting fireman were waiting for us. I liked him immediately, much to my surprise. He was that lean, hard, closely cropped-mustache type that yells Eton, Oxford and the Guards at you. I don't mean he himself yells Eton, Oxford and the Guards, but one look at him and you knew his background right away. He looked about forty but must have been older and he had a crisp, decisive manner. He seemed—and after events bore this out—to be the kind of man to whom there are no dull gray shades. Things are black or white, right or wrong, to such a man. There are no compromises—no in-betweens.

Jerry introduced us. His name was Major William Walsh. When he heard Baron von Genthner's name his eyes lighted up.

"It is a pleasure to meet you, sir," he said. "Your name was not unknown to us a few years ago."

Von Genthner was one of Germany's leading war pilots. He had downed thirty-six Allied planes and had received the Pour le Mérite from the Kaiser himself. He spoke excellent English, too.

Von Genthner smiled. "That all seems so long ago, doesn't it? It is always a pleasure to meet a fellow pilot."

"Now can we have dinner, please," Jerry said.

We sat down and ordered dinner. Pelzer's of course is noted for its food and its wines too are not bad. Before I ordered I whispered to Jerry, "Who's paying for this meal?"

"The king," Jerry said blithely. "There's nothing so elastic as the expense account of a diplomat."

I nudged Knick. "This meal is on England."

KNICK nodded solemnly and ordered caviar and then snails.

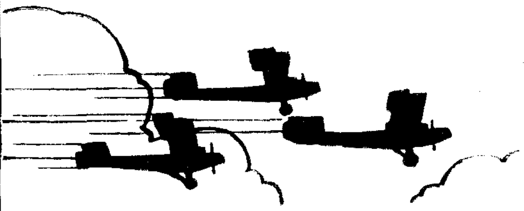
"Vodka would be nice with the caviar," I said.

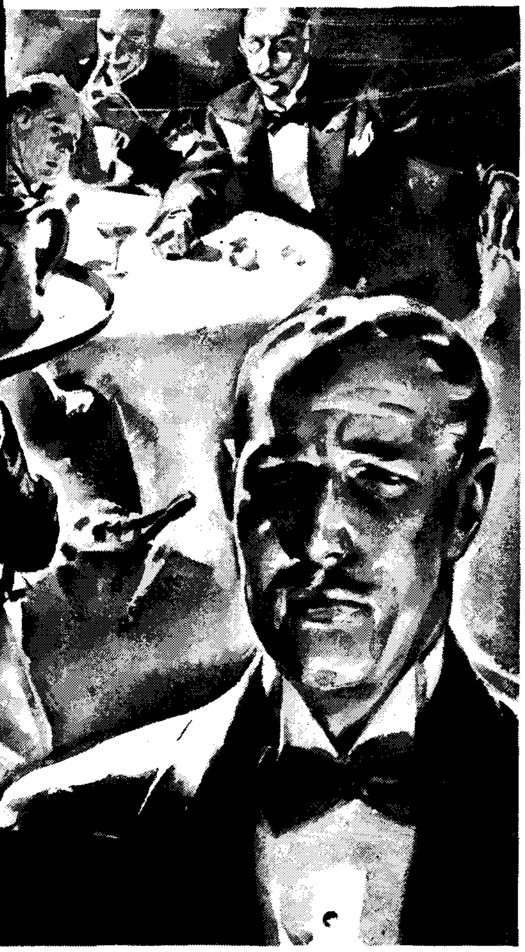
"Is this the first time you men have eaten this week?" Jerry asked.

"We never give a sucker an even break," I told him and ordered a Pelzer canapé and sweetbreads for a starter.

Well, it was a pleasant meal. Lord, but it was nice to sit at a dinner where politics wasn't even mentioned. We got very tired of politics in Berlin.

So we talked and listened and ate very lovely food and drank lovely drinks and the first thing we knew we were up to the coffee and cognac. French cognac, too, we ordered; at least Knick and I did, because it is very good and in Berlin very expensive, and it is a drink that we would never order if we had to pay the check ourselves. The others ordered champagne.





He left a silence at our table more eloquent than any noise I ever heard

Major Walsh and Von Genthner were soon reminiscing about the war. They laughed about absurdities that had happened. They joked about defeats each had encountered.

"Am I wrong," I asked, "or were you two fellows fighting on different sides?"

They both laughed. "The game is over," Walsh said simply. "It is always pleasant to talk over a game with a man who has played on the other side."

"I wonder," Jerry murmured, "if there is any truth in the rumor that all aviators are crazy."

"Some of them went crazy during the war," Walsh said. "You found that out too, I suppose?"

Von Genthner nodded. "I almost went crazy a couple of times myself. Especially in 1918. Ah, but those were times when a man lived twenty-four hours a day."

Walsh smiled. "Nineteen eighteen? Yes, that was a year, wasn't it? I was in Flanders then."

Von Genthner raised his eyebrows in surprise. "So was I. Just outside of Bruges and we had some merry fights with an English command stationed opposite us."

"My God, man!" Walsh said, and his eyes were sparkling. "In 1918 I commanded the air squadron that was assigned to watch Bruges."

They looked at each other with shining eyes and the rest of us might have been a thousand miles away.

"It's a small world," Jerry said.

"You would say that," Knick exclaimed bitterly.

Von Genthner and Walsh never heard us. They were thinking of sudden sorties against each other, of machine guns spitting glorious death, of the exhilaration of early morning encounters, with the wind in your throat and the sun in your eyes.

"This is the first time," Walsh said, "that I have met a man against whom I fought directly. We heard of you later on, of course, but I never realized that it was you who commanded the air defense of Bruges."

"YOUR intelligence service failed you there, Major." Von Genthner smiled. "Yes, I was there, all right. I was there in July of 1918 when you strafed us so thoroughly."

"July 15, 1918," Walsh said softly. "I'll never forget that day. Do you remember that morning?"

"At four o'clock?" Von Genthner asked.

"At four o'clock."

"If it's funny, tell us about it," I said. Then I said to the waiter, "Bring us some cigars." I saw Jerry wince.

"You start," Walsh turned to Von Genthner. "Tell the story up to the morning of July 15th, then I'll go on."

"Keep it clean, Baron," I suggested. "Remember there are longshoremen present."

"Well," Von Genthner picked out a fine perfecto (four marks) from the box the waiter brought and lit it. "Your squadron had been worrying us considerably. You know it was very odd—being stationed at Bruges. The population, Belgian, of course, began by hating us—and God knows I don't blame them. But we occupied the city and moved in ammunition dumps and guns and my squadron of planes. Now, your bombers started to drop their eggs on us and their aim wasn't always so good. Many a time you missed the ammunition sheds, the guns and the defenses and hit inns or houses or even churches. By sheer accident, I realize. Well, the people of Bruges began to have more fear of you than hate of us. We were there to defend the city—you were attacking it. In any case they began to look with friendliness upon us—just an odd little sidelight of an odd war."

"It was an odd war," Walsh said.

"Now you people, in the spring of 1918," Von Genthner resumed, "certainly gave us hell. You had a group of inexperienced flyers and God preserve me from such. They didn't know enough to be afraid or careful and they took the most awful risks. I became quite fed up with those swift raids of yours and decided to teach you a lesson. At midnight July 14th, I gathered fifteen planes together—heavy bombers. We picked a dark night, but we thought we had your position plotted very carefully. We took off, flew high and then dropped those bombs on what we thought was your position. From the air it looked as though our raid had been successful."

WALSH laughed. "Your bombs struck an ammunition shed about five hundred yards from my headquarters and planes. The explosion was terrific, but there was more noise than damage. You really didn't hurt us much at all."

"I found that out later," Von Genthner said ruefully. "To be exact, about three hours later. Anyhow, we turned back and, thinking we had pulled off something really big, decided to celebrate a bit. Yes, we opened many a bottle of champagne that night—well, it was early morning now—and then we turned in a bit befuddled perhaps and quite sleepy, never dreaming of any counter-attack."

His cigar had gone out and he relit it. Walsh was leaning forward, reliving that—to him—glorious night. There was a positive look of ecstasy on his face.

"I slept like a—what do you say?—like a log?" Von Genthner went on. "Then suddenly hell broke loose. A bomb went off maybe a hundred feet from my headquarters and, I swear, literally blew me out of bed. In pajamas I ran out. It was about four o'clock then and the sun almost blinded me. The sun comes up early in Flanders. It seemed as though the sky was black with English planes—a mixed formation of bombers and pursuit. They were flying low, contemptuous of our anti-aircraft guns. As a matter of fact we were so taken by surprise that we were defenseless.

"I ran right out on the landing field—why I don't know. A machine-gun bullet hit me in the thigh, knocked me down and—this is strange—practically paralyzed me. I lay there feeling no pain and perfectly conscious but unable to move. I felt quite detached from the whole show, although my own command was being wiped out by your planes. But you take up the story, Major."

WALSH laid down his cigar. His hands were trembling and I know that the roar of gunfire was in his ears.

"You lay there watching the whole thing?"

"Yes," Von Genthner said, "and I saw a most curious thing. Afterwards I told the story and no one would believe me. They said I must have been delirious with my wound. One of your pilots did the nerviest thing I ever saw a man do. He risked almost certain death to save a fellow pilot."

Walsh broke in. He hadn't heard Von Genthner's last words, I think.

"Ah, but we did take you by surprise, didn't we?" he gloated. "I felt that you had been fooled by the explosion of that ammunition dump. I was sure you would let down after your own raid and I got our bombers to coöperate in a counteraction. My squadron of pursuit planes took off just before four o'clock. We met the bombers up top. Then we aimed for you. Because you were taken

(Continued on page 34)

High Man Out

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Paul Jones

THERE were three of them concerned: Wallace, the bookkeeper, Keith, one of the trust officers, and Delaney, cashier. It started back in 1929, when everything looked so simple, and they made money until the bottom dropped out of the world.

It was crooked, of course. They all knew it, but Wallace was a man who never admitted the truth, even to himself. In his mind, the money they took was only borrowed. A quick turn on the market and they could pay it back.

At last they met for a dismal conference in one of the rooms reserved for the holders of safe-deposit boxes.

Wallace sat at one end of the polished rosewood table. At his right, Keith. Opposite him, Delaney.

"We can't cover up on this next inspection," Delaney said. "From now on, any money will be just plain missing. You know what that means."

Wallace wet his lips. "When does the inspector come?"

"I've been tipped off he's coming tomorrow." Delaney bit the end of his cigar. "Anybody got a match?"

Wallace slid his lighter along the table. For a brief moment, Delaney's ruthless face was illumined. He closed the lighter and tossed it back. "There must be some way out," Wallace assured him hopefully.

He saw contempt in Delaney's glance. "Don't be such a boy scout," said the cashier. "We're going to jail. And that's that."

Wallace looked at Keith, who sat cracking his knuckles. A mist of perspiration was gathering in the fuzz of his bald head. "It'll be tough on our wives and kids," Keith murmured.

"Yes, and it'll be tough on us, too," said Delaney. "I'm not looking forward to twenty years in jail."

Wallace started. "Surely you don't think twenty years! Why, after all—"

Delaney ignored him, and turned to Keith, with a hard question in his eyes. "Listen," he said at last, shifting his gaze to Wallace, "I've got an idea that'll save two of us, and keep all of us from going to prison." He took a pack of cards from his coat pocket. "Here's the idea. We deal cards and the man that loses takes the rap for all of us. We fix up his family."

Wallace stirred uneasily in his chair. "I don't get you. I thought you said none of us would go to prison."

Delaney put a short automatic pistol beside the cards. "That's the answer," he announced brutally. "We cook everything so the blame falls on one man—and he steps out. That settles it. They can't get a dead man on the stand."

WALLACE'S heart beat painfully in the thick silence which followed. "It can't be as bad as all that," he suggested. "Let's wait till tomorrow."

Delaney gave no sign that he had heard him. He was looking at Keith, who brooded over his finger nails. "What do you say?" he insisted.

Keith spoke suddenly: "All right. I'll take a chance if you will."

Delaney took the cards from their case and began to shuffle them. Suspicion grew in Wallace's mind. They were going to fix the deal so that he would be chosen as the scapegoat. "It seems to me—" he began.

"Shut up," Delaney snarled. "You're in this. I'll deal one card around—high man's elected. That all right?"

Wallace, his mind dissolved in a fearful panic, nodded. He looked down the long, shining table, and saw Keith cut the cards. Delaney picked them up, and in that instant Wallace saw the ace of diamonds, the bottom card, mirrored in the gleaming wood.

Delaney flipped out three cards, face down on the table. Wallace put a timid finger on the back of his. "Get this straight," Delaney was saying. "High takes the rap." He turned his card with a quick motion of his hand, and revealed the nine of hearts.

Wallace put his clenched left hand against his mouth to conceal the chattering of his teeth. His right hand fumbled and turned up the queen of spades. He swallowed painfully, sure that he had been tricked.

Keith was still scrutinizing the design on the back of his card. At last he lifted one corner and peeked under. He sat back, quite still, with his eyes closed.

"Let's see it," Delaney said roughly. He reached across the table and turned up the ace of diamonds. "Tough luck," he said in an odd tone.

WALLACE could not trust himself to speak. He felt infinitely lighter and stronger.

He saw Delaney push the gun over to Keith. "We'll come back tonight, and straighten things out," he was saying. After a pause, he added: "By nine o'clock we ought to be finished."

Keith took off his glasses, and polished them. "Don't bother," he told Delaney, and slipped the gun into his pocket. "I confessed this morning. I'm getting off with two years."

The cashier's face was contorted with rage. "I didn't feel quite right about it," Keith went on pleasantly, "until I saw you deal me that ace from the bottom of the pack." He got up and went around the table to the door. "They're checking up on my story now. We'll be arrested as we leave the bank."

Delaney sprang to his feet, but Keith had gone before he reached the door.

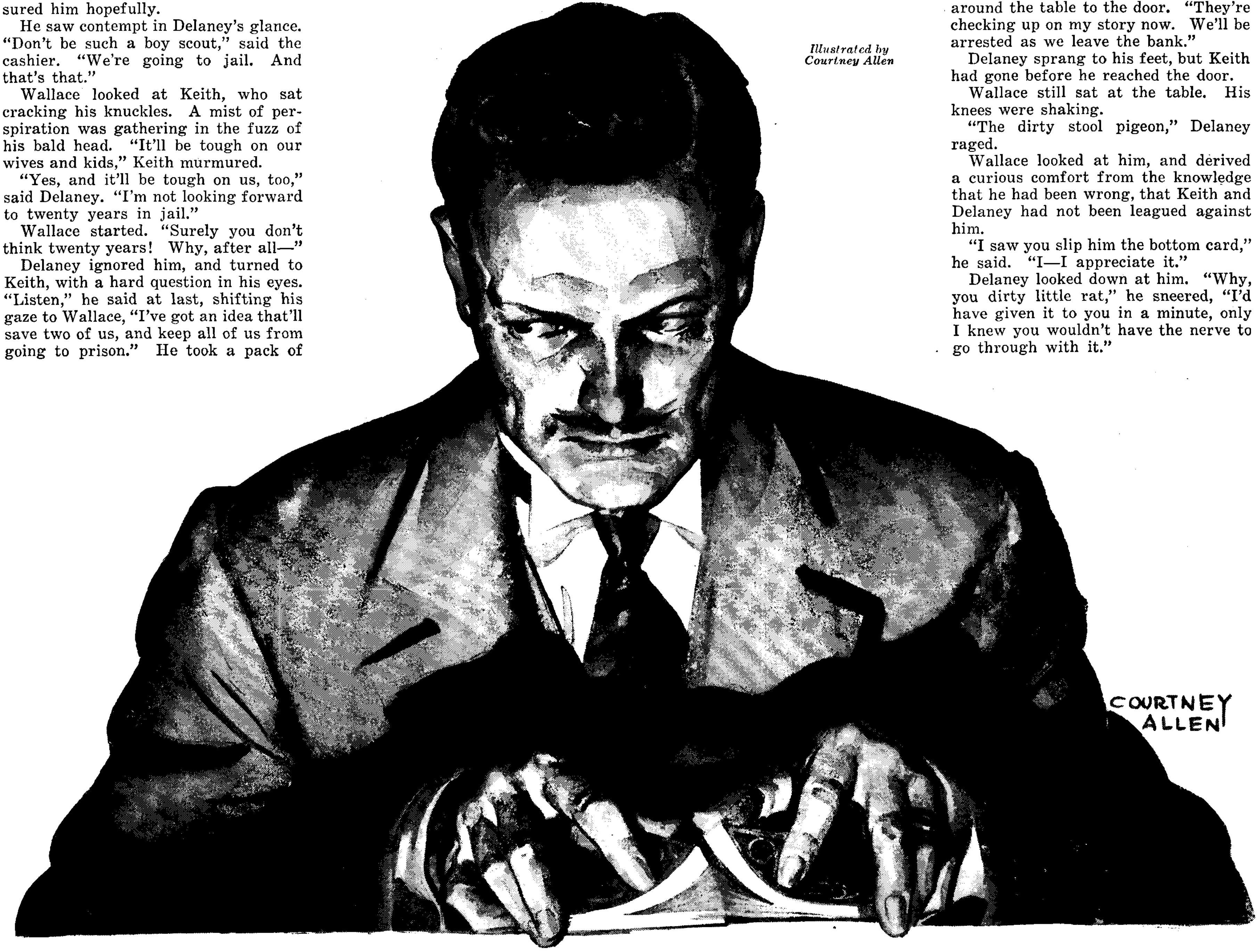
Wallace still sat at the table. His knees were shaking.

"The dirty stool pigeon," Delaney raged.

Wallace looked at him, and derived a curious comfort from the knowledge that he had been wrong, that Keith and Delaney had not been leagued against him.

"I saw you slip him the bottom card," he said. "I—I appreciate it."

Delaney looked down at him. "Why, you dirty little rat," he sneered, "I'd have given it to you in a minute, only I knew you wouldn't have the nerve to go through with it."



Illustrated by Courtney Allen

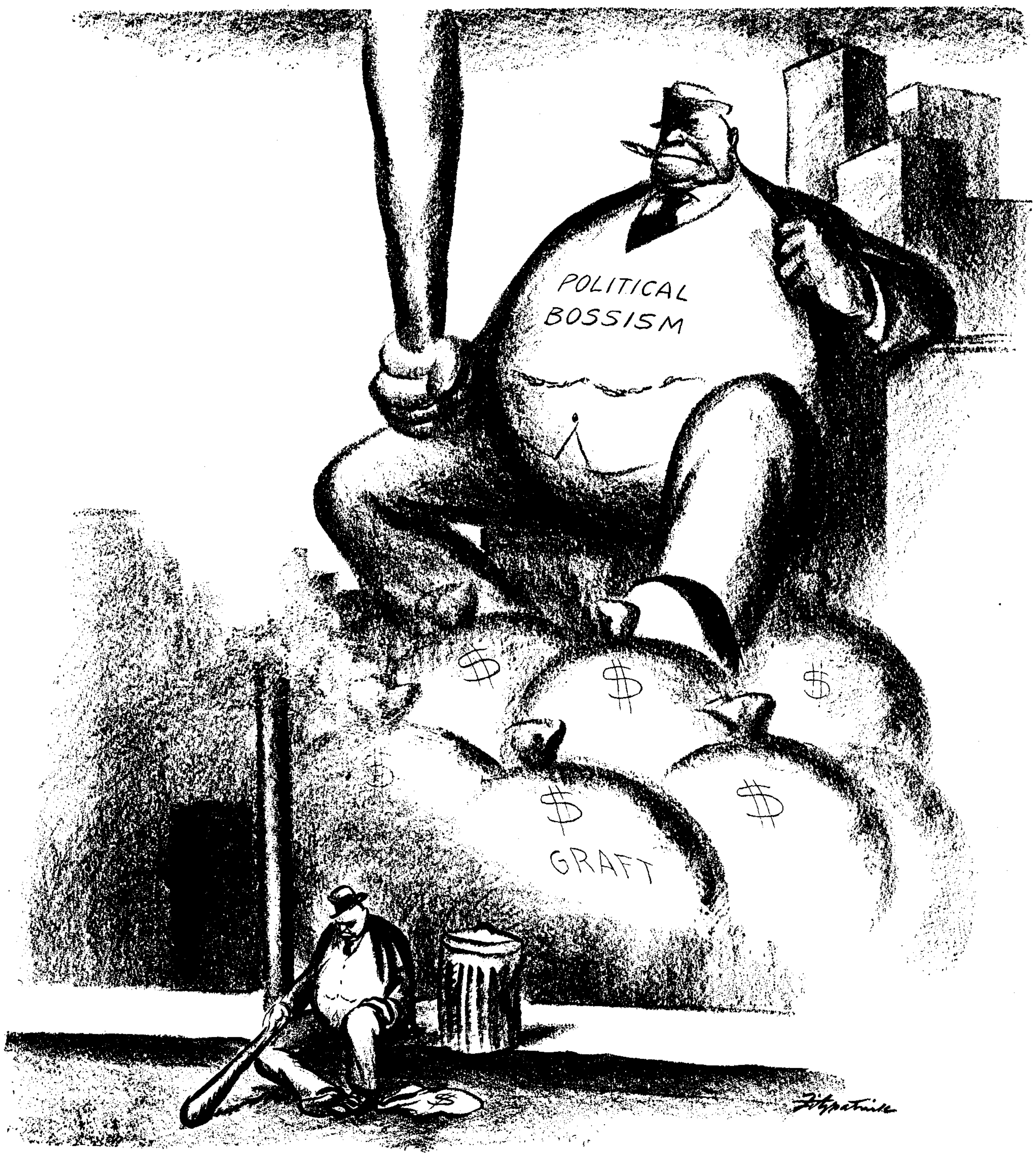
"You're all in this. I'll deal one card around—high man's elected. That all right?"

A Dime a Dozen

By Ray Tucker

Collier's Washington Staff Writer

Bosses are at a discount; the hostility of the Administration and the coming of repeal have driven their stock down to a new low. There are even some people nowadays who don't like to have their babies kissed



The power of the bosses is dwindling in the face of new combinations of economic forces

THE political bosses are having a hard time of it these days. The rulers of many once-powerful machines—the New York Currys, the Philadelphia Vares, the Pittsburgh Mellons and the Louisiana Longs—sit upon tottering thronelets and wonder how much longer their reigns will last. The flags over hundreds of district clubhouses are flapping at half-mast, and the ward-heelers are depending for jobs upon the Blue Eagle.

Regardless of party, for the La Follette Progressives of Wisconsin have suffered along with the bipartisan directors of corrupt municipal machines, the old-fashioned type of boss seems to be in bad with voters who can no longer afford these parasitic agencies of public plunder. Their class is in disfavor with a President who entered the White House after a career spent in fighting the prototype of all political corporations—Tammany Hall—and its national allies. It may be the twilight of certain political gods peculiar to the American scene.

Although White House spokesmen deprecate suggestions that the President is interfering in local, partisan contests, pointing out that he depends for eventual success on a government that is coalitionist at least in spirit, Mr. Roosevelt has done more than furnish an example of an anti-boss kind of statesmanship. He has helped, specifically and deliberately, to chase professional politicians from the halls of government. He has raised up new leaders and patronage dispensers in various states to take the place of elders who once stood higher in party councils than he did.

Having an entirely new concept of government, different from that of conservative Democrats, he has asked neither advice nor assistance from party venerables, including some former Cabinet members, governors, senators and past presidential nominees. He has brought in new blood in the form of economic and social experts more familiar with textbooks than platforms, and they may reorganize the American system in such a way that there will be no place for the practicing politician. Economics rather than politics, and realities rather than bunk, have the floor for the moment.

If the Brain Trust realizes its dreams for regimentation of industry, business, agriculture, finance and even social relief, the favors upon which political machines depend for profit and existence—public jobs, franchises, special privileges for the few, preferred treatment for friends, contracts and subsidies and charities—may be placed far beyond the grasp of the boss and his henchmen. In such a society, as Secretary Ickes has declared, there may be no function for such little brothers of the boss as the "insider" and "fixer" and "the man who has a pull at Washington."

The government, extending its paternalistic reach into many new fields which touch the voter's stomach and pocketbook, may supplant the clubhouses, where the boss used to hand out charity and jobs, with scientific services of its own, thereby depriving the politicians of that popular gratitude which in the past has expressed itself by voting the straight and narrow ticket on Election Day.

A Long-Delayed Revolt

But the Administration is not entrusting its anti-boss campaign entirely to the professors. Professor Tugwell may devise an economic and social system that will make the boss a more prehistoric specimen than the dinosaur—or the G. O. P. elephant—but Professor Farley has no such Darwinian patience. He believes in quick and direct action. Despite protestations that he acted on his own initiative in battling Tammany in the recent New York mayoralty election, everybody who understands practical politics realizes that he must have had presidential blessing. "Jim" is too loyal to "the best friend a man ever had" to leap into such a major conflict out of boyish enthusiasm for a fight, and if he had acted precipitately a word from the President would have checked him.

The people, however, were far ahead of Mr. Farley in leaping on the bosses. Besides throwing Tammany out the window of the City Hall that is modeled after the Doge's Palace in Venice, they defeated the National Chairman's own mayoralty entry in New York, "Holy Joe" McKee, possibly because they believed Fusion arguments that he, too, would bow before a new set of bosses. Despite Mr. McKee's coy cooings for White House support, and Mr. Farley's declaration for him, the people elected Fiorello H. La Guardia, a Progressive Republican, whose whole record portrayed him as a hater of bosses and their breed. Indeed, some of the political overlords whom he has fought most bitterly were Calvin Coolidge and Herbert Hoover.

For the first time in twenty years, the metropolis got mad and smashed Tammany, including past and present and potential allies, with a slogan of "A plague on both your houses." It was resentment at corrupt, costly and inefficient government which did it, quite as much as hope of better things under Mayor-elect La Guardia. It is, I think, extremely significant that his biggest vote, proportionately, came from home-owning boroughs where people pay direct taxes and know how much Tammany has cost them. It was an economic crusade which, depending upon Mr. La Guardia, may be more than temporary.

The Old Order Passes

The revolt against bossism cracked all party lines, regardless of geography. In "corrupt and contented" Philadelphia and in sooty Pittsburgh, where Vare and Mellon Republicans have ruled the golden roost for so long, it was the Democrats who triumphed. Mr. Vare, ironically, elected only his coroner, while at the other end of the state the Democratic candidates won all along the line in a supposedly impregnable G. O. P. Gibraltar. Here again, it was the anti-vote which accomplished the trick, for the Democrats' registration was only a fraction of their total vote. As in New York, this may be the beginning of the end of the great machines which, when they were not selfishly squabbling, held the Keystone State in their grip. Though less spectacular, the Vare and Mellon setbacks may be more important than Tammany's exile.

It would be foolish and premature, of course, to predict the death of the boss

(Continued on page 55)

Thunder in the Dust

By Alan LeMay

The Story Thus Far:

SURROUNDED by hostile neighbors and cattle thieves, who make daring raids on his herds and finally murder Juan Amador, his foreman, Tom Cloud, owner of the Flying K ranch in the California peninsula of Mexico, is in a perilous predicament. The authorities refuse to protect him; alone, he cannot protect himself. With a partner—an astute Mexican—perhaps he can. Such a man is available: a mysterious personage known as "El Fuerte." Desperate, Cloud sends for him.

The ranchman has other troubles. Near him, occupying one of his houses, is a young couple: John Boyce and his wife, Kathleen. Boyce, in Mexico for the purpose of developing some mining claims belonging to his wife, is a weakling. Kathleen is made of better stuff. A gloriously beautiful woman, she is self-reliant, fearless, daring. To her, Tom Cloud—solid, capable, gentle—is all that her husband is not. Seeing him often, she presently realizes that she loves him; and she knows (although little is said about it) that Tom Cloud returns her love.

Divining the situation, Boyce, always cruel, drinks himself into a cold frenzy (as he frequently does), then insults his wife, shockingly. Kathleen rises. "I," she says calmly, "am going to see you through—put you on your feet. Then I'm going to leave you—but not for Tom Cloud, or any other man!". . . Meanwhile, Cloud's difficulties multiply. From "Old Beard" (Bill Willard, wealthy miner, cattleman, and a power in Lower California) he learns that forming an alliance with El Fuerte would be exceedingly dangerous. According to the old man, El Fuerte has an enemy—Solano. And Solano, as Cloud is well aware, is a man to be reckoned with: a rich, powerful dictator, whose integrity has never been questioned, and whose hostility no other Mexican would dream of incurring.

Old Beard's final admonition is: "A partnership with El Fuerte? Well, if I were you, I'd think it over a month or two." Whereupon, that very night, a small, terrier-like man calls on Cloud. "I," he says, by way of introduction, "am del Pino—El Fuerte's secretary. The master awaits you—outside."

Cloud follows the man. In the darkness, El Fuerte, mounted and accompanied by two aides, greets him. "Tonight," he whispers mysteriously, "I am busy. *Very* busy. But in the morning I will call upon you. *Buenos noches!*" He gallops away. Later, in the house, del Pino, a drink in his hand, makes a cryptic utterance. "I think, sir, you will have interesting news—in the morning."

III

"NEWS for me?" Cloud said.

Del Pino leaned across the table with an air of utmost secretive solemnity. "Sir, I think I may take the liberty of saying that El Fuerte is—taking himself a ride."

"A ride?"

"A ride. You see, El Fuerte has already heard of your misfortune."

Cloud stared at him. "Look here—you mean that El Fuerte is on the ride tonight because Juan Amador is dead?"

Del Pino shrugged deprecatingly. "When El Fuerte takes himself a ride in the moon, it is not for me to say wherefore or where at. But I will say this, sir—the killer of Juan Amador cannot hide himself from such a man as El Fuerte."

"Now wait a minute," Cloud drawled. "Who the devil told El Fuerte to draw cards in this game?"

"Cards, sir?"

"The death of Juan Amador is my affair. If El Fuerte wants to bust into this mess of trouble, looks like he ought to see me first!"

"I must explain to you, sir," said del Pino with dignity, "that for El Fuerte to see lawlessness is like for a fighting bull to see the red cape. The men who have killed your vaquero have done a lawless thing. El Fuerte is a great enemy of lawlessness, wherever lawlessness is to be met. He stamps it out like an antelope desecrating a rattlesnake. *Que hombre!* What a man!"

It seemed to Tom Cloud that he was being kidded, and his anger rose. "Look here, you," he said flatly. "I don't know where El Fuerte's gone, or who he has with him—"

"He has two of the greatest fighting men in Mexico with him," del Pino said *meaningfully*.

"I don't care if he has two of the greatest Mexican armies with him," Cloud said. "If he goes to raising hell up and down my lease he'll find himself run off the place by the scruff of the neck, by God!"

Del Pino looked unspeakably shocked. "You don't know what you're saying, señor, sir. El Fuerte is your friend!"

A SUDDEN suspicion struck Tom Cloud. "Who is this El Fuerte?" he demanded. "Why is he here?"

Del Pino leaned forward with a hypnotic intensity. "El Fuerte," he said, "is the most extraordinary man who ever honored Baja. First of all, he is the greatest of the—how shall I translate—of the free rancheros."

"And what the devil is a free ranchero?"

"A free ranchero," del Pino explained mystifyingly, "is a ranchero who is a ranchero wherever he is; he is not tied down to any one place—at least not for a very long time. Therefore, he is a free ranchero."

"Oh," said Cloud.

"But he is much more than that," del Pino hurried on. "Above all, he is a great leader of men. It was a sad day for Mexico when Pancho Villa usurped the army that should have been El Fuerte's. But I tell you, sir, times will change. You will live to see the day when a man who is not a friend of El Fuerte is not anything in this country."

"And why," said Cloud ironically, "is this great man here?"

"Do not suppose, sir," said del Pino darkly, "that he is here because of that little misunderstanding in Sonora."

"So," said Cloud, "he was run out of Sonora?"

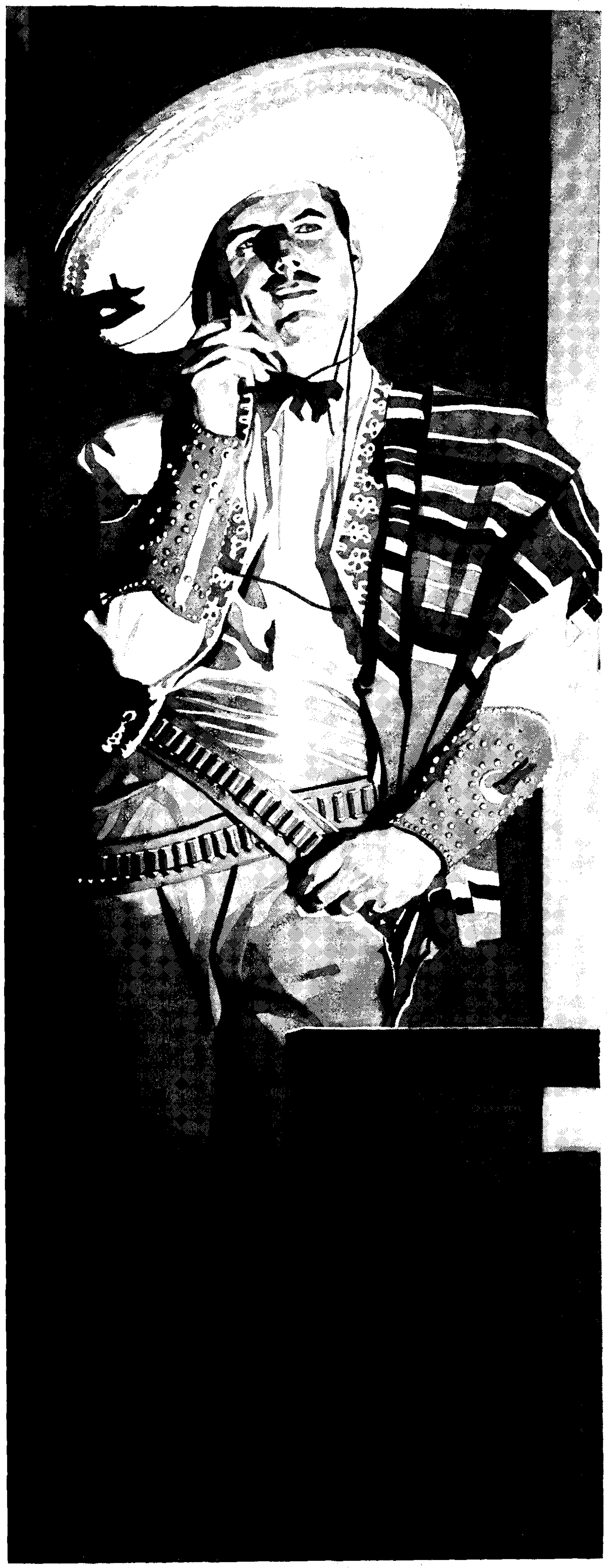
"I must make you understand, sir," said del Pino, "that El Fuerte is not run out of places. As a free ranchero—"

"What's he doing here?" Cloud demanded bluntly.

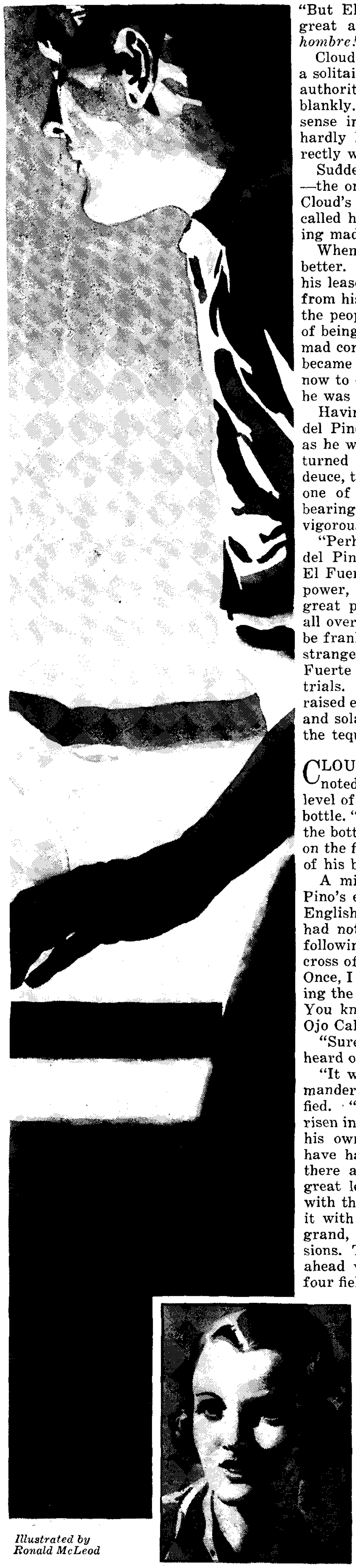
For a moment del Pino appeared confused. He hid his confusion behind another draught from the tequila bottle. "I will tell you the truth, sir," he said at last with an air of great frankness. Sorrow came into his terrier-like face, and he spread his hands with great deprecation. "El Fuerte," he said in a lugubrious hollow voice—"he is following the quail."

"Following the quail? Which quail?"

"I SEE you do not understand about quail. It seems, sir, that quail live by the eating of certain seeds. In certain seasons they eat one kind of seed, in other seasons another, and in different places different seeds. This has a great effect upon their flavor. Now in Chihuahua—" Here del Pino went into a lengthly dissertation on what quail eat in Chihuahua. Never having interested himself in seeds of no importance as cattle fodder, Cloud did not get much out of this. "Me, I know nothing about quail," del Pino finished his dissertation.



"Who knows when they would pay them back?"



Illustrated by Ronald McLeod

"But El Fuerte is different. He is a great authority on quail seeds. *Que hombre!*"

Cloud was staring at del Pino again, a solitaire card held suspended. "Great authority on quail seeds," he repeated blankly. He had never heard such nonsense in all his born days. He could hardly believe that he had heard correctly what del Pino said.

Suddenly the answer occurred to him—the only explanation possible to Tom Cloud's code of thought. The man who called himself del Pino was stark, raving mad.

When Cloud had decided this he felt better. The country in which he held his lease was only a few hundred miles from his native Arizona; yet sometimes the people about him gave him a sense of being lost in a new world of strange, mad conceptions. Sometimes this almost became too much for him. He was happy now to escape through the opinion that he was dealing with a lunatic.

Having decided this, Cloud dropped del Pino from his mind as effortlessly as he would have dropped a saddle. He turned another card, played the ace, deuce, trey of clubs. Deluded men were one of the many things that had no bearing upon Tom Cloud's relentlessly vigorous life.

"Perhaps it seems strange to you," del Pino was saying, "that a man of El Fuerte's great—what shall I say?—power, that a man of El Fuerte's great power should follow quail seeds all over the map of Mexico. Sir, I will be frank with you. Sometimes it seems strange to me. As secretary of El Fuerte I have not been without my trials. If he had listened to me—" He raised eloquent arms toward the rafters, and solaced himself by communion with the tequila bottle.

CLOUD played the jack of hearts, noted with an ironic eye the falling level of the tequila, and reached for the bottle. "*Salud!*" he said, barely touching the bottle to his lips; then set the bottle on the floor beside the high-spurred heel of his boot, out of del Pino's reach.

A mildly hurt look appeared in del Pino's eyes, but his remarkable flow of English words rushed ahead as if he had not noticed. "Sir," he said, "this following of the quail seeds has been the cross of my life. And other things, too. Once, I remember, El Fuerte was entering the important town of Ojo Caliente. You know the strategic importance of Ojo Caliente?"

"Sure," Cloud lied. He had never heard of it.

"It was when El Fuerte was a commander of artillery," del Pino amplified. "Two hundred men would have risen in that town at his word, each with his own horse and saddle. He could have had a regiment of cavalry right there and then. And El Fuerte is a great leader of cavalry. *Que hombre*, with the cavalry! I ride ahead and fix it with the *alcalde* of that town for a grand, victorious entry, with processions. Then when all is prepare', I ride ahead with El Fuerte's guns—he had four field guns then, with caissons too—I go ahead to see that there is a proper receiving of El Fuerte, and enough cheering. Everything is prepare' for El Fuerte to appear, in the eyes of all that town, and be received in state at the house of the *alcalde*. What happens? Sir, I weep! El Fuerte does not show up!"

"He didn't?" said Tom Cloud politely.

"Sir, you will not believe me. El Fuerte reaches the edge of that town; and all is ready. But just then he sees a pretty peon girl leaning over a gate. He turns aside!"

"You don't mean to tell me," Cloud simulated concern.

"I did not find him," said del Pino, "until noon the next day. And of course then it was too late."

He looked at Tom Cloud so sorrowfully that Cloud made a half-motion toward the tequila bottle; but thought better of it, and went on with his solitaire.

"THAT was not the only time," said del Pino. "There was the time when I arranged the parley with the four generals of Tres Rios. Sir, it was a turning point. I swear to you, he could have had Mexico then! I arrange this parley. All is prepare. But what happens?"

"El Fuerte didn't show up," said Tom Cloud.

"You are a reader of minds. I found out afterward—"

The urgent, nervous voice of del Pino ran on and on. He was giving Cloud other examples of the sufferings he had been through while with El Fuerte. Had he known it, Cloud was listening to an Odyssey—such an extraordinary series of events in the life of a man as perhaps he would never hear again. But Cloud could only think about Kathleen, and wonder where money was coming from. Del Pino's many-colored tale drifted unheard into the lamplight and cigarette smoke.

"Ay," he heard del Pino say at last, "I have talked a long time."

Tom Cloud glanced at his tin clock; it was nearly half past one. "Fairly long," he agreed moderately.

"I think sometimes I am getting old," said del Pino wistfully. "Certainly it is very cold. But I tell you this, señor—sir: if there is anything you wish to know about what is what in this country, ask me—maybe I will know."

"Which pile is the jack of spades under?" Cloud asked promptly.

"Under the third pile from the left, señor."

Cloud looked, and found that del Pino was right. He grinned, relented, and passed del Pino the tequila bottle. "Where did you learn all this language?" he demanded.

"A border man who does not have two countries has no country at all."

"You're not talking border American."

"Me," said del Pino proudly, "I have read more than four hundred books."

"That explains it, all right!"

Del Pino swigged profoundly and set the bottle down. "Mr. Cloud, I bid you good night."

"You'll find the bunkhouse right over there," Cloud said. "But blankets—"

"I always carry a blanket with me," del Pino said with dignity. He left Cloud still playing solitaire, and worrying about the inexplicable interference of El Fuerte.

For what form El Fuerte's entrance into the situation might take, or what might be its motive, Cloud could not even imagine.

THE tall Indian Bravo and the rider whom Cloud had not recognized drew abreast of El Fuerte as he pulled up upon a high, moonlit point, many miles from the Valley of the Witch. The night was very quiet, now that the hoofs of their own ponies were still; and for a little while the three sat silent, studying the shallow little valley that lay below.

"So this is it," El Fuerte said. "I thought you said it was a long way."

Bravo grunted. "You ride like a crazy man."

The ponies of all three were drenched with sweat; they stood blowing, so that Bravo's chaps made a faint flapping noise with the heave of his animal's ribs. El Fuerte rode brutally hard, with the disregard of horseflesh of a man who has always found the supply of range ponies unfailing. He had a single cherished mount, a beautiful palomino mare, which he pampered unspeakably, but all other horses which fell into his hands found themselves in trouble. El Fuerte liked to ride horses that were like terrified wild animals, and his ponies were customarily worn out and traded off long before they knew their business.

Carlos—this was the name of the third horseman—thought that they had come to the wrong place. "This pass leads no place! We've wasted our time."

"Del Pino is perfectly certain this is right."

"What does del Pino know about finding lost ways through the hills?" They spoke in loose, slurring Spanish that was set all through with words from more than one obscure Indian dialect.

"He's not supposed to know about hills," said El Fuerte. "*You* are supposed to know about hills. Del Pino is only supposed to find out what the people know. And he does it most wonderful."

"If they come this way, it means there's much more to this than we thought," Carlos said. He was a man with a lithe young body and a strangely old face; even in the moonlight that face was a humorously wicked anomaly. "For look," he insisted, "we already know how much Flying K beef they take away to the south—jerky for all the little towns. But they can't cut back to the south, coming this way. That means they ship across the gulf to the mainland—maybe by lugger from Bahia Coyote. They're plucking him like a hen, *por Dios!*"

"The American is a fool," said Bravo.

"You forget the country's strange to him," El Fuerte argued mildly. "What could even I do in his place?"

"Plenty," said Bravo shortly.

"BUT look! His range runs kilos in all directions. On every side of him are all these little nobodies, that think his stuff is their own."

"Maybe it should be," grunted Carlos.

"His vaqueros are worthless and indifferent," El Fuerte defended Cloud. "The only big cattlemen near him are Old Beard and this Miguel Solano. Solano doesn't like the Americans. Old Beard has seen gringos come and go too many times; he doesn't care. The Judge of the Plains is a little fool—somebody's nephew by marriage. He's getting a profit out of this thievery himself, we'll pretty soon find out. What can the American do? He's helpless."

They were silent, not wishing to seem to argue with him; but their silence obviously reserved their own opinions.

"Del Pino was right, Carlos," Bravo said after a long time; "there's cattle coming."

"If he didn't keep weaning calves a man might be able to hear something," Carlos grumbled. "The hills are full of wet cows bawling."

"Something's bawling besides wet cows."

They were silent again, a long time. "I see them now," Bravo said at last. Far off down the little valley had appeared a dark irregularity in the moonlight; so distant that it did not yet seem to move, but they knew that it had not been there a little while before.

"I've been watching them for ten minutes," said El Fuerte. He lied, and they knew he lied, but that was just the sort of thing that bound them to him. They idolized his exuberant braggadocio, the supreme audacity with which he carried all situations before him.

"It's a little bunch of twenty," Bravo

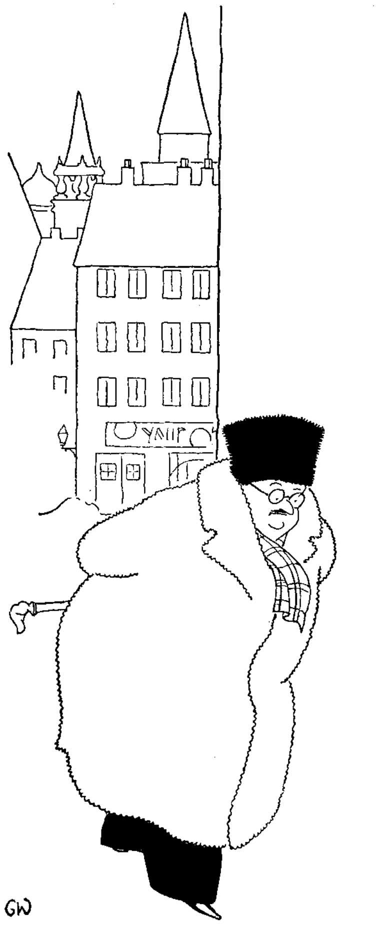
(Continued on page 37)

Staged in Moscow

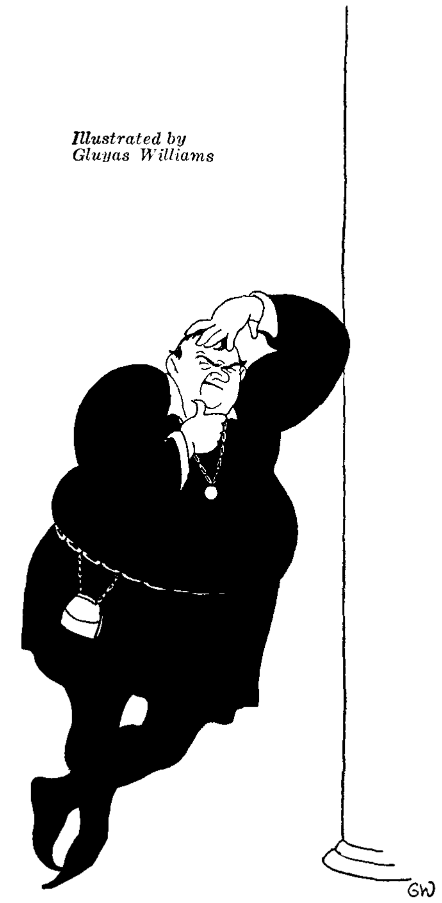
By Alexander Woollcott

Illustrated by
Gluyas Williams

Mr. Woollcott went to Russia, not to investigate sociological conditions or the Five-Year Plan, but to see plays. Resolutely ensconced in the third row on the aisle, he witnessed a burly, scheming Hamlet drive a tipsy Ophelia to her watery grave. And, almost against his will, he found out a good deal about the U. S. S. R. Here you may watch the eye of a critical beholder functioning smoothly



Four weeks in Soviet Russia may turn anyone into an economist



Hamlet was presented as a burly rascal scheming to supplant his uncle

ON a brisk afternoon I skidded my way along the snowy streets of Moscow with a box party I had myself somewhat wildly assembled. I do not recall ever having seen a more violently variegated cluster of playgoers. First there was a distinguished Franco-Prussian Jew who had been born in Corpus Christi, Texas, and who was a cousin of that most monstrously victimized scapegoat of our time, Captain Dreyfus.

Then there was a swarthy, keen and elegant young Oxford graduate whose father was an eminent Celestial and whose mother was a dusky native of Trinidad, himself therefore a living reminder that, in flagrant defiance of Rudyard Kipling, East and West do get together once in a while. Also, there was his wife, an exquisitely fair, fragile and attractive Russian girl who persisted in practicing her Chinese and English on him when he would rather have talked Russian to her.

The play that afternoon was a self-inflicted agony about miscegenation by our own Eugene O'Neill, a tragedy known in this country as All God's Chillun Got Wings but played in Russian, its Negro rôles being performed by able young Muscovites with the aid of considerable burnt cork. In the intervals for scene changes, there would also be American songs to create the proper atmosphere. With a perceptible start I recognized one old favorite of my childhood, even when disguised as "Onnie Roaney." But if you have never chanced to hear Russian troubadours lifting their voices in Negro spirituals, the more pensive ballads of Irving Berlin, and Bonbon Buddy, the Chocolate Drop, let me console you with the assurance that you have not suffered an intolerable esthetic privation.

It was characteristic of the Russian stage that in vitality, resourcefulness and creative imagination this Kamerny Theater realization of O'Neill's play made its original New York production look like thirty kopecks. It was perhaps characteristic of me that, with the food shortage and the grotesquely misrepresented Five-Year Plan lying just outside the door and fairly aching for comment, I should have been huddled cozily indoors, inspecting life at second-hand.

At that, I am not sure I did not learn more about the Mobile Experiment from attending a dozen theaters in Moscow and Leningrad than I would have learned by journeying to the Dnieprostroy Dam in the manner of the more sociological globe-trotters and staring fixedly at its grandiose proportions. Even one who, in decent if exceptional humility, has no notion that four weeks in Soviet Russia will turn him into an authoritative economist, may discover, when he gets home, that he has brought back some thoughts on the subject, even as you may find some sand in your shoes after you have come home from the seashore.

Freedom of Satire

Well, during the intermission we all dropped in on the director, the brilliant and engaging Alexander Tairoff, whose working quarters—office, studio, what you will—have a greater dignity, graciousness and beauty than I ever found in the settings of our own impresarios. He gave us tea and raisin cake and wrung from me the promise to send him the score and libretto of this Pulitzer Prize work called Of Thee I Sing, of which the tickling rumors had apparently reached Moscow some time before.

He already knew it was a saucy derision of the circus of American politics. If he were to produce it in Moscow, he said, he would of course be able to sharpen the satire considerably. He could not have been expected to know that the satire was already sharper than a serpent's tooth. It could never have occurred to him that, being notoriously crushed under the feet of their capitalist masters, the authors of that impudent harlequinade had really said precisely what they wanted to.

You see, there had been nothing in Tairoff's experience under the Czar—or under the Soviets—to make him think it would be possible anywhere for a political satirist to have a free hand. He could not imagine it any more than the urchin authors of Of Thee I Sing could imagine functioning at all in a country where any playwright who took such liberties with the Kremlin as were taken by them with the poor old White House would be shot at sunrise.

The Russian stage, with such superb organizations as the Kamerny, the Vakhtangoff and the Moscow Art theaters, is, I suppose, the finest and most flexible instrument of its kind in the world, just waiting, like the bow of Ulysses, for a great dramatist to come along and bend it to his uses. But there is, I think, no such dramatist even in sight and, as things have been and still are, there could not be.

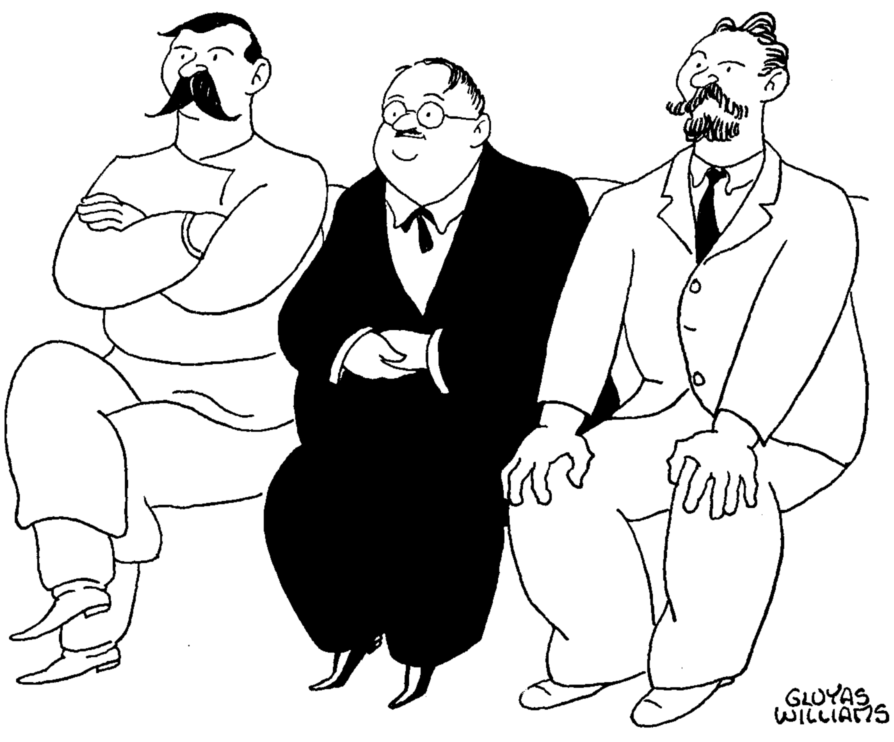
Without going here into the anxious question whether, as the Russians say, our own boasted freedom means nothing more than the poor privilege of starving to death on a park bench, it is impossible to characterize the theater in Moscow without mentioning as its most salient characteristic the fact that it is not free. In a country where everything belongs to the state, including the radio, the stage and the printing press, every publication partakes of the nature of a house organ, and you would no more look to the theater for the unpacking of hearts oppressed than you would expect to find revolutionary sentiments in the court circular issued from St. James', or to find pacifist propaganda in the Army and Navy Journal.

Self-Starting Propaganda

I do not mean to suggest that Stalin personally runs through the manuscript of every tragedy submitted. That is not necessary. So essentially craven is the average person, in Russia as well as America, that most human institutions are self-censoring. All small people, whether they be privates in an army or underlings on a newspaper, strive to guess what the big chief is going to want and act accordingly. More than most human institutions, the theater in all lands and times has tended to be servile, fawning at the foot of the tyrant, whether the tyrant was a dictator like Mussolini or a mob like the Broadway public.

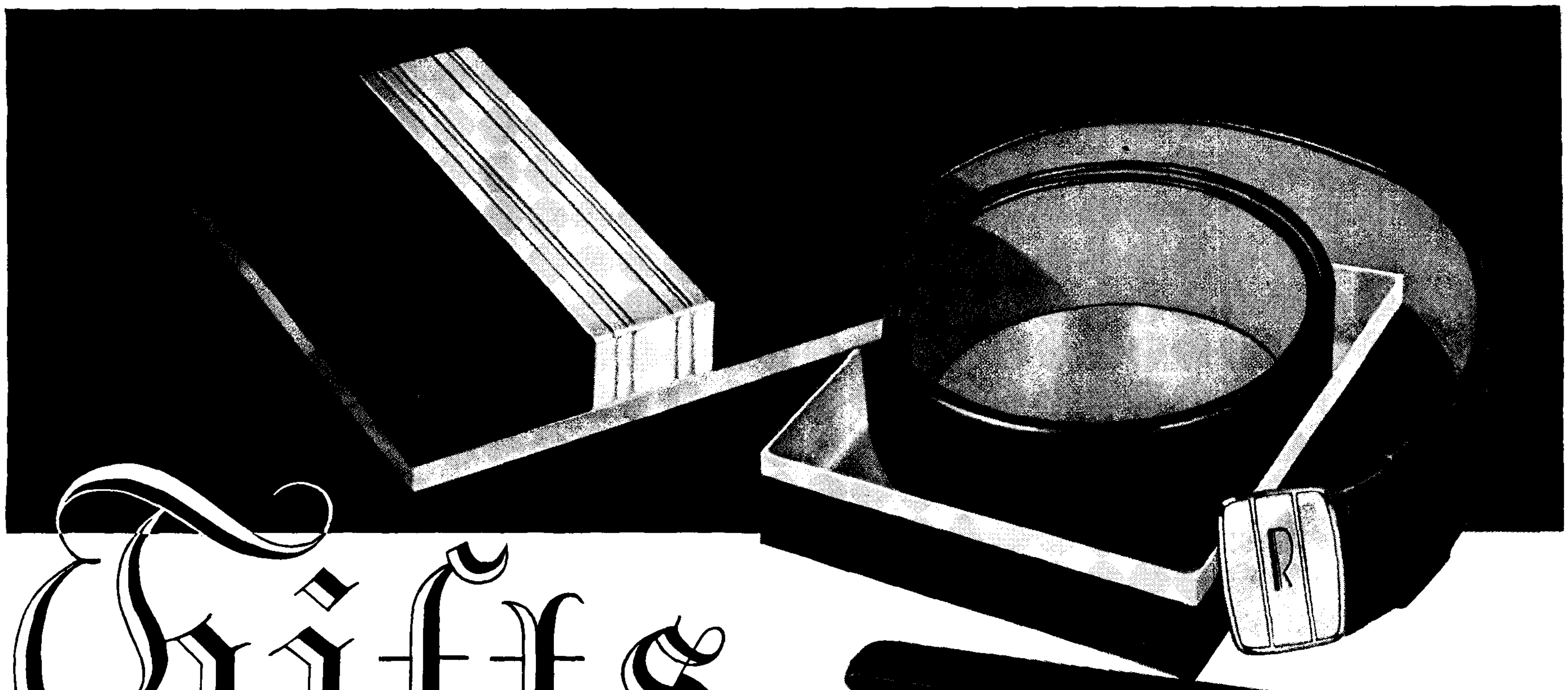
Thus, during 1917 and 1918 in the land of the free, Newton Baker, as Secretary of War, did not have to come to Broadway and see that, in the interests of the martial spirit, all the Germans in the play should be treacherous spies and unspeakable bullies. The theater took care of that unbidden. By the same token, the priests, nuns and landlords in the new Russian plays are usually represented as horrid vulpine wretches, without specific orders to that effect having been issued from on high.

You see, the kind of special pleading we stigmatize as propaganda is, for the most part, self-starting. But the state of mind and political control that foment it cannot, at the same time, nourish that freedom of spirit without



I was wedged into a keen, turbulent horde from a boot factory

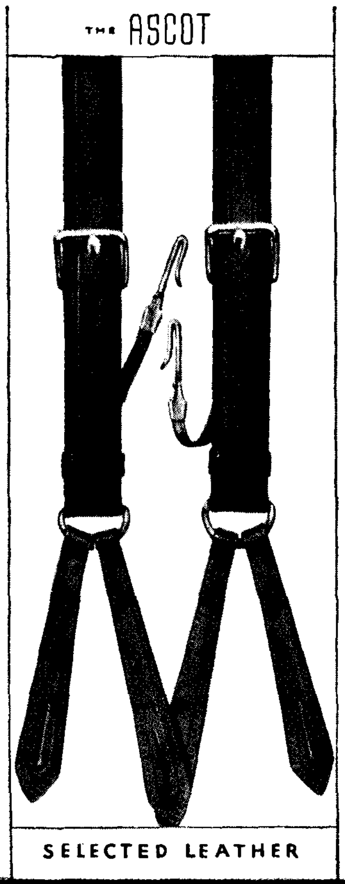
(Continued on page 46)

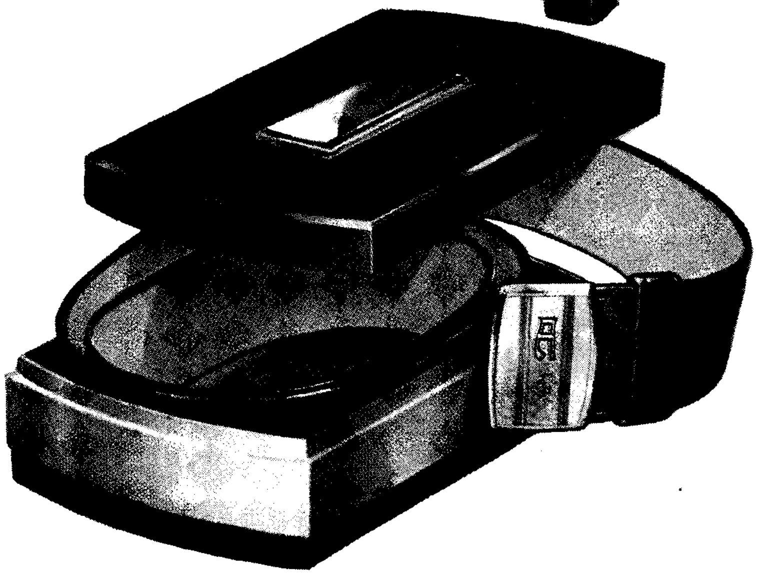


Gifts

FOR EVERY MAN—USEFUL, SMART, ENDURING

For every man on your Christmas list there is a gift by Hickok—*a double gift at a single price*—a belt of the finest leather with buckle of craftsman quality—ready for presentation in a handsome box that is a useful container for cigarettes or personal jewelry. You will find a wide selection of Hickok gifts—the season's outstanding values—at all the better stores.





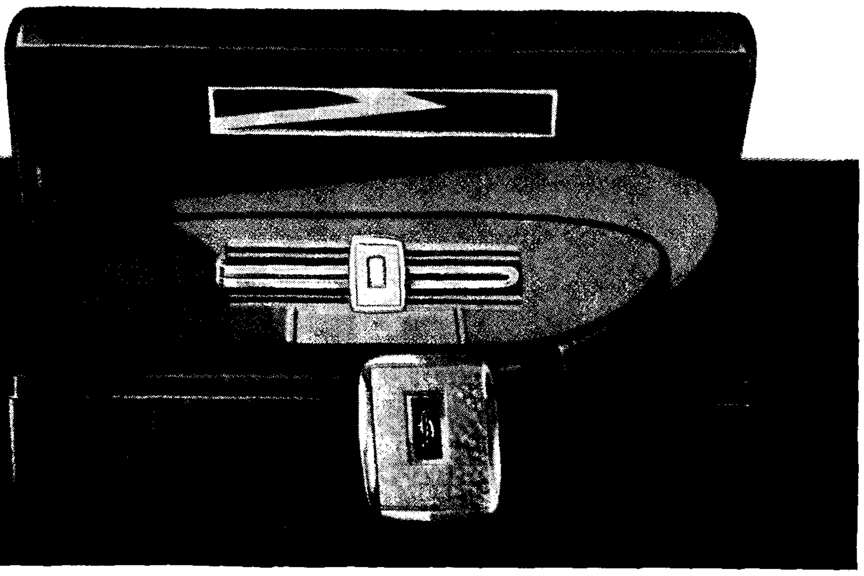
At the top: Belt of finest oak-tanned full grain cowhide, flexible and durable. Buckle of Hickok Plate (heavy silver plate). In a beautiful metal box of modern design, available in combinations of red, green or black, with contrasting burnished bands. Price of Belt Set and box complete—**$2.00.**

At the right: (black box): Belt of genuine hand-boarded cowhide, suede lined. Buckle of sterling silver. Box of genuine Bakelite. Price of Belt Set and box complete—**$3.00.**

At the right: (green box): Belt of genuine Cordovan. Buckle of sterling silver. Metal box in modern design handsomely finished, red, green, or black, combined with polished metal. Price of Belt Set and box complete— **$3.50.**

Below: Belt of full-grained cowhide. Buckle of Hickok Plate (heavy silver plate) with tie clasp to match. Box of genuine Bakelite. Price of Belt Set, tie-clasp and box complete— **$2.50.**

At the left: The new Hickok Ascot brace of selected leather in smart two-tone effect, featuring the V-Klip which keeps the shirt front smooth and neat. Complete in beautiful gift box— **$1.50.**



HICKOK

HICKOK

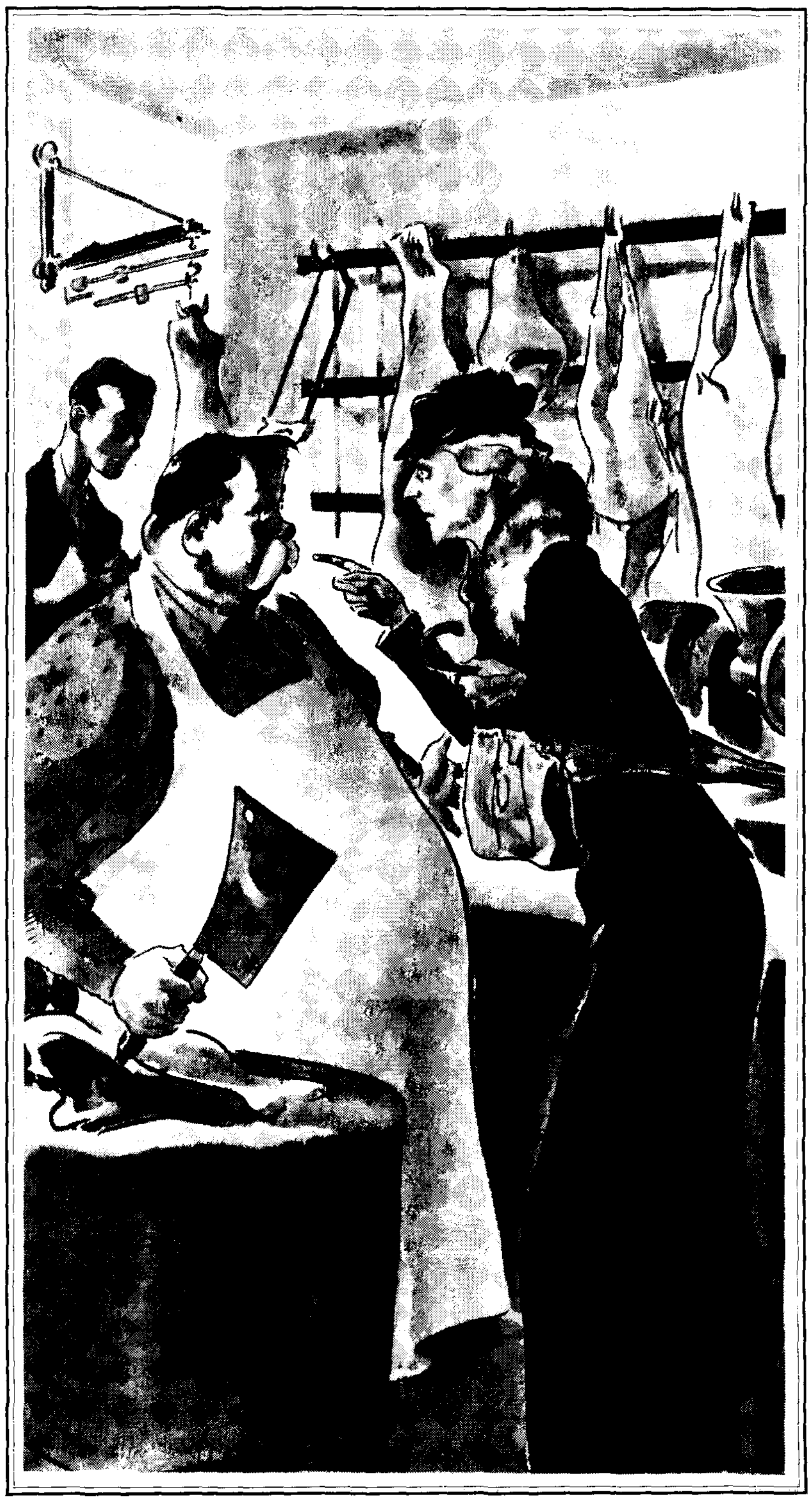
STYLE LEADERSHIP in Belts · Buckles · Braces and Garters

Illustrated by Earl Oliver Hurst

A Winning Ticket

By Edward L. McKenna

Here you have the stern father, the wayward daughter, the cold and cruel world. But you also have Miss Ella Bingham and the Irish Sweepstakes. It's not at all what you might expect



"She's not good, is she?" said Ella. "Well, then, I'll tell you something"

ELLA BINGHAM was thirty in 1906. In those days, she was considered too thin to be a beauty, and she didn't have money enough to attract a suitor. Her father was a lawyer, and lawyers don't do too well, in little Illinois towns, unless they're bankers and politicians too.

People liked Ella well enough, though she had few really close friends. When her companions married, she seemed to draw away from them. She was a little prim, a little prudish, and more than a little proud. She thought of herself as one of the best people in her town; so she was. Her manner was stiff and precise, and without grace, except to inferiors and to the poor: she was bound nobody should condescend to her because of her maiden state, or her loneliness, or her big white house grown gaunt and shabby for lack of painting. Her father was no Joseph Choate, and he was further handicapped by honesty and a certain pompousness a little like her own. A decent man he was, and a careful one, and when he died in 1916 he left his daughter twenty thousand dollars of insurance.

Of course, twenty thousand dollars is scarcely too much. Ella was no heiress, surely, but she could live comfortably enough, and somewhat as she chose.

Her life was quiet, one day was like the other. Sundays she went to church, Wednesdays she went to prayer-meeting. Few called upon her, and she visited almost no one. She wasn't a great reader, and she was a little ashamed to read light romance. She'd pick up a volume of Jane Austen, or Dickens, or Anthony Trollope, and soon she'd be yawning and ready for bed. Travel books she liked. She imagined it would be rather nice to travel. It would be a little change: she'd never been ten miles from home, except perhaps on a motoring trip or two. Adventure? No, she wasn't looking for adventure. Adventure had passed her by. Still, it might be pleasant to see new faces and places and the world that was far away.

Miss Ella Bingham got her chance to travel.

ONE day—she was fifty-seven then—a young man came to her door, a fine, jolly, good-looking young man. He called her Madam, in a rolling North-country voice, and he was polite and easy, and unabashed, and when at her bidding he seated himself she noticed his frayed trousers and his run-down shoes. So she gave him two dollars and a half because her heart was touched with pity for him who was poor but not begging, and she took the little ticket he gave her, scarcely understanding what it was, with a secret smile or a look of commiseration that she was lady enough to conceal. She was not an educated woman, nor a subtle one, but she'd had dealings with the unfortunate, and she knew that pity is the last impertinence.

Then, months later, this happened: Ella Bingham, much confused and flustered, but elated too, found out that she'd won four thousand pounds in some horse-race that was run in Ireland.

Nineteen thousand dollars, she'd won. That much she could understand. They'd send it to her, if she liked, or she could take her ticket and collect it from a bank in Chicago.

She'd go to Chicago, Ella said. To tell the truth, she was thinking that she'd rather buy her clothes and things in Chicago, too. She'd never sent out of town for anything before. Whether that was right or not she wasn't sure, but lots of people said it was. As to her plans, at any rate, so she told the editor of the local paper, she was going to spend the summer in Europe. After that, she didn't know just what she'd do.

SHE told the same story to all her friends. All of them were ready to advise her. She wasn't looking for advice. She knew exactly what she wanted to do. She was going to have a good trip to Europe, a good trip, but a sensible, prudent, thrifty one. Then she'd come back home and tell the breathless neighbors about the wiles and wickedness of the foreigner, and all his pomps and pride. She'd have the house done over. She'd fix the roof and the rattling shingles. She'd have the old broken fountain carted off the side lawn. She'd make the barn look a little more like a garage, and put a car in it, and learn to drive. She'd get a new radio, and an electric phonograph and all the records of Victor Herbert and Reginald De Koven and Franz Abt and a great many more. She'd buy a new piano, a grand piano, instead of that old thing with the jangling notes and the yellow keys. She'd get one of these mechanical iceboxes, she'd get a new stove. She'd get . . . she'd get . . .

What a great thing a little money was! When you hadn't it, you didn't miss it so much, to be sure, but how comfortable it made you just to know that it was there. Fifty-seven was a nice age, too, to find out about it. You weren't a flighty, sentimental girl any more, then. Of course, once in a great while, when the wistaria was in bloom, or the honeysuckle, or the syringa, or at the close of a brisk October day when you'd look out at the stubble in the cornfields and think how nice it would be to be coming home and getting dinner for somebody, anybody, it took your own appetite away to think of it. . . . Well! well, what nonsense that was! There you were, so many years ago, a great, lanky gawk of a girl in a blue sash and a white dress, opening the windows in the living-room, and sitting down to a piano all by yourself, and singing love songs. You, you little idiot, waiting for Galahad to hear you, for Gareth, for St. Elmo, for Captain Macklin. You'd finish your song; your fingers would be idle on the keys; you'd hear the night-sounds in the garden, the crickets, the rustling of the apple trees, and from the road, a horse's clomping hoofs and a girl's laugh, high, and mirthless, and eager.

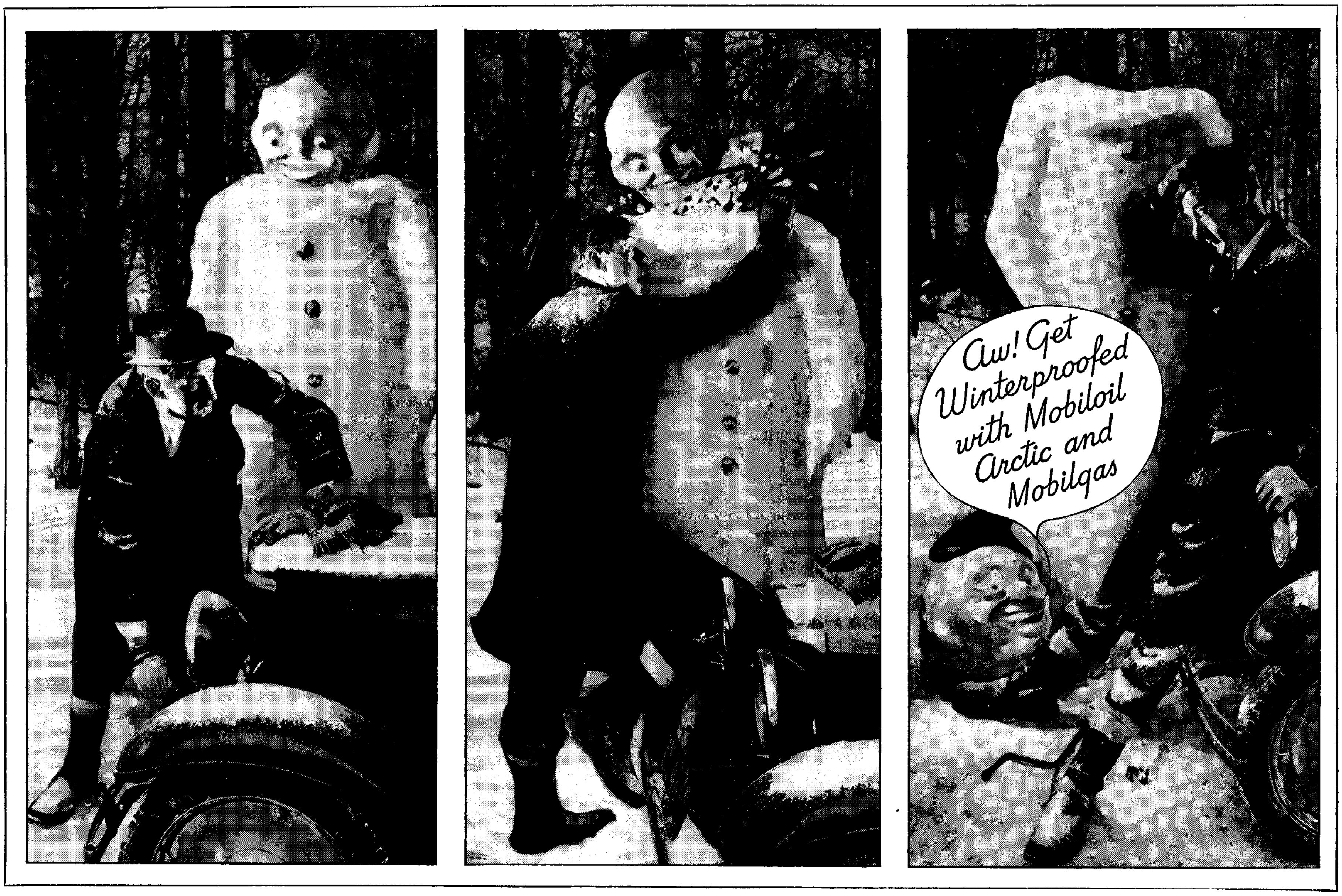
A horse? Why, goodness gracious sakes alive, what a horse had brought to Ella Bingham! She wasn't just that old maid who lived in the big white house all by herself, any more. She was the old maid who'd won all that money in the Irish Sweepstakes. And didn't she know it! To all of them she may have seemed sedate as ever, but in her heart

(Continued on page 44)

SLIM SUMMERVILLE*

in a Mobiloil Movie.. **"SNOW MAN'S TIP"**

* Starring in Universal Production "Horse Play"


Aw! Get Winterproofed with Mobiloil Arctic and Mobilgas

Save your temper and your money—Winterproof now!

Don't let this winter's driving snowball you with repair bills, higher oil and gas costs. Double-range Mobiloil and Mobilgas with climatic control offer you both quick starting and economical running when your engine warms up. Winterproof your car today—then watch your costs go down!

Mobiloil Mobilgas

SOCONY-VACUUM CORPORATION

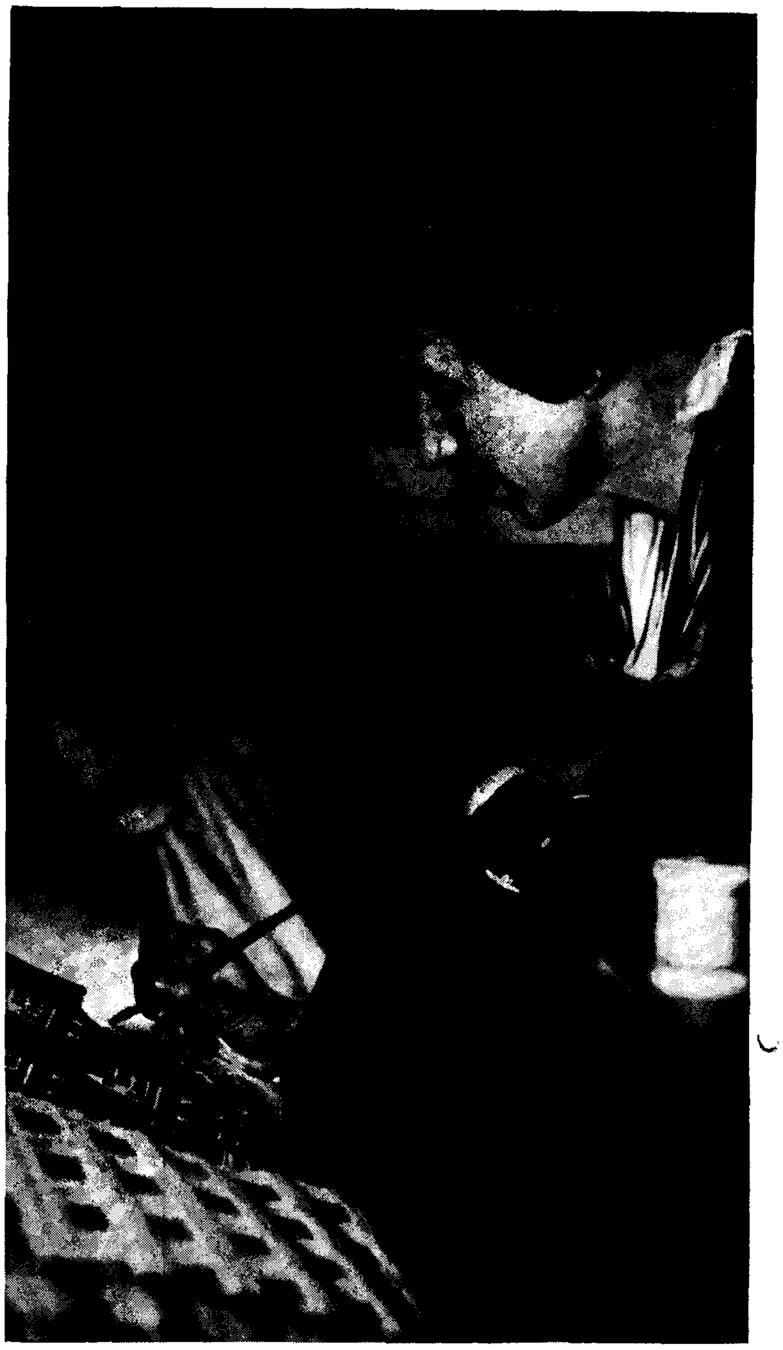
Wrapped up in Christmas

By Selma Robinson

Photographed by Ifor Thomas, Collier's Staff Photographer

It's an old Chinese custom, wrapping gifts beautifully, box within lovely box within box—an added mark of esteem from the giver. And an idea worth borrowing for gay Christmas wrappings, unusual cards and all those other little things that count

Helen Harbeck is an expert at making gifts look the part with clever wrapping



Amy Drevenstedt believes in gay, inviting gift packages—and designs papers to make them so

CHRISTMAS won't be Christmas without any presents," said Jo in Little Women, many years ago. Or, she might have added, without a Christmas tree. Or without gay wrappings. Or amusing Christmas cards. For the holiday period has become a season of more than religious significance, a time that overlooks creeds and envelops everyone in an aura of gayety and good cheer, a little space at the year's end for the exchange of friendly sentiments.

Christmas is now in evidence in the shops. But long before this, when the country was laid low by a heat wave, when you and you and you were in your bathing suits ready to cool off with a swim, Christmas specialists were hard at work laying in greeting cards, stacks and stacks of gold-starred paper, and miles and miles of bright ribbon for tying packages.

That Christmas packages do look different from those of a dozen years ago, that Christmas cards, even the cheapest, are less banal than those of 1913, is due to the efforts of a small but exceedingly important group of individuals who, though they work independent of mass production, influence it in the same way that a Vionnet will set the fashion in dress for millions of women. Amy Drevenstedt is one of them, and she started her paper business twelve years ago to satisfy an old urge for beauty, for a pair of stockings on her breakfast plate was actually the beginning of her profession. Today Miss Drevenstedt knows the value of a lively, inviting package, and she knew it subconsciously, too, years ago when she was a child. But then there didn't seem to be any way to explain why a pair of stockings, left neatly folded on her breakfast plate, was somehow disappointing as a birthday gift, while a pair of stockings, the very same pair in fact, done up in bright yellow paper with an enormous yellow bow would have seemed the most wonderful thing in the world.

Amy Drevenstedt began experimenting with Christmas paper designing when the only shops that would buy her merchandise were two bookstores in New York's Greenwich Village. Other shops were wary of these first Christmas papers of charming Japanese handmade fiber, because they were printed in what was then called "not a Christmas red," but rather a brilliant vermilion, and in a green that was more a jade green than a real Christmas green. Her gold and silver papers were ordinary costume paper, which she printed with designs and then dipped in cold water and ironed by hand so that it would not look too smooth.

This was very interesting until orders came in for 400 or 500 sheets of a kind, to be delivered the same morning. Soon a quicker, less expensive way was found of providing the hand-treated look, and year by year her business increased as the demand for beautiful paper extended beyond the "arty" shops. For the past few years, indeed, the important department stores of America have devoted corners of their floor space to the display of paper like hers.

Each paper suggests a gift and each gift may be outfitted so handsomely these days that its very appearance is in the nature of another gift. The florists in Hollywood realize the importance of appearance. Receiving a simple box of flowers from them is a joyous experience, for, instead of the familiar green cardboard tied with string, they will wrap a box of gardenias in sparkling transparent paper, tie it with ribbon and place in the center of the box a tiny old-fashioned bouquet of flowers, an added inspiration that costs only a few pennies.

But what a difference a few cents will make, especially in the matter of a Christmas package! For as little as five cents and for no more than twenty-five cents (except in ultra-ultra instances) you may do up a gift so exquisitely that it will look like a million dollars, no matter what the actual gift is. In these times when Christmas is no longer a financial marathon, the pleasure of making the package and the pleasure of receiving it add much to the holiday cheer.

The homemade gift is in fashion once more. Almost everybody has a talent for making something, whether it be a jar of tomato relish or a delicately embroidered handkerchief, and almost everybody likes to receive a homemade present.

Gifts Within the Budget

Here are some of the gifts that will be made at home. It makes the mouth water simply to read a list of them. Plump dates, stuffed with walnut meats or marshmallow or fondant, and rolled in powdered sugar; a pint or a quart jar of raspberry jam, peach or plum marmalade, ginger pears, pepper hash, tomato preserves, old-fashioned apple butter or any of the secret conserves made from jealously guarded recipes; jars of fruit canned during the summer; jelly roll, chocolate layer cake or any other cake; plum pudding in a fat white bowl; calf's-foot jelly or homemade liver pâté; cookies and cookies and cookies cut like animals or birds or stars; black mission figs, dried and sugared at home; candied orange, lemon, grapefruit, citron and watermelon peel; fruit cake, rich and black; pickled fruits, like peaches, pears and watermelon rind, and the whole gamut of kitchen-made candies, chocolate fudge, taffy, caramel, fondant, mints, butterscotch, brittle and all the rest.

Nimble fingers will also make tray-cloths and cocktail napkins, hand-rolled, hand-drawn or hand-fringed; and finely hemstitched handkerchiefs. It is *how* these gifts are presented that will distinguish them. Your jar of raspberry jam may look like nothing if it is wrapped clumsily in ordinary red tissue and tied with a ribbon.

But try wrapping it as Helen Harbeck suggests, in raspberry red Japanese paper, flecked with gold, tied with gold and raspberry red ribbons, and see what the result will be! Miss Harbeck is actually an interior decorator. She became an exterior decorator almost in spite of herself. Being born on Christmas Day had a lot to do with it, Helen Harbeck says. And perhaps because Christmas was also a birthday to her, she dreamed of gifts that were festive rather than strictly Christmas red-and-green. Her own gifts to friends provoked so much comment that it was not long before she was engaged by a noted New York department store to supervise and design its holiday packages.

"If I were to give an easy lesson in packaging gifts, I would say simplicity and harmony are just as essential in a package as they are in a gown," Miss Harbeck says. "For instance, if you were using a blue paper with silver stars on it, it would be complicated and

(Continued on page 32)

At your house this Christmas — MOVIES

$29.50 buys Ciné-Kodak Eight . . . and how everybody will enjoy it

SEEING your own movies, in your own home. Making your own movies, being in movies yourselves. Won't it be exciting for you and your family and friends? Especially if there are children.

Compare the fun of movie-making with anything else at the price.

Movies for 10 cents a Scene

Ciné-Kodak Eight works on a new principle that gives you twenty to thirty movie scenes on a $2.25 film. Your movies cost less than 10 cents a scene, finishing included.

Just think of the things you do, the things you see, that ought to be kept in movies. Think of what it will mean to have an action record of the children — every charming mannerism—forever ready to show.

Clear, Sharp Movies from the Start

Ciné-Kodak Eight is almost unbelievably easy to use. Point the camera, press the button, and you're actually making a movie. A movie of excellent quality because Ciné-Kodak Eight is correct in design and beautifully machined. It's a real full-fledged movie camera, made by Eastman. Ciné-Kodak Eight is $29.50. Kodascope Eight projector, $22.50.

Visit your dealer today. Settle that gift problem with a present everybody will enjoy year after year. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

Best Christmas Buy of 1933

Give Ciné-Kodak EIGHT

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak

Champs and Chumps

By Teddy Hayes
as told to
John B. Kennedy

As second in command under Jack Kearns, Teddy Hayes has worked for and over most of the latter-day immortals of the ring. Outside the ropes rather than in, he finds, is where the drama is swiftest. Here he reviews some of the highlights of his career

THIS Ace Hudkins," said Tom Kennedy to Jack Kearns and me, "is a dangerous man and in very fine shape. I am of the opinion that Mickey Walker will be missing his head from his shoulders at the end of the fight."

We—Mr. Kearns and I—believed the veteran Mr. Kennedy's diagnosis of the condition of a fighter as we would believe Professor Einstein on many things we do not understand. Kearns believed him even more than I. He said to me, after Tom Kennedy had departed:

"This is bad. Without a champion in the stable we are out of the limelight—and lucre. I want to see Mickey Walker win; but whatever happens I must be the manager of a champion."

It was in Los Angeles, and sixty thousand ladies and gentlemen had bought tickets to see this contest between Mickey Walker and Ace Hudkins for the middleweight championship of the world. Champion Walker, our pride and joy, was neither proud nor joyful. He was very much out of form. I had not set eyes on him for weeks; but when I saw him at the training camp, puffing around with sparring partners, I knew what was wrong. Mickey had been indulging his private passion for fried foods, which are poison to a fighter. Instead of being the Toy Bulldog of renown he appeared more like a toy bull.

A drastic change in diet plus rigorous road work—the secret of conditioning any fighter—had a pronounced effect on Mickey within a week. His amazing natural stamina returned, his timing was right, his footwork fast—he went into that ring and gave Mr. Hudkins, known as the Nebraska Wildcat, so complete a manicure that he had no claws left whatever.

When the referee lifted Mickey's hand in victory, Jack Kearns and I were standing in the champion's corner. Mr. Kearns' face betrayed mixed emotions.

"That fight cost me a lot of effort," I said, a little vaingloriously.

"That's all it cost you," said Kearns glumly. "It cost me twenty-five thousand dollars."

He proved this with a piece of paper—Ace Hudkins' contract, which Kearns had bought previous to the fight to insure himself of a champion, whoever won.

With all the things written and said about Kearns, it's worth remembering that although he thought on this occasion that Walker couldn't win—had practically bet twenty-five thousand that he wouldn't—he was in Walker's corner, cheering him on. We made no profit on the Hudkins fight or the Hudkins deal. Ace faded after that fight with Walker. As a wildcat he became wilder outside the ring than in, while Walker, the most remarkable fighter I have ever handled, went on to win more honors and money.

A Tough-Skinned Sentimentalist

In twenty-five years as a fighter, handler and general factotum of managers and boxers, I've never known a fight or a fighter whose drama—or comedy—in the ring was not backgrounded by more exciting comedy and drama outside the ring.

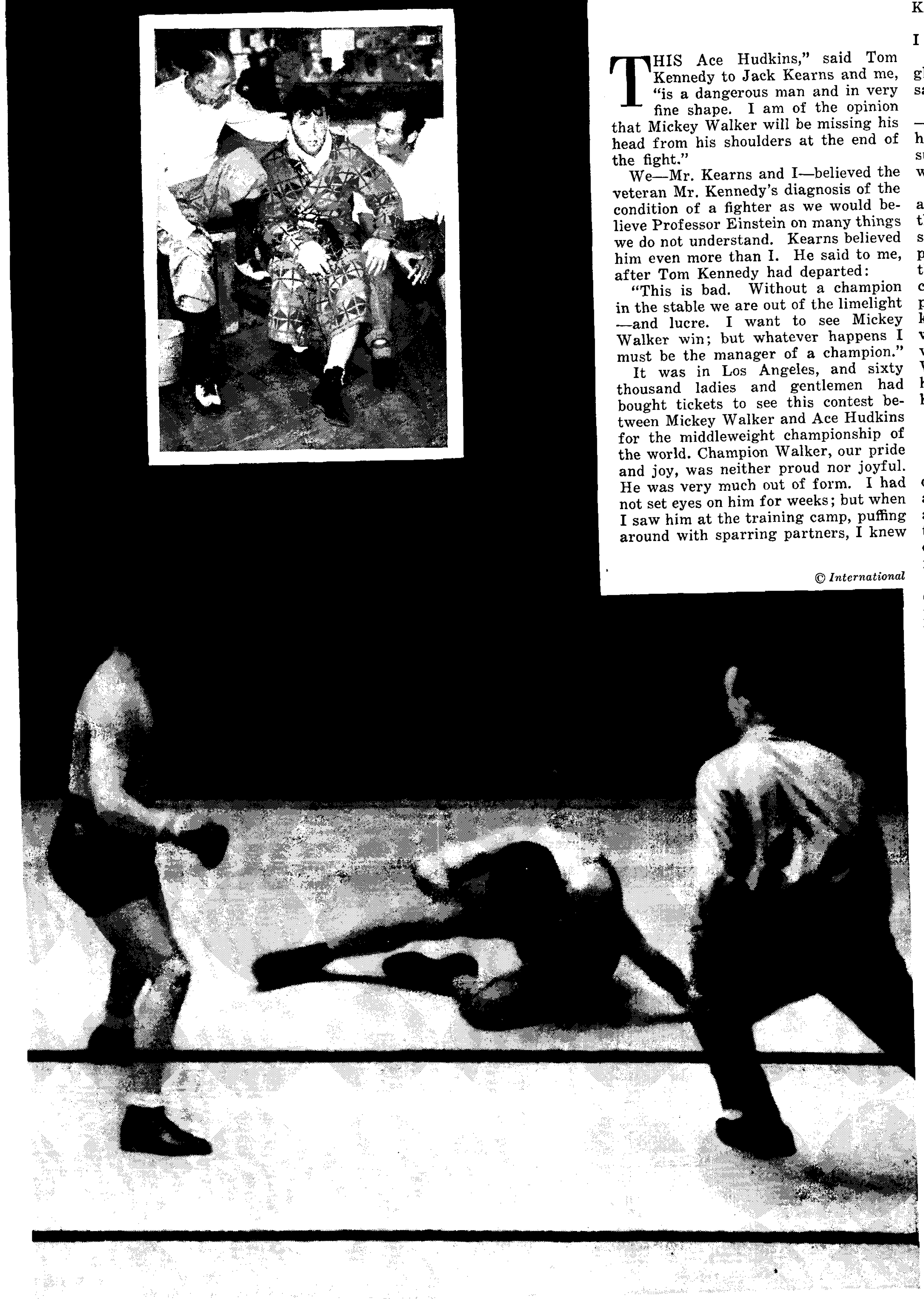
Eighteen years ago I quit being a contender for the welterweight championship, after learning most of the tricks of the prize-fight trade and originating a few that had not been tried before, to handle other fighters. The first of note who came my way was Jack Dillon. He was the battering light-heavyweight who led the authentic white hopes in their vain quest for the championship after Jack Johnson had taken it from Jim Jeffries. Dillon wasn't a big man—about 180 pounds. What he lacked in heft he made up in speed and punching accuracy. I think Johnson at his best could have beaten Dillon, but Dillon beat about everybody else—Tom Cowler, Carl Morris and all the man-mountains stumbling after the title.

When I first took up Dillon he was a sensation. His favorite expression, one which he really originated, was that all his opponents were just "a dime a dozen." Yet he was no easy man to manage. He'd fight as often as I wanted him to—as many as three bouts a week; but he'd pick the places for himself.

The love-life of pugilists may be a heartache to the fighters; it's always a headache to their managers. There was a fighter I had, from New Orleans, who was so much in love with his wife that it really ruined his career.

He was terribly jealous and, of course, other fight managers knew about this. But I didn't know how well they

(Continued on page 48)

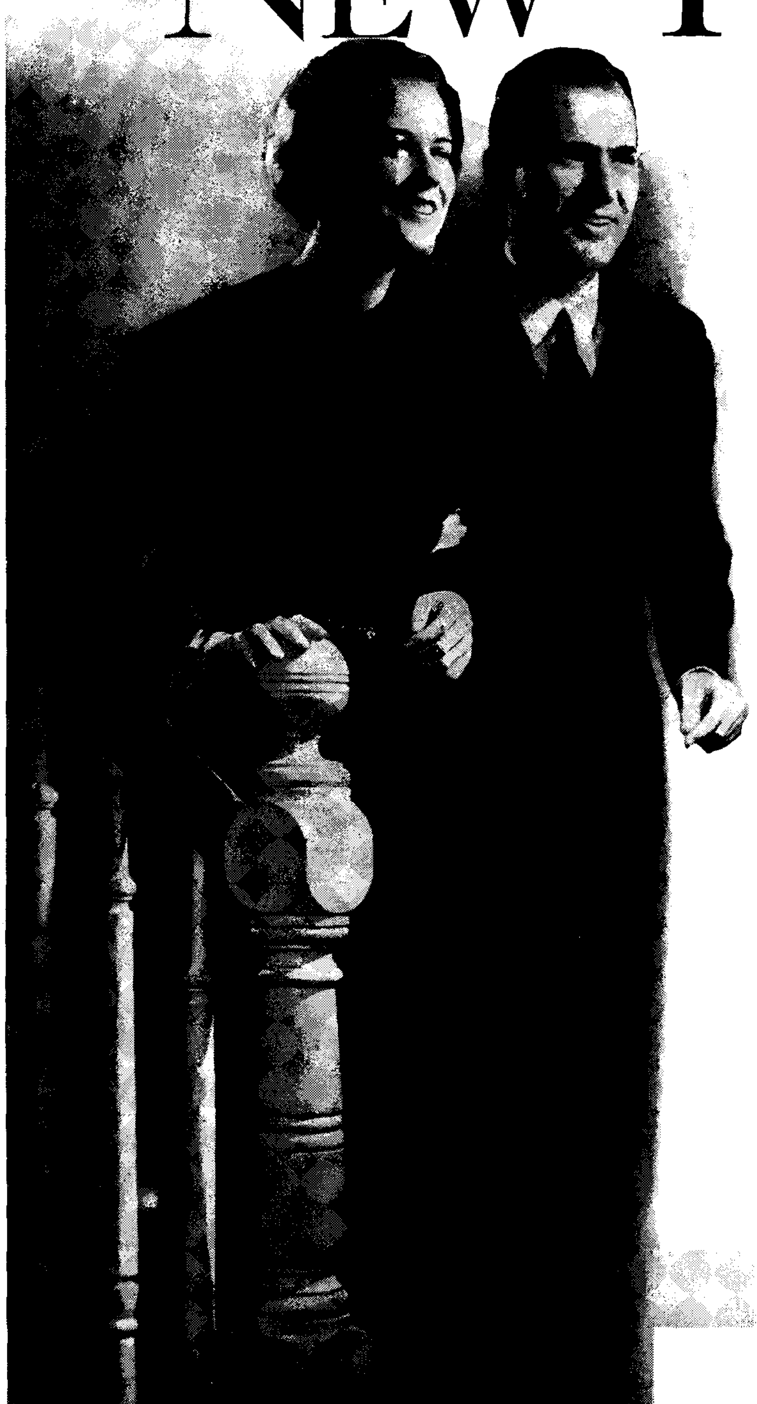


Trail's End. Benny Leonard's "comeback" campaign piles up against Jimmy McLarnin's fists. Inset: Jack Kearns, Mickey Walker, Teddy Hayes

© International

"NEW TIMES *mean* Better Times

—to us it means a better radio!"



Keep that promise to yourself of a newer and finer RCA Victor Radio

HOW long have you been waiting—almost longing—for that new radio? One, two, three years? Don't linger any longer... give yourself the pleasant thrill of an up-to-date radio right now.

With today's radios—today's superb RCA Victor radios—you can be the happy listener to a vast and exciting world of broadcasts. Almost every hour of the twenty-four finds the air waves full of just the programs you want . . . whether you want the tingling rhythm of the dance or the serious speech of a noted scientist!

Tomorrow's radios today!

Down at "Radio Headquarters" a vast staff have engineered a new series of RCA Victor sets. In them are astounding revelations of performance, of tone, of all-round workmanship. And they are priced, too, for the wise spender, the value seeker.

There's a set for every home, in every size. They are big, little, medium. But all have one thing in common—that exquisite performance you have learned to expect from RCA Victor.

Meet them face to face!

Yet the true test of an RCA Victor radio is how it sounds to *you.* So the Victor dealer near you invites you to hear any—or all—of these new models. You'll be convinced that here's the radio you want. Yes, new times mean better times—and a better radio. And *better,* applied to radio, means only RCA Victor!

RCA Victor Company, Inc., Camden, N. J. "Radio Headquarters."

NRA
MEMBER
U.S.
WE DO OUR PART

INSTANT SUCCESS! Model 110 . . . Regular and police call broadcast bands. New type delicate tuning control. Fine, full Superhet performance ...quality volume at a whisper or shout! In table cabinet. $32.95, *complete with RCA Radiotrons.*

HIT OF THE YEAR! It's a table model with real *tone.* An RCA Victor Superhet, of course. Novel illuminated tuning dial, convenient tone control, police call switch. Ask to hear the *new* Model 100—you can't buy better performance anywhere at $24.95, *complete with RCA Radiotrons.*

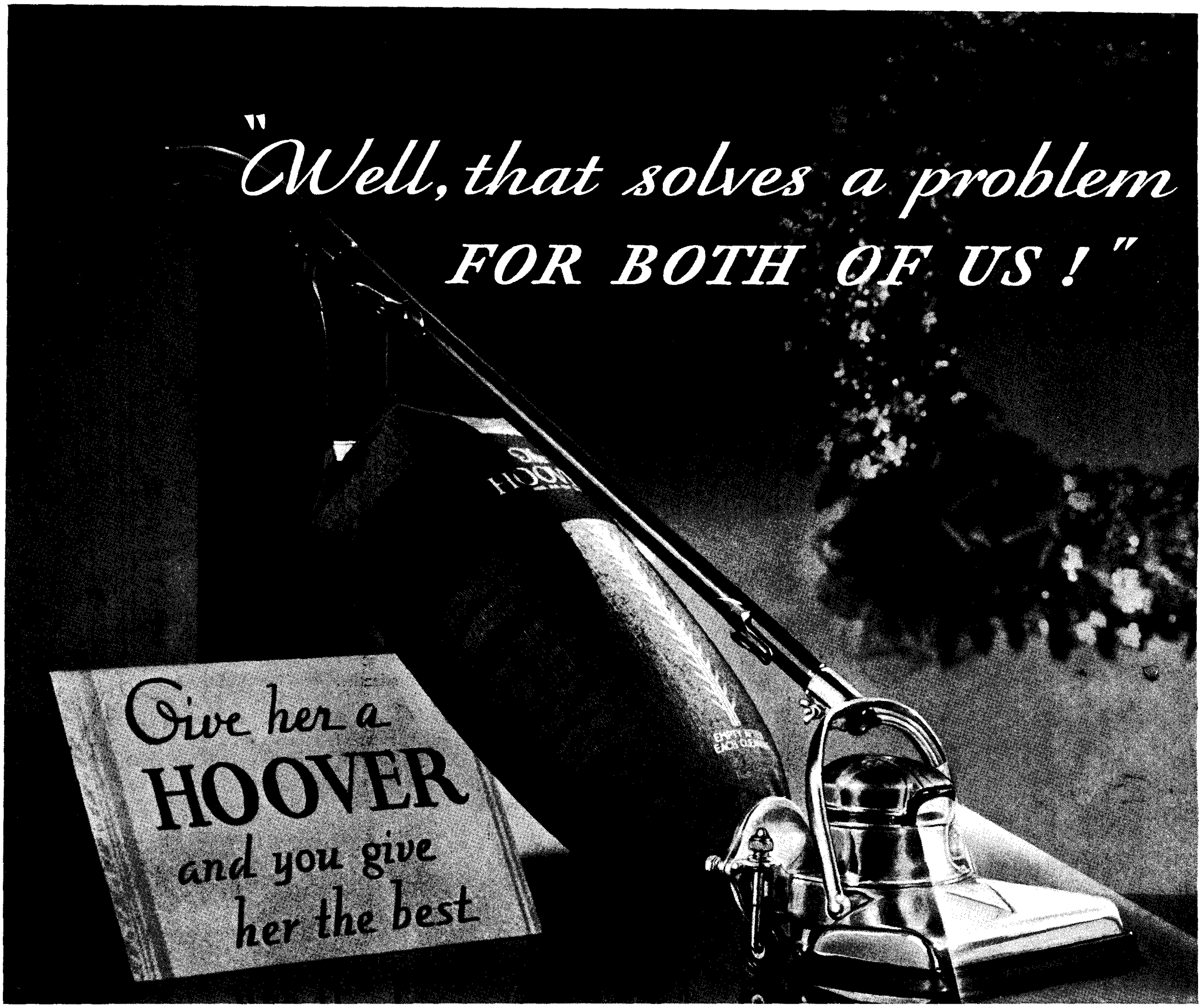
IT'S THE MASTER OF THE AIR!—A 12-tube "Bi-Acoustic" Superheterodyne with famous *exclusive* RCA Victor TONALITE Control, "B" Amplification, maximum achievement in tone performance. Automatic volume control, noise suppressor, automatic tone compensator and high or low tone control, police call reception... every new engineering improvement from "Radio Headquarters". This is a set you'll boast about! Model 280, *complete with RCA Radiotrons,* $149.50. *Other models from* $24.95 *to* $179.

All prices are subject to change without notice. Prices quoted are F.O.B. Camden.

RCA
HIS MASTER'S VOICE
TRADE MARKS REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
MARCAS REGISTRADAS

RCA VICTOR

RADIOS • PHONOGRAPH COMBINATIONS • VICTOR RECORDS



JUST IN TIME FOR CHRISTMAS GIVIN

In many thousands of homes this Christmas there will be a new Hoover, the finest and most beautiful Hoover that has ever brightened a home. Women who have known and used The Hoover for years, women who have struggled along with poor cleaners, and brides of 1933, will all alike share the pride of owning the best cleaner that money can buy. Yet no husband who gives this fine new Hoover will be penalized for his generosity. For a new Sentinel Hoover can be purchased for as little as

$4.50 DOWN

TELEPHONE ANY HOOVER DEALER FOR FULL DETAILS

NEW—smart—more beautiful than ever! The Sentinel Series Hoovers make their bow. Renowned stylists have given The Hoover a handsome new dress, as distinguished as Hoover fame itself. From furniture guard to handle tip, The Hoover has been restyled, streamlined, beautified. Even the latest convenience feature—the electric Dirt Finder—has been redesigned to emphasize the smart new lines.

But this newest Hoover is more than beautiful. It is the most efficient cleaner of rugs and carpets that you can buy.

Perhaps you now have a Hoover, with which you are wholly satisfied.

Let's see what this new Hoover offers that your present Hoover does not have.

If your Hoover is more than seven years old, you haven't Positive Agitation. And this exclusive action makes The Hoover of today three times

TYPICAL SHOPPING SCENE, DECEMBER, 1933

BROWNE, JR.—"Yes, dad, I think we've hit it."

BROWNE, SR.—"I know it. I gave your mother a Hoover eight—nine—years ago. Never gave her anything she liked better. I think it's time to get her another one. She deserves it."

BROWNE, JR.—"Jane does, too! She's never had one."

...THE NEW *SENTINEL SERIES* HOOVERS

as efficient as your Hoover—enables it to remove buried grit that your cleaner does not get out.

If you bought your Hoover more than seven years ago, you are cleaning your rugs with a beating brush. Brushes mat with thread and wear down. That is why Hoover abandoned them for the patented Agitator, which no other cleaner can use.

If your Hoover is two years old, or older, you haven't the newest and greatest cleaning convenience of years—the Hoover Dirt Finder which lights up dark corners and dark rooms for easier cleaning, and which for the first time is designed as an integral part of the cleaner.

If you haven't a Hoover—if you are using some other cleaner—you'll see a still greater difference between the new Sentinel Series Hoovers and your present cleaner. For—consider this—the new model Hoovers remove far more dirt than even the *best* of other cleaners.

There are three new Sentinel Series Models, one for any home, any need, any purse.

Any Hoover dealer will be glad to send a bonded and trustworthy representative who will tell you about the very convenient terms on which one can be purchased for Christmas giving. He will show you the new Hoover lightweight duralumin Dusting Tools and the convenient and efficient Hoover Dustette—either of which, in conjunction with the new lightweight Hoover, provides a complete home-cleaning service. He will also explain that there is a liberal allowance for your present electric cleaner.

LISTEN TO HOOVER'S NEW RADIO PROGRAM—

THE HOOVER SENTINELS

On Sunday afternoons at 4:30 E. S. T., over a coast-to-coast NBC Network, the largest cast of performers on the air offers a half hour of good music with a concert orchestra of 30 pieces augmented by 70 voices. We invite you all to enjoy this delightful program every Sunday.

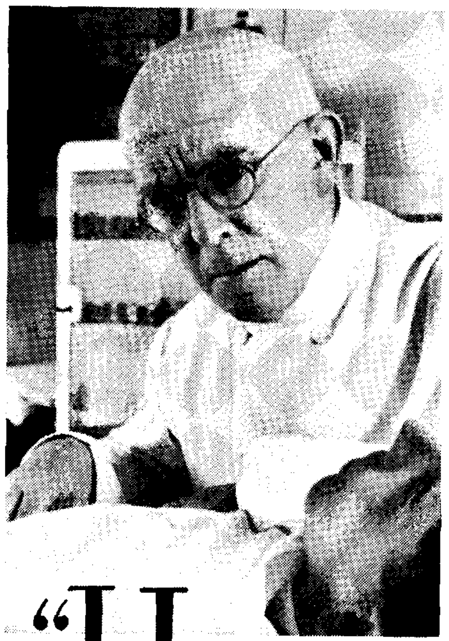
The HOOVER

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

It LIGHTS . . . As It BEATS . . . As It SWEEPS . . . As It CLEANS

DR. S. DE LANGE reports—



"He was a wreck— from constipation"

Dr. Samuel de Lange, *the well-known Dutch medical authority, describes the following case:—*

"J. K.—age 56—thin—no appetite. Had had constipation for years . . . In a month (after prescribing yeast) patient's weight had returned to normal—appetite excellent—felt vigorous and looked much improved. Now has regular, normal, daily evacuations."

DR. DE LANGE, internal specialist; Doctor of the City Hospitals of Amsterdam; Physician-in-Chief, Boerhaeve Clinic; medical author.

He says:—"In constipation, poisons are carried through the body. Headaches, indigestion, skin eruptions, susceptibility to colds and mental depression may follow.

"Instead of harsh laxatives and cathartics I recommend the corrective food, fresh yeast.* It helps get rid of accumulated wastes by softening them and restoring peristalsis (normal bowel action) . . . It is the richest food source of the important vitamins B and G and when 'irradiated' supplies the 'sunshine' vitamin D."

If you really want to *correct* constipation, don't put off trying Fleischmann's Yeast any longer! You can get it at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. Directions are on the label. Start now—just eat three cakes every day!

● **"A job in an office—not enough exercise . . . I began to feel tired and had dull headaches, and no appetite," writes Carl Herzinger of Los Angeles . . . "Fleischmann's Yeast got rid of the poisons in my system. I almost never have a headache now."**

***IMPORTANT!**

Fleischmann's Yeast for health is sold only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It's yeast in its fresh, effective form—the kind world-famous doctors recommend.

EAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST
IT IS HEALTHFUL

Copyright, 1933, Standard Brands Incorporated

Wrapped up in Christmas

Continued from page 26

not the least bit attractive to tie the package with a typical printed Christmas band, or with a red ribbon. I should use, instead, two ribbons tied as one, a silver one and an exactly matching blue one. If I wanted something quaint I should take little silver Christmas bells that cost only two or three pennies, and attach them to the package so that they would tinkle when it was lifted. If it were a large box for a man, I should use wide ribbons that passed once around the box with the ends tied in a severe bow or a flat knot. Or if the gift were going to a woman, and if I felt a little reckless, I should tie into the bow a handful of lametta, which looks like silver hair, frothy and glistening, or a spray of silver flowers."

For her own Christmas packages, Miss Harbeck will use a metallic paper in a coppery rose color with a silver tinsel ribbon and ornaments of copper and silver. Last year she sent all her friends orange marmalade in mason jars, wrapped in orange and gold Japanese paper, and tied with orange and gold ribbons which lay in a bow across the top of the jar. If it had been cherry jam, she would have used a dark crimson paper with a little bunch of artificial cherries tied in the bow; as much as possible, the package itself should suggest the color or the nature of its contents.

An economical and individual way of solving the Christmas packaging problem is to do all your packages alike. Select your paper and your trimmings to match. If your paper is two-toned, like blue with silver or red with gold, use ribbons in both those colors. If, however, it is a chintz pattern, match the predominating color alone. Never use metallic ribbon unless there is a hint of it in your paper, and never, never use either metallic ribbon or paper for a child's gift. If you want to use a special little decoration to lay on the top of your package, try bells or Christmas tree ornaments, or tiny glass berries, or little wreaths or sprays of holly and mistletoe, or even a pine cone, gilded or natural.

Hanging Cards

The experts say that the best way to go about wrapping your Christmas gifts is to turn them upside down on the paper so that all the folding will come on the wrong side, while the top surface will be neat and flat. If the object is of an uneven shape or if it cannot be tidily wrapped by itself, it should be laid in a box—a plain, white box. The paper should be cut so that when the sides are folded up they will not extend beyond the width of the box. This will make a flat, neat package with no ugly folded ends to conceal. You will not need tissue paper lining, unless your wrapping paper is transparent or translucent. If you want to vary the customary tying of packages, once lengthwise and once across, try a single wide band of ribbon tied lengthwise only, or three or four lengthwise bands of narrow ribbon to one side of a large package, each finished with a little bow, and the bows placed in a precise row. If you want no ribbons, try a solid color darkish paper—dark blue would be lovely—and paste gummed silver stars of assorted sizes over it.

But if you have decided not to send Christmas gifts this year, if you want to spend a little more money on Christmas cards that are almost like gifts, if you are tired of routine Christmas greetings, why not make your own cards? Here's how: try cutting silhouettes of your family out of silver paper. Or make a stylized Christmas tree out of gold or silver paper (you know the kind of tree, nothing more than a triangle, actually). Trace a Christmas figure from a magazine or a child's book. Gay stationery in red or green with gold or silver stars pasted on it will be grand for Christmas notes in your own handwriting. One woman sends charming little calendars instead of Christmas cards and her friends keep these all year around.

One of the most entrancing of the new Christmas card ideas is the card that can be used as a Christmas tree ornament. A cut-out silver star surrounded by a circle and punched with a hole for hanging has a plain white back on which you may write your Christmas message.

How about a ten-cent gingerbread man in a long package? It's much more fun than a card and not so expensive as a present. Or a stack of little raffia discs to use under cocktail glasses, inexpensive but amusing, or a box of colored crayons for a child, or a roll of colored paper cocktail napkins.

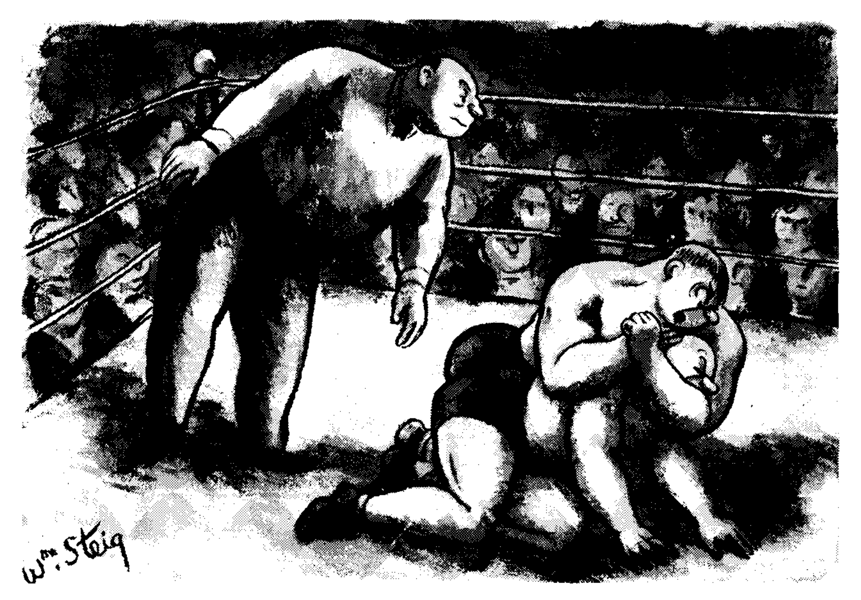
There are so many little hanging Christmas "cards" that can be made at home. Equip yourself with soft wire, colored wool, a small package of pipe cleaners and an assortment of raisins, peanuts, figs and such. You can make a splendid doll out of corks, exactly like those imported from the South Sea Islands. Use half-inch-long corks, or smaller if you can get them, for everything except the head, which should be about an inch long. String your corks like beads on wire or wool, use the smallest size carpet tacks for eyes, and draw a mouth with red ink. A loop of the wire should be left at the top of the head from which to hang the doll on the tree. You can make dolls out of thick, two-inch wool tassels, tied once near the top for a head, once through the middle for a waist-line, and once at either side for arms. Eyes and a mouth are stitched in white. Three fuzzy pipe cleaners and a marshmallow make another elegant doll, one cleaner for the arms, one for the legs and one for the connecting torso and the loop that is shoved up through the marshmallow head. Make the eyes and mouth of chocolate icing. The hanging Christmas card for children employs raisins, figs, and marshmallows: a marshmallow head with chocolate features, a flat fig for a body, and tightly strung raisins for the arms and legs.

And speaking of trees, are you going to have the traditional Christmas tree, or do you want something a little different? Instead of the Christmas tree with tinsel balls and bulbs, why not revive some of the native customs of other lands? Why not a Norwegian or German or Swiss or French tree? The public library will supply you with the information, and even if you do not adhere strictly to the foreign custom, there are so many valuable and delightful ideas to be gleaned from them. Almost all European countries use nuts, both gilded and plain, to hang on the tree, tied on by means of a toothpick stuck into a soft spot or a crack in the nut. Small, uniform, brightly colored and highly polished apples will be just as pretty as glass balls and much more practical. Colorful almond paste candies made in the shape of acorns, vegetables, fruit and musical instruments are all part of the German tree trimming. *Lebkuchen*, that hard German gingerbread, made in the form of girls and boys, is coated with white or pink frosting and placed on the tree.

Safety in Candles

The Jews have a holiday custom which would be lovely for the Christmas dinner table, using an apple as a candlestick. Set a large red apple before each plate and hollow out just enough of it to hold a lighted candle!

Candles are as important to the perfect Christmas as a tree or holly or mistletoe, and they can be used in many ways. In Boston and in Baltimore one of the most picturesque and friendly sights is the candles that burn in houses at Christmas time. They gleam not only from the downstairs windows, but in every window of the house, a beautiful and joyous reminder that Christmas is at hand. You can send a set of electric candles (never use real ones, because of the great fire hazard) with little stars pasted on them, to a friend, suggesting that she place one in each of her windows. Or you can do as the owner of an estate in Virginia did. With money scarcer than ever, but with imagination dancing like Christmas light, she sent each of her friends up North a small box of pine cones and sprays, tied with a cheery red satin ribbon, and asked that they be hung in the window until the holiday time was past.



"So you're the champ!" *William Steig*

Just what we wanted!
"That's a Great Gift Dad!"
Oh-Boy!
UNDERWOOD PORTABLE

UNDERWOOD
STANDARD *QUIET* PORTABLE

New quiet carriage return... new quiet, easier key action... new quiet shift key mechanism... new and easily accessible variable line spacer. Automatic ribbon reverse. Made in five attractive colors and black.

UNDERWOOD
NOISELESS PORTABLE

Pressure printing type bar... Star wheel escapement... Chromium plated parts... Variable line spacer... Lateral paper guide... Standard size platen... Ribbon cut-out for stencil writing.

WHAT better gift on this merry but most practical of Christmases than an Underwood Portable... a *genuine* Underwood... made by the typewriter leader of the world and geared up to Underwood standards of performance!

Underwood offers four famous portable models, from the Junior Underwood to the Underwood Noiseless with tabulator, the last word in a personal typing machine. There's an Underwood Portable for every purse.

Be sure to select *your* Underwood Portable today at your dealer's or at the nearest Underwood Branch. Someone you know wants one... needs one... will appreciate one. And remember—anyone who can write can type on an Underwood... Convenient terms, too, if you wish. Underwood Service is back of the Underwood Portable.

●

Typewriter Division
UNDERWOOD ELLIOTT FISHER COMPANY
Typewriters... Accounting Machines... Adding Machines
Carbon Paper, Ribbons and other Supplies
342 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.
Sales and Service Everywhere

The Underwood Elliott Fisher Company makes Underwood Typewriters... Underwood Elliott Fisher Accounting Machines... Underwood Sundstrand Adding-Figuring Machines... and the supplies, ribbons and carbon paper, for all these and similar products.

"Underwood Elliott Fisher Speeds the world's business"

UNDERWOOD PORTABLE

Why guard against this

and neglect your own physical condition?

You may be extremely cautious about going out in bad weather. Your experience during past winters may have taught you that you're much more susceptible to illness after exposure.

But what *inner* defense can you offer against the ills that prevail at this time of year? This is what many people are asking. They have an entirely new conception about winter ills. It's as important to ***build up their resistance,*** they've found, as it is to guard against exposure.

A fine physical condition—good resistance—physicians say, is the first defense people can offer against illness.

How important to obtain all the factors which increase resistance!

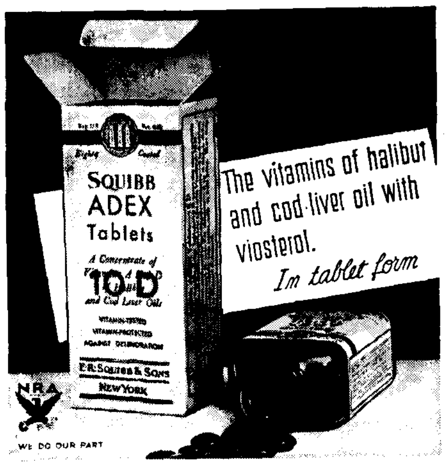
Two, in particular, are helpful—Vitamins A and D. They may be obtained from halibut and cod-liver oils. Vitamin D is also available in Viosterol.

Now, however, a vitamin concentrate, made from all *three* sources, supplies people with an abundance of these valuable resistance-builders. *Squibb Adex Tablets-10 D.*

Each Adex tablet contains 1000 units of Vitamin A and 2450 units of Vitamin D.

Taken *every day* Squibb Adex tablets help increase inner resistance against winter ills. They help you meet the extra tax of exposure and indoor living.

Ask for Adex tablets at any reliable drug store. Squibb protects them by a special process which keeps them more potent than any other tablets. Insist on Adex.



The vitamins of halibut and cod-liver oil with viosterol.

In tablet form

Attention Mr. Smith

Continued from page 17

so unawares we were able to fly very low. Some of our planes spun their wheels on the tops of your sheds just for the hell of it. We counted noses when we got back and discovered that we had lost only one man—a pilot named Lawton. I was sorry to lose him, but even so it wasn't much of a price to pay for the damage we did to you."

"Indeed, no," Von Genthner said. "You made a wreck out of us."

Walsh's face clouded. "Someone mentioned before the fact that aviators occasionally went crazy during the nerve-racking strain of the war. Such a thing happened that morning. I asked each man to report to me just what he had done during the raid. You see, by getting all of these individual reports I thought I could ascertain just what damage we had done to you.

"One man had dropped two bombs on your ammunition shed. Another had fired your barracks—and, so on. But when I came to a young American in my own command he told me the most curious and unbelievable story. He was a high-strung youngster—his name was Smith, I think, but later all of my records were destroyed and I am not sure. He was that romantic type of pilot who'd quite cheerfully attack four Fokkers alone or go on independent forays behind your lines. Not at all amenable to discipline and so reckless that it became foolishness. You know the type."

Von Genthner smiled. "We had such a man—his name was Baron von Richthofen."

Walsh waved his hand. "This youngster was no Richthofen. He was just a crazy kid and I believe that his nerves snapped that night under the strain. He told me a story which I investigated and discovered to be untrue. He said that he was flying directly behind one of our planes, and very low, when they arrived over your field. He said that the plane ahead of him suddenly lost speed and nosed down to the ground. Smith told me that he saw the propeller of this ship stop, but that the plane made a safe landing.

"Smith himself, according to his ridiculous story, circled about, banked steeply and landed beside our man. He leaped out of his ship, he said, gave the propeller of the other plane a whirl, the motor miraculously caught and the plane zoomed up safely. Smith then jumped back in his own plane—he had left the motor idling—and took off. He said that you people were so demoralized by the suddenness of our attack that you appeared paralyzed by the incident and had not opened fire on him."

"YOU didn't believe the story?" Von Genthner asked, looking at his wineglass.

Walsh snorted. "Certainly not. Consider the circumstances, Baron. Smith was flying a single-seater. He couldn't have brought Lawton back as a passenger. Nor could he have hoped to restore life to Lawton's dead motor. You simply don't correct motor failure by giving the crank-shaft a spin.

"Of course, Smith had an explanation. He said that twice within the month Lawton's engine had mysteriously failed in just this way. That in each instance the trouble had been cleared merely by giving the propeller a spin. That Lawton believed he had a slightly fouled gas line—perhaps a trace of water in the fuel tank. He had told Smith—so Smith claimed—that if the trouble showed up once again he'd have the whole business—tank, gas line, carburetor—checked over and cleaned up. But he hoped it wouldn't happen again, because this was a lengthy matter and he didn't want his ship laid up.

"Well! You see? A palpable cock-and-bull story, Baron. Sheer humbug. Theoretically possible, I admit. And I grant, too, that given this extravagant premise there was some justification for Smith's alleged heroism. But, I ask you, would any man in his senses—any experienced flyer, that is—credit such a yarn without corroborative evidence?"

Von Genthner stirred uncomfortably. "And there was no such evidence?" he said, his voice low and meditative.

"None," said Walsh. "I was there; I saw nothing. I questioned every pilot, every bomber who had been there. They all laughed and said that they certainly had not seen it."

"Of course you couldn't ask Lawton?" Von Genthner said, still looking down at his wineglass. It was one of those tall wineglasses with the thin stems.

WALSH shrugged his shoulders impatiently. "Lawton was dead, of course, but all of my other men had kept their eyes open during the raid. They would have seen any such performance. Young Smith insisted upon the truth of the story. I finally said: 'My boy, you are lying. If you will admit it and express regret I will take it into consideration.' With that the lad, livid with rage—I told you his nerves had just gone completely—leaped at me and struck me."

Von Genthner drew in his breath sharply. Striking a commanding officer had seemed very important in those days.

"There was only one thing to do," Walsh went on, his words seeming to drop out like cracks of a whip. "I court-martialed him, charging him not only with conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman but with striking his commanding officer. I realized the boy's mind had gone and I interceded with the court and got him the lightest punishment possible. He was, of course, cashiered out of the service and sent home to America in disgrace. Just before he boarded the boat at Cherbourg he snatched a gun from an officer who was guarding him and tried to turn it on himself. Fortunately he was overpowered before he could do himself any harm."

"Fortunately?" Von Genthner asked softly.

Walsh's lips were pressed together. "You and I are officers of the old school, Herr Baron. We believe that there is only one way for an officer to expiate his own rotten conduct—but this boy was young. He was not responsible perhaps for his acts."

"And he went back home in disgrace," Von Genthner mused. "His life ruined, I dare say. I wonder what he is today."

"Does it matter?" Walsh said a bit testily. "God knows I was sorry for him. But can one excuse him for lying to me? That absurd story he told me of landing as he did to help a brother officer. Why, everyone would have seen him do that. You were lying there watching the whole performance. Why, even you would have seen it, Baron."

I looked at Von Genthner. There was an expression on his face which made me bite my lips to keep from crying out. He was holding the thin-stemmed wineglass between the thumb and forefinger of his right hand. His other hand was clenched.

Walsh's voice snapped: "Baron, What is it?"

Suddenly the stem of the wineglass which Von Genthner was holding snapped and it was like the crack of a rifle. His face cleared and he raised his head.

"Yes, Major Walsh," he said, and he was the Prussian officer now, speaking with sharply clipped intonations. "I was there and would have seen it. Yes, Major Walsh, I was there and I did see it."

The silence hung in the air. I couldn't have moved had I wished to. Walsh stared at Von Genthner with wide, stricken eyes out of which peered a mind that was trying to reject, but unable to reject, a horrible thought.

"I saw an English plane land within a hundred feet of me." Von Genthner's voice was empty of emotion. "I saw that its propeller had stopped. I saw another plane dive swiftly, bank sharply, and land beside the first plane. I saw the pilot of the second plane jump out, run to the first plane, give its propeller a whirl. I heard its motor catch and roar. The pilot of the second plane jumped back into his own ship. I was so close I could see him. He wore no helmet. His hair was blond. He seemed very young."

"He was blond and he seemed very young?" Walsh's voice was only a whisper. The rest of us were frozen into immovability.

"Then," Von Genthner went on, "I saw his plane rise and, lying there, I paid a mental tribute to the bravest act I had ever seen. It was only by a miracle—the paralysis of astonishment accounts for it, I suppose— that my men did not get him."

Walsh gave a little cry of pain. "I refused to believe the boy. It must have been Lawton who landed—Lawton, who couldn't verify the story because he was dead—shot down by your anti-aircraft as we flew home—half an hour later." Walsh was talking slowly as though to himself: "I called the boy a liar. I cashiered him. I sent him home in disgrace. Perhaps I killed him."

I WOULDN'T look at Walsh. I looked at Von Genthner. I never saw such compassion in a man's eyes as I saw in Von Genthner's. He, too, had commanded air troops and had perhaps made mistakes.

Walsh stood up. He looked every inch the British officer now. With a steady hand he raised his champagne glass.

"I thank you for telling me, Baron," he said steadily. He bowed to the baron and drained his glass. Was he toasting Von Genthner? Was he perhaps making a gesture of apology to the young American named Smith?

Then Walsh said, "I will leave you gentlemen, if you don't mind." And again he bowed and left. He left a silence at our table which was more eloquent than any noise I ever heard.

Von Genthner drew a deep breath. "My God, I pity that man," he said.

"Oh, he'll get over it," I said. "It was a natural mistake."

"Sure," Knick said. "It might have happened to anyone in command."

Von Genthner shook his head and sighed. "You boys are very young. Shall we go?"

Jerry paid the bill in silence. A waiter came hurrying up. He went to Jerry.

"I forgot, sir," he said, "you owe fifty pfennigs more."

"What for?" Jerry asked.

"For the wineglass the Herr Baron broke," the waiter said. Jerry gave him a mark and then we all went home. None of us felt much like going to night clubs then.

ATWATER KENT RADIO

for the

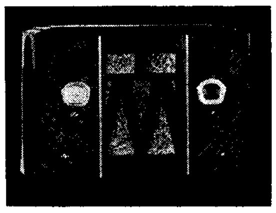
BEST CHRISTMAS YOU'VE GIVEN THEM IN THREE YEARS

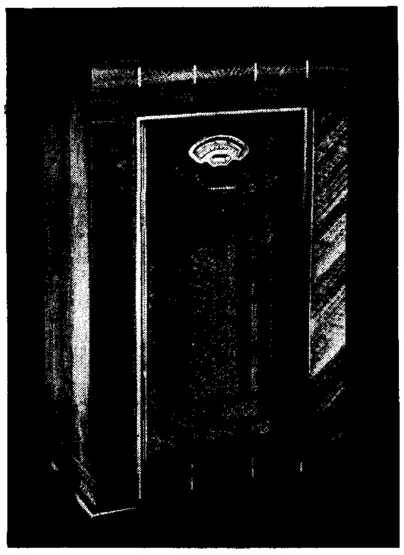
A NEW Atwater Kent Radio, sparkling with exciting beauty beside the lighted tree, pouring out a golden melody of Christmas music.

Picture it.... listen to it.... look at their faces! It's *more* than they expect—certainly; but its cost is probably less than you planned to spend.

For much has happened to radio since you bought your old set. Much of the static and interfering noises have been taken out of broadcast receiving. More fine shadings of sound are now captured. The result is greater pleasure, a new life-like naturalness from radio entertainment.

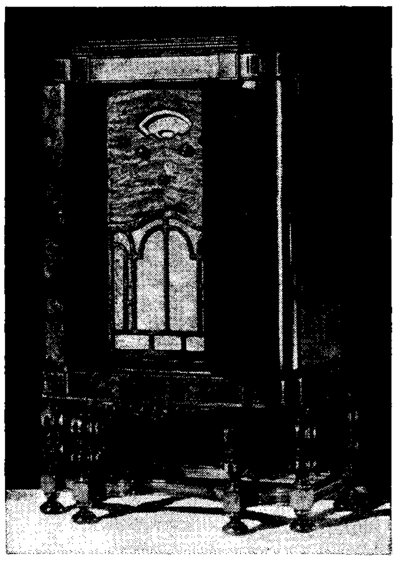
Atwater Kent Radios are particularly excellent in *truthful* broadcast reproduction. And, as always, the name of Atwater Kent on any radio assures you the finest materials and workmanship in every hidden part. It assures you the *years* of trouble-free enjoyment for which Atwater Kent Radios are famous. It assures you the greatest value for your radio dollars.





● MODEL 510 (above) 10 tubes—Its new *silent* superheterodyne circuit reduces static and interference noises to a minimum. Has oversized speaker, shadow tuning, tremendous power and sensitivity. Same chassis and speaker are also in the cabinet illustrated in large picture, Model 310.

● MODEL 275 (at right) 5 tubes—For AC or DC. Smartly designed of beautiful woods with metal inlay. Automatic volume control, police calls, improved type speaker gives excellent tone. A superlative value in small radio.

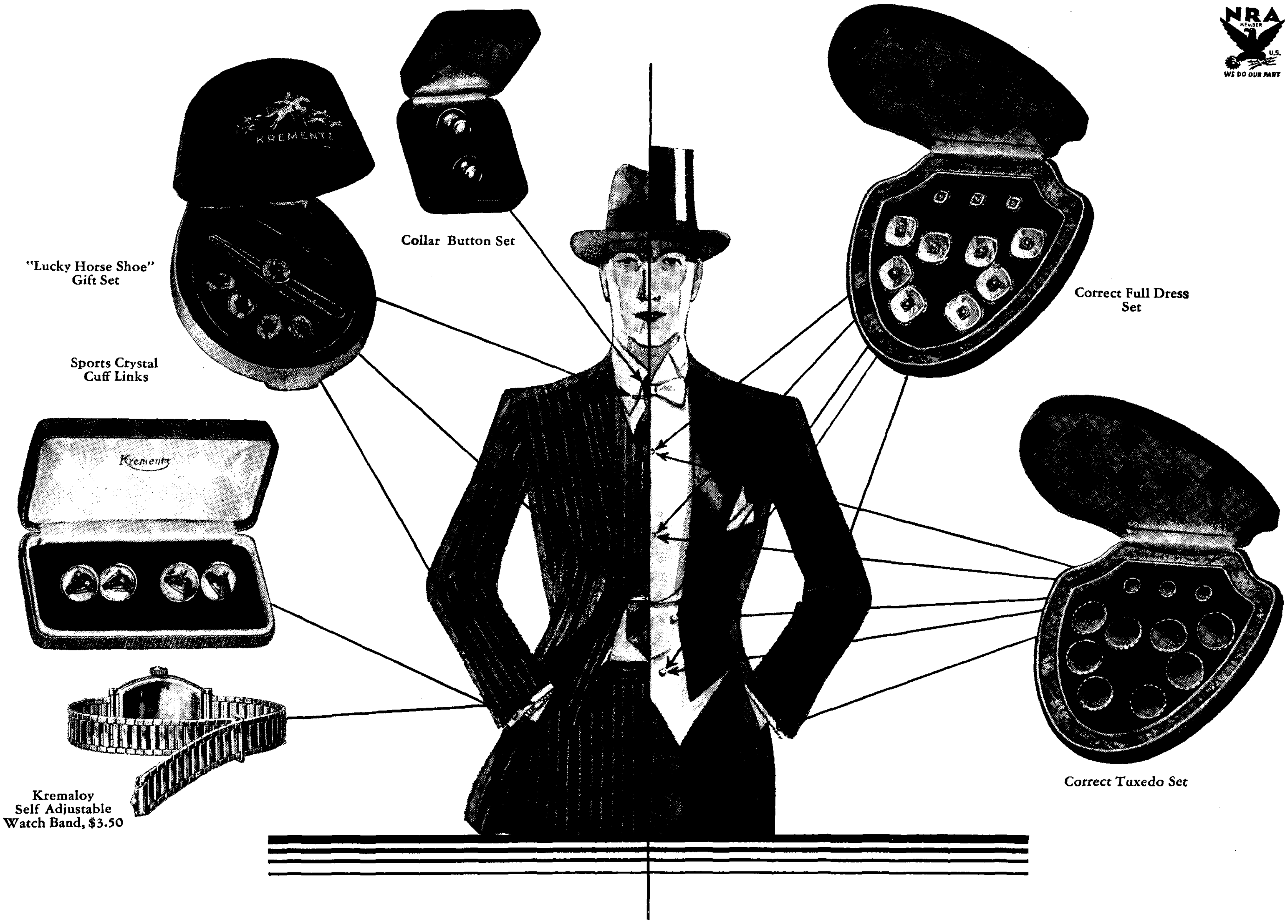


● MODEL 711 (11 tubes) ALL WAVE—By scientific test, it excels all other radios for TRUTHFUL reproduction of broadcasting throughout the entire range of musical sound. And this fidelity is maintained up to four times the volume of the average *good* radio. Whispers and bugle calls are heard with the same natural clarity. Broadcasts from Germany—or Argentina—are distinctly, truthfully received. It is Atwater Kent's finest product.

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
A. Atwater Kent, Pres. • Philadelphia, Pa.

Give HIM Jewelry—but for your sake and his, make sure it's QUALITY Jewelry

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART


"Lucky Horse Shoe" Gift Set
KREMENTZ
Collar Button Set
Sports Crystal Cuff Links
Krementz
Correct Full Dress Set
Correct Tuxedo Set
Kremaloy Self Adjustable Watch Band, $3.50

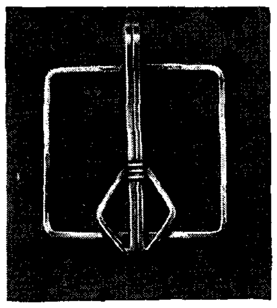
KREMENTZ

JEWELRY FOR MEN

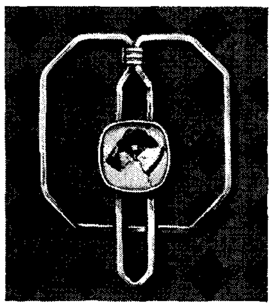
YOUR jewelry gift to him! Is it going to show that you really care? Is it going to look as smart and handsome after years of daily wear, as the day you make the gift? It will, if it's Krementz, because Krementz *is* Quality. ∾ As he wears his Krementz Gift day after day, other people are going to see it and it's going to help him appear his best in any select company. ∾ Is this true if you give him just ordinary jewelry? Let us see. According to an assay made by Ledoux Laboratories, New York City, of a Krementz 14 Kt. rolled gold Collar Holder and Tie Holder selling for $2.50, and a similar set of another make selling for $2.00 (both purchased over the counter in a leading establishment)—*there was 40 times more gold in the Krementz Jewelry.* ∾ Now, judging by values, the Krementz Jewelry should have sold for 40 times as much. But was it 40 times as expensive? No, indeed. The Krementz set cost only 50¢ more. ∾ Yes, it pays to insist on Krementz Jewelry even though it does cost a little more. Then *you know* your gift will do you credit. *You know* you're not giving him a piece of *washed gold* jewelry—the kind that loses all its golden beauty after a few months wear. The gold on Krementz Jewelry is *rolled gold*—so thick and so hard that it wears a lifetime. Back of every piece of Krementz Jewelry is the reputation of a 65-year old manufacturer, making fine gold and platinum jewelry for the leading jewelers here and abroad. We are sorry to make comparisons, but only an expert can tell the difference between good jewelry and poor jewelry *when it is new.* For your own protection, remember, *all that glitters is not gold.* Play safe. Buy Krementz. Sold by quality stores.

KREMENTZ & CO.
Newark New Jersey

Bill Holder



Bill Holder



The Krementz Kremaloy Watch Band retails for $3.50. Prices on rolled gold jewelry are omitted because of today's fluctuating gold market. There is so much gold in Krementz Jewelry that when the price of gold goes up or down it automatically increases or decreases the retail price of Krementz Jewelry.

Thunder in the Dust

Continued from page 21

sneered. "Yah! What a cheap business! I could empty his whole range in two nights."

"There are better ways to do business than that," said El Fuerte. "How many riders?"

"Four," said Carlos tentatively.

"Six," said Bravo.

El Fuerte was disappointed. "I've brought too many men," he said. "Either one of you could have handled this alone, *mi capitanes*." When he was holding them roughly in check, as he was tonight, he called them his *capitanes*, in which rank they had indeed served under him; it was only when he was well pleased with them that he called them *mozos*, and cursed them lovingly.

"If we kill no riders," Carlos complained, "we'll get nothing out of this at all—not even a gun or a belt or a pocketknife."

"All that comes later. *Cristo!* You better remember what I said! Hit the horses only. You hit one of those men and I'll have your livers out!"

"I suppose," Carlos said uncertainly, "you have some reason; but—"

"*Perdido!* Never ask me if I have a reason!"

"My sights are no good in this light," Bravo mourned. "I suppose if a horse jumps forward when I shoot it, and I hit a man in the knee—"

"I promise you," said El Fuerte with sweetly gentle ferocity, "I'll have your liver out!"

The little herd came on slowly; the heavy force of riders worked them so quietly that the cattle hardly knew that they were no longer on the graze. Far out in front, continually stopping to wait, the point rider led the way. The other five riders pressed the stock gently, not so much forcing them to move as simply preventing them from moving any way but one.

The shuffle of hoofs and the click of horns were distinctly audible now, though the chief sound was the occasional bawl of some bothered steer. Now and then one of the rustlers slapped his chaps with his romal, to turn some animal which left the bunch.

"THE point is too far ahead," El Fuerte said. "Carlos, you move up the valley a little way; get the horse of the point rider when Bravo and I open up on the others. As soon as you've fired, charge down on the cattle; stampede them right back over the riders. Bravo, wait until I fire. Then take the first man on each side. I'll handle the others. And I want to find out that you've hit your horses square in the eye—none of this shooting at the head and hitting the neck!"

"Which eye?" Bravo growled.

"Do we follow," Carlos asked, "if some get away?"

El Fuerte turned on him slowly, with a great show of disgust. "Well, *Cristo!* No! Just quietly shoot yourselves, before I find out!"

For another ten minutes they watched in silence the slow advance of the herd. Bravo drew his rifle from its saddle boot and gently eased a shell into the chamber. El Fuerte's horse whinnied, winding the rustlers' saddle stock; but the hills were full of loose ponies and it made no difference.

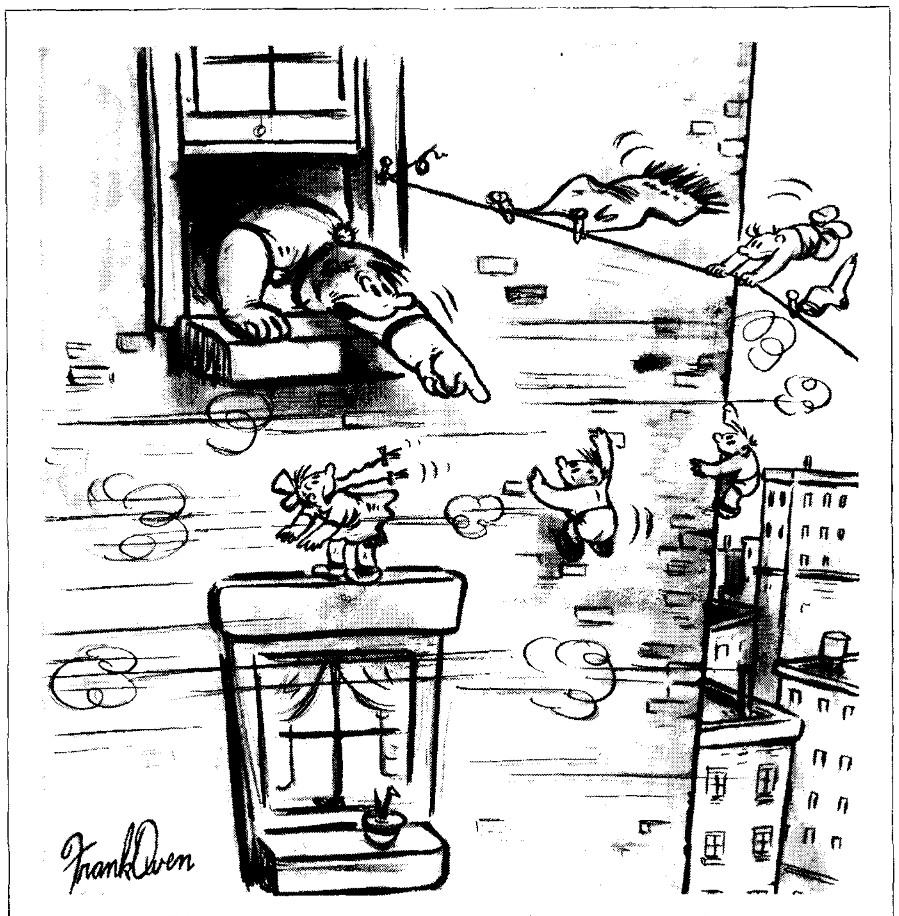
"Let's get off the skyline," El Fuerte ordered. "Carlos, take your post ahead."

Carlos moved away, the feet of his unshod pony quiet on the steeply sloping ground. El Fuerte and Bravo moved side by side ten yards down the hill, and came to rest again. El Fuerte eased himself to the ground, and with a braided hair rope tied his horse to a manzanita. Bravo followed suit. They attempted no other concealment.

Slowly, with what seemed an infinite deliberation, the herd came into the flats below them. Just before it came opposite there was a delay as some of the bunch faced about and stood staring stupidly, as if thinking of breaking back. The rustlers sat their horses silently for some minutes, waiting for the cattle to move on of their own accord. At last one of them slapped his chaps with his romal, and chanted a guttural "Hiyuh, hiyuh!" Dribbling along loosely, the little herd drew abreast.

El Fuerte waited until he judged that the point rider was opposite the position Carlos had taken; then, at last, his rifle came up, steadied for a long moment.

Nobody could have realized how quiet the night had been, how relatively still the movement of the cattle, until El Fuerte's shot smashed out. It seemed to blast the night wide open, reëchoing from the rocky hillsides with the irregular cachinnations of a five-gallon can falling downstairs. Below, the tail rider's horse went to his knees as if its front legs had been struck from under it; it seemed to hesitate there for a long instant before it fell sideways.



"Didn't I tell you kids to play inside when it's windy?"

Frank Owen

INSTANTLY El Fuerte's rifle barrel swung, and he fired again; then, after an instant, a third time, this time following a swift-moving mark. A running horse somersaulted. One of the wing riders fired a return shot—they saw it flash against the dark background of the herd; then his horse, too, went down, a sliding mass. Bravo opened the breech of his rifle and blew the smoke out of the barrel.

They heard an exchange of shots from Carlos' position, then a quick staccato from his six-gun as he sprang into the saddle and charged down the slope. There were shouts and the whistling snorts of cattle; the shuffling of hoofs, which had been struck silent for an instant, suddenly began again, rising swiftly to a ground-shaking thunder as the cattle stampeded. El Fuerte turned, jerked savagely at the head of his plunging horse and managed to mount.

"Carlos got the point horse," Bravo said.

But El Fuerte was swearing most magnificently. "We lost one!" he bellowed.

"Six horses are down," Bravo assured him.

"There was a seventh," said El Fuerte—"far in the rear, behind all the others."

"I didn't see him."

"I'm certain he was there."

TOM CLOUD, having watched the door close upon the little anomalous figure of del Pino, turned back to his solitaire game, and played it out without success. He rose, stretched, but found that he could not yawn for there was in him no trace of sleep. He blew out the light and in the dark Kathleen was immediately before his eyes, an insistent vision. Doggedly he rolled himself in his blankets; and eventually his saddle-tired muscles drained the blood from his head, and he partly slept.

Even as he lay more than half asleep, that night continued to be a strange night. He heard the coyote song strike up again at half past two, and continue for half an hour. Dozing, he waited for the bawling of the wet cows to begin, sounding up the dawn.

Then presently Cloud sat up in his bed, aware that he had been listening for some minutes to the muffled sound of horses approaching at a walk. He could not have described how it was he could tell the hoof beats of a ridden horse from the shuffling movement of cattle at a quarter mile, but when he had listened for a minute or two he knew that at least three, perhaps five, ridden ponies were approaching from up-valley. Because the road from La Partida cut in down-valley, he knew that these could not be bringing his returning vaqueros. He swung to his feet, dressed, and belted on his gun.

Thus he was waiting at the corrals when El Fuerte rode in, his men trailing behind him in the last weak light of the sinking moon. Cloud, having made sure who it was, stepped out from the shadow of the pines and strolled toward the leader.

"*Buenos dias, señor*," Cloud said. "You seem to have had quite a ride."

Gaudalupe Francisco Contreras y Canedo, better known as El Fuerte, stretched luxuriously in his saddle. "It was a very pretty ride," he agreed, letting a suggestion of a chuckle come into his throat. "A very fine ride. In more ways than one."

"Step down," Cloud said. "Step down and come in."

Preceding El Fuerte into the cabin, Tom Cloud relighted the kerosene lamp. Behind him El Fuerte lounged into the doorway and there paused, leaning against the jamb. For the first time, in decent light, Cloud saw El Fuerte dressed as a rider—a big and mightily robust man in soft leather chaps deep-scarred by the brush, broad sombrero with carved leather band, and leather cuffs eight inches deep. Even El Fuerte's vest was of leather, embroidered with carved leather traceries to represent a pattern of roses—brush-scarred, too, like the rest. He wore double gun-belts.

ALTHOUGH El Fuerte was no taller than Tom Cloud, his shoulders filled the doorway; in the yellow light of the lamp he seemed enormous. He no longer had the leanness of the young; he was thickening at the waist and a suggestion of heaviness was beginning to show about his muscular jowls. But Tom Cloud had never seen a man who looked so utterly inseparable from horseflesh as this man looked; and from the whole man radiated a sort of sleepy energy, unhurried, half somnolent, but somehow suggesting the latent possibility of remarkable explosions.

But it was the bland, deeply satisfied expression of El Fuerte's face which Tom Cloud was studying now. This man was dark as a saddle, though without the essential underlying swarthiness which characterized Cloud's mestizos; he wore a mustache clipped short and under his mustache showed a flash of teeth as naturally strong and clean as the teeth of a badger. The shadow-dark eyes were no more than slits, faintly slanted, faintly smiling.

Regarding the face of El Fuerte in the lamplight, Cloud was reminded of a mountain lion which has fed well upon a kill. He remembered now the words of del Pino, which a few hours ago he had set aside as voiced by a man out of his mind: "El Fuerte will have news for you in the morning." He glanced past El Fuerte at the vague silhouettes of the two other riders now dismounting, and suspicion struck into him, hard and sharp.

"Let me ask one thing," Cloud said slowly. "What is it those riders of yours are carrying?"

The tall, full-bodied man who called himself El Fuerte allowed himself a slow grin beneath the mustache. "*Ay, que lastima!*" he said. "What a pity! Those are empty saddles."

An electric shock went through Cloud. "You mean—"

"Ah, no, my frand," El Fuerte said reassuringly. "We did not shoot the men. We shot the horses. The men ran home."

"What men?"

El Fuerte grinned again. "Not frands of yours. But tomorrow you better put those saddles on new horses, and send them to their owners with your compliments, I *think*."

"What are you talking about?"

(Continued on page 39)

• WHY RISK IT with fade-away anti-freeze . . .

. . . when the *new* G.P.A. costs so little this year

- ★ **Won't evaporate . . . one filling lasts all winter!**
- ★ **Stays put . . . does not cause leakage!**
- ★ **Stops rusting and corrosion!**
- ★ **Will not clog or gum cooling system!**

Say good-bye to blankets and bother for once and for all! G. P. A. Radiator Glycerine prices are down, *down,* DOWN . . . lower than ever before. And *that* in these days when everything else is going up!

In fact, you can now get this *permanent, non-evaporating* anti-freeze for but little more than you'd expect to pay for the fickle, fade-away kind.

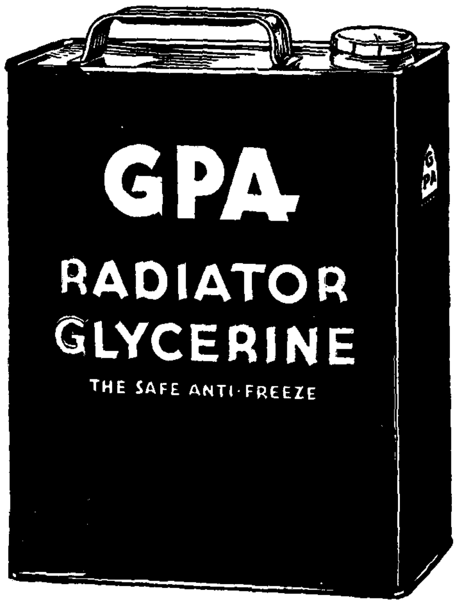
One filling of G. P. A. lasts all winter . . . no chasing out for more in the middle of a cold wave . . . no worry about whether it has evaporated. And no unpleasant odors.

G. P. A. is as fine an anti-freeze as money can buy. The manufacturer who built your car will tell you so—G. P. A. is endorsed by car and radiator manufacturers throughout the nation.

The new G. P. A. does more than protect against freezing: it stops rusting and corrosion; it retards the disintegration of rubber. G. P. A. stays put—does not cause leakage; allows your motor to attain efficient operating temperatures. Will not injure Duco.

Fill NOW—it's perfectly safe to put G. P. A. in early, because it won't evaporate. Be an early bird; play safe.

Remember all glycerine is not G. P. A.; look for the red and black can. Glycerine Producers' Assn., 386 Fourth Ave., New York.



1933's BIGGEST ANTI-FREEZE BARGAIN

Thunder in the Dust

Continued from page 37

"It will be a fine, generous thing to do," El Fuerte explained, "but will cost you nothing; because they will have an anger, and they will turn the horses loose. The horses will then come back. A fine generous thing—and free."

It would have been apparent to anyone, as certainly it was apparent to El Fuerte, that Cloud did not follow this.

"You are wondering why I have done this thing, Mister," El Fuerte said. "I am a great enemy of lawlessness. I could not bear to see the owners of these saddles doing the lawless thing that they did. You see, Mister, they were borrowing your cattle. Who knows when they would pay them back?"

Tom Cloud stared at his visitor for a long moment. "I guess we'd better have breakfast," he said at last.

Deliberately, Tom Cloud turned and walked out to the lean-to; stirred about in the little adobe fireplace where he cooked, and set a frying pan to sizzling.

WHEN the vital, monotonous food of Baja smoked as pleasantly as it ever would, he slammed five enamelware plates onto the pine slab table, and said, "Chuck's up."

Deprecatingly, but with assurance, El Fuerte dished out three generous plates, and set them outside upon the doorstep. "*Bueno!*" he said to the open air. Silently the plates disappeared into what remained of the night.

Cloud watched this ironically. "Personally," he said, "I never would figure to pay a man for his work if he wasn't a good enough man to eat with me."

El Fuerte's smile was so easy, so convincing, that it was as if an old man spoke gently, deftly, to a child. "There are changes to make, Mister," he said, "when you change from one country to another. Maybe I show you some of those changes sometime—no?"

Cloud shrugged, dished two more plates of jerky and beans. "*Quien sabe?*" he said without expression.

"*Quien sabe?*" El Fuerte murmured. For a little while they ate in silence—Cloud sparingly and without relish, El Fuerte with gusto.

"Now look here," said Cloud without prelude. "I want to know what happened tonight."

"It is like this," said El Fuerte. He allowed himself a small grin in retrospect, flashing the glint of teeth under the clipped mustache. "Yesterday you lost a man."

"Juan Amador," Cloud supplied; "the best foreman that ever forked a horse in Mexico."

"For a gringo," El Fuerte added.

"He worked for a gringo," Cloud admitted. "I suppose you people will always call me a gringo. But he worked like a man."

"*Bueno*," said El Fuerte. "Today—yesterday, it is now—you found him dead."

"With a knife in his throat."

"Yes. Well, I went out to see what I could find out. I am sorry. I only found out a little. But still—I brought you empty saddles, my frand!"

"I want to know a little more about that, El Fuerte," Cloud said.

"You do not wonder," El Fuerte said with mild disappointment, "how I knew Juan Amador was kill'?"

Tom Cloud flared up at him, unexpectedly to himself. "How do I know how you people know what you know? You've got a grapevine telegraph that jumps over desert hills like wildfire. Maybe you do it with mirrors—"

"No mirrors. I have never been in Baja before—but I know this country, Mister."

For a moment Tom Cloud looked at El Fuerte hard and belligerently, seeing the big frame, the neatly clipped mustache, the slightly slanted, sleepy eyes; seeing what he could not understand; then he relaxed.

"Well—you knew it. And then—?"

El Fuerte shrugged, very slightly, and spoke as if in confidence: "Mister, am I a child? These men I have with me—are they with me because they are childs? I sent two scouts over the hills—your hills. When they came back, they named to me a place. Tonight I went to that place. So, I found what I found."

"Just a minute," Cloud picked him up. "What do you mean, 'they named to you a place'?"

"It is not natural to the world," said El Fuerte, "that those who steal your cattle should rest, on a night when you, they think, will be at a wake for your dead man!"

"So you went to the most likely place for cattle stealing?"

"Ah, Mister, no! To the most *not* likely place! Are these people fools? Mister, these people were a hundred years old when you were born."

At first, Cloud could not swallow this. But—there were the empty saddles, brought in by this extraordinary man who called himself El Fuerte.

"Come on, come on," Cloud demanded frontally. "What happened then?"

"The word of Juan Amador's death—it came to me late. I swear to you, Mister, it did not come until I was eating my—night lonch. But so soon I heard, I dropped my knife and spoon. For I know this country, Mister, and I know what will happen then. I call for saddle and horse."

El Fuerte paused to fill his mouth full of beans, then went on briskly: "We go to the place we have think . . ."

Under pressure of his narrative the words of El Fuerte came raggedly, his English becoming somewhat skip-stop. But Tom Cloud, knowing the desert hills and, above all, knowing action wherever it might break, got the whole picture, plain and clear.

He could see the thin, clean moonlight on the brush, hear the half-hushed "Hiyuh, hiyuh!" of the vaqueros, and the shuffle of driven cattle as they straggled off through some crack in the hills. Then—the crack of guns, the weird whistling scream of a horse gone down; stampede of cattle, more blast and blaze of the short guns—and at the last the shadow-like figures of El Fuerte and his two men, looting the saddles from the cow-thief horses they had killed.

And, if any of El Fuerte's story seemed braggadocio or unlikely—there was that pile of saddles now outside Cloud's door, bringing all that story into the focus of near reality.

CLOUD was silent for a full minute when El Fuerte was done. Then abruptly he demanded: "*Whose saddles did you get?*"

El Fuerte made a casual, even an airy gesture. "What does it matter? Have you any frands—but me?"

The sharp answer that offered itself to this evasion died in Cloud's throat. El Fuerte's implication was true; it had long seemed to him that every man's hand was against him here. It mattered very little whether or not Beard was right in saying that the people of the land were taking back their own. Certainly, Cloud knew, there were few about him, besides Beard and Solano, whom he could trust.

"Tomorrow, if you furnish new horses," El Fuerte said, "my men will take the saddles back where they belong. Not that it is a secret, Mister. I think we will find the saddles belong to—" Rapidly he tossed off half a dozen names—the names of small, not-too-distant neighbors whom Cloud had long suspected. They contributed nothing to Cloud's information.

The boss of the Flying K got up, coffee cup in hand, and stood looking out the door at the dark Valley of the Witch. Over the desert hills a faint light was showing; two or three cows were bawling far down the mile-long fence, and from up the valley answered the hopeful blat of half a dozen calves.

Cloud was checking over the story that this man called El Fuerte had told him, no longer questioning its truth, but probing the meaning of this raid that had broken the back of a raid. He was asking himself what manner of man this might be, who stepped into another man's war without asking or being asked, yet had put these half-dozen saddles at his feet.

And now as the slow, cold light came over the eastern hills a new thing came into Tom Cloud. Always he had had his roots deep in the grasslands, living close to the land, closer than the cattle themselves; and now it was as if a new strength flowed upward into him from this land in which he had struggled to sink his roots for two years in vain. Perhaps he could not yet read this land and its people; but it seemed to him now that the land itself had given him a tool for its own cleavage.

He turned from the cold light of dawn once more to the light of kerosene. El Fuerte was watching him, narrowly.

"Contreras," Tom Cloud said, "I need a new cow boss."

"*Si*, Mister?"

"I understand you are looking for cattle land—or an interest in cattle land."

"*Verdad*, Mister."

"Make me a proposition."

EL FUERTE drank the rest of his coffee, and it took him perhaps fifteen seconds, but no more. It may be that the measure of this man is to be found in this: that all his life he had been taught to barter and trade, cautiously and without hurry, though it took all day; but now he did not try to dicker with this tall Arizonian, but made at once an offer that was first and last.

"I want two things here," he said. "First, I want one half the increase of the cattle, for not less than two years."

"Way things are going," Cloud grunted, "there ain't any increase."

"Me, I take care of that."

"And the other thing?"

"Fire these worthless men you have. Out of your pocket, hire men that I will bring you. At half again the wages."

"The same wages," Cloud bargained.

"*Bueno*, then."

"Done," said Cloud.

"Let us make a writing."

As he set his hand to the agreement, Cloud knew that he might be riding over dangerous ground. But the spirit of war and power that had come into him with the early light was strengthening now as he took into his hand this new tool with which to fight the stubborn land. Suddenly, as never before, he was glad that he had crossed the border into this country of strangers; as if, after all, his destiny might lie here—a warlike destiny though it might be.

(To be continued next week)

GEARSHIFTING BY HAND IS PASSING INTO DISCARD

● It is only fair to tell car buyers that the automatic transmission is surely *coming into general use.*

REO has it now—the exclusive patented Reo Self-Shifter.

It is my earnest suggestion that you keep this in mind in making your next purchase. You want to be up-to-date mechanically as well as in design. You want a car that will not be "behind the times" in a year or two.

I would suggest that you buy a Reo. This would not only assure you of a fine car from the standpoint of style and quality, but would also give you RIGHT NOW the really astonishing advantages of the Reo Self-Shifting Transmission.

Why wait? Buy a Reo Self-Shifter!

It is a marvelous car to drive, this new car without a gearshift lever. Try it. I am sure you will join the hundreds of enthusiastic owners who are writing us that they never really knew what driving pleasure was until they quit shifting gears.

Our standard passenger car prices are now as low as $795 at factory, plus tax.

R. H. Scott

President, Reo Motor Car Co.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

WRITE today for copy of our interesting booklet, PROOF, containing enthusiastic comments of satisfied Reo owners. Also detailed explanation of Reo Self-Shifter operation.

THE OLD WAY
TIRESOME, UNNECESSARY LABOR

THE REO WAY
SAFETY—RELAXATION—ENJOYMENT

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY
LANSING • TORONTO

AVOID

premature repairs!

Average figures: 18c of America's car-dollar spent on repairs, replacements. Only 3c spent on oils and greases.

Economizing on oil and grease is penny-wise and pound-foolish. Here's a Detroit man who knows:

"In May, 1928, I purchased a Studebaker Regal Sedan. Yesterday, I turned 100,000 miles on this car. During this time, the only oil used was Quaker State, with the exception of once or twice, when I was unable to obtain it.

"It will interest you to know that the motor has never had any work done on it outside of the valves ground. The original rings and pistons are still in the car. She uses very little oil. I attribute a great deal of my success with this car to the use of Quaker State Motor Oil . . . changed at regular intervals.* "

E. E. STAEBLER

If that looks like a mileage-and-repair miracle to you, try using Quaker State Motor Oil in *your* car . . . in the proper grade for the weather.

Ordinary motor oils average 1 quart or more of "light-end" oil per gallon. This burns up in high-speed, high-compression cylinders . . . blows away.

Quaker State removes this light-end material . . . at the refinery. It never reaches your motor. Every gallon of it is 4 quarts motor lubricant, net.

Look for the Quaker State sign. Refinery-sealed drums, 1-quart and 5-quart cans assure your getting the genuine . . .

QUAKER STATE

MOTOR OILS

and Superfine Greases

NRA WE DO OUR PART

* *What's your experience? Write us. Quaker State Oil Refining Co., Oil City, Pa.*

Rose in Bloomers

Continued from page 11

I finally got away from a savage in a straw skirt and came to look for you."

"And I ran away because the only person I wanted to see never came at all."

"Oh," he said. "Would you rather be left alone?"

"No. Please don't go. I'm not disappointed any more—I'm much too comfortable." It was true. She was no longer fevered and unhappy; she felt relaxed and amused, ready to accept anything that might happen—such as this stranger who had materialized from the darkness.

She went on dreamily, "Those people downstairs are rather dreadful, aren't they? There's something sinister about a masked mob."

"Don't you like mystery?"

"No. I like things to be clear, and easy to understand. I'm probably afraid of disguise."

"Then why don't you take it off?" he suggested.

"Well—" She hesitated, fingering her mask. Then almost involuntarily she dropped her hands, laughing. "No—let's give ourselves the benefit of the doubt. Let's be completely fascinating—until the unmasking."

"Ah, but there isn't going to be any! We'll be fascinating forever. You're charming enough without mystery, but still, that's what I like about costume parties. Masks, you see, are merciful. They make you think you're dancing with some ravishing unknown—instead of with the Junior League."

She smiled to herself in the dark. This unknown promised conversation, which was far more than any of the dreary revelers downstairs had offered. Aloud, she said lightly, "You don't sound exactly abandoned to carnival spirit. And what's the matter with society girls? They must be quite impossible, because I've heard other men talk that way. What kind of girls do men like, anyway?"

He laughed. "What a question! You don't expect me to answer it here and now, do you?"

"Why not? You're safe behind a mask—and besides, I really want to know. I—I have a reason. At least tell me what kind of girls you like."

WHEN he answered his voice sounded oddly serious. "Well, I'd like to meet a girl who's willing to take things as they are. Someone who doesn't give herself odds and special privileges. Someone—oh, someone sane, and honest and alive."

"And you've never met any girls like that?"

"No. Certainly not what you call society girls. If you were a man you'd see how impossible it is to know them, let alone have any fun with them. They either repress most of their normal feelings or else they let themselves go entirely and fall in love."

Rose was silent for a moment. Then she said, "But is falling in love so dreadful?"

"I don't really know," he said thoughtfully, "because I can't do it. Not in the usual way, that is—getting hopelessly dependent on one person—living in a trance. That kind of love is a drug—it doesn't give you any real pleasure—but you're miserable without it. Oh, you may have a few brief moments of ecstasy, but that's not what I want."

"What *do* you want?" Rose asked gently.

"Happiness, I suppose. The death of loneliness. Companionship and understanding and laughter that would make life into a carnival—the way this party ought to be. That's all men want in women—simply an assurance of happiness."

He sat there, hardly touching her, talking quietly and impersonally, yet she felt completely intimate with him, as if from behind their masks their minds could reach out and come together in a oneness that was the most exciting and delicious experience of her life.

She heard his whisper and her own going on in the stillness, and listened, filled with new, confused emotions. She wasn't Rose Benson, and she wasn't the party girl she had tried to be—she was an enchanted self. She thought, "I must remember this moment. *This* is happiness." She knew, too, that she must see him again, but she would not ask him his name—not yet.

The little room was still, except for the trickle of the fountain. Rose leaned back against his shoulder and looked at the stars, burning so remotely and so steadily. Suddenly she was swept by almost unbearable sadness.

"Oh," she said, "it's all true—everything you say. But don't blame girls—girls like me—for clutching at romance and killing it, because, you see, they've been brought up the wrong way. They don't know that love is like a wild bird. If you grasp it too tightly it dies in your hand. If they could only learn that—if they could have a little faith, and laugh, they'd find love and keep it. And men are just as bad. I've never met a boy I thought I could marry because they all want romance to be so—well, so regulated. They can't see that freedom and faith are the only things that keep love forever—that keep a person always lovable." She paused. "Don't you think that's true?"

He did not answer at once, and she felt a wave of shyness. She had spoken with a rush of feeling that she realized must have sounded very girlish and naïve. His silence bewildered her, but she managed to laugh a little.

"You don't agree with me—or else I've bored you frightfully!"

"No. Oh, no," he said. "I was just wondering—"

"What?"

"How you happen to have so much imagination."

"Oh," she said sadly, "you think it's just an illusion! You don't believe love can last?"

"Of course it can—if one knows the secret of keeping it. And you do. You're the only girl I've ever met who does." He paused, and in the stillness she could hear her heart beating. "Perhaps," he said softly, "perhaps we'll both find happiness."

HE BENT above her, dim yet compelling; mysterious, but very near. When he kissed her, it was as if she had known him in a dream. A wave of rapture mounted in her. She opened her arms, her lips, her whole heart to it, waiting breathlessly for it to break and drown her. Then his shoulders stiffened under her hands. There were sounds from the inner room—voices—a light.

He whispered, "It's the people I ran away from. They mustn't find me here. I'll—" Then he slipped out of her arms and was gone into the darkness. He must have found another way out, for an instant later, as Rose lay motionless, her eyes closed, people were standing in the lighted doorway. A girl's voice said, "Do you think he's in here?"

"There's someone on the couch," said a man.

"Why—she must have fallen asleep!" The girl touched Rose's shoulder. "I hate to disturb you, but we seem to be almost the last people here. The party's over."

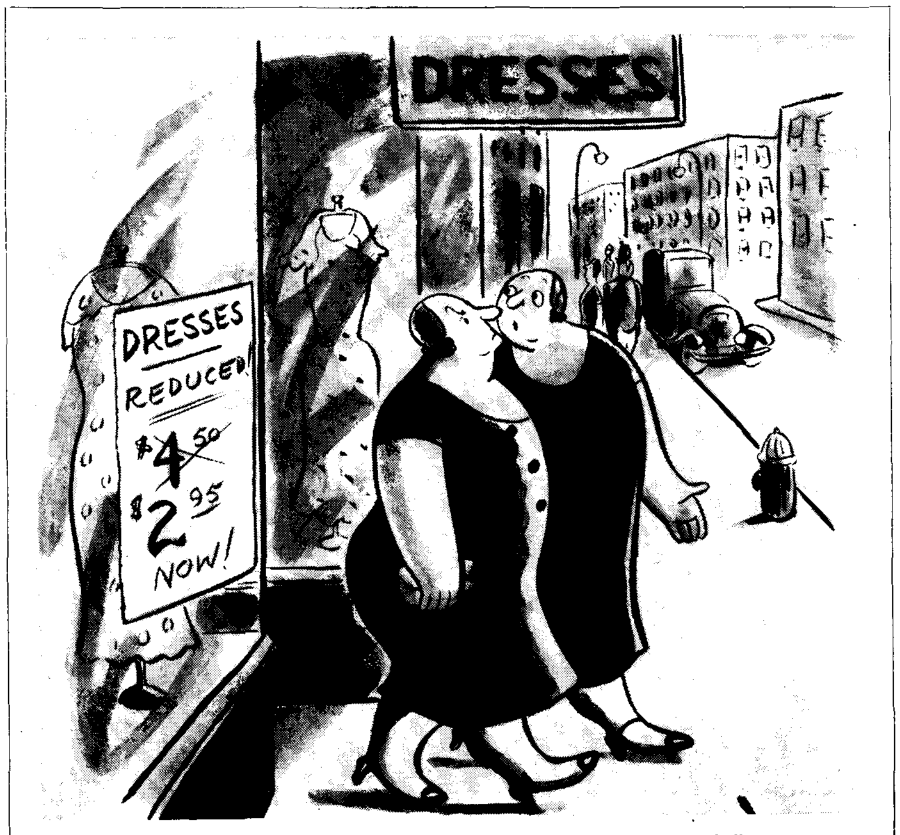
Rose sat up. "Oh," she said faintly, "I did go to sleep. I—"

"Can we take you home? We're going, as soon as we find someone—"

"Oh, no, thank you! My cousin's waiting—I hope he's waiting!"

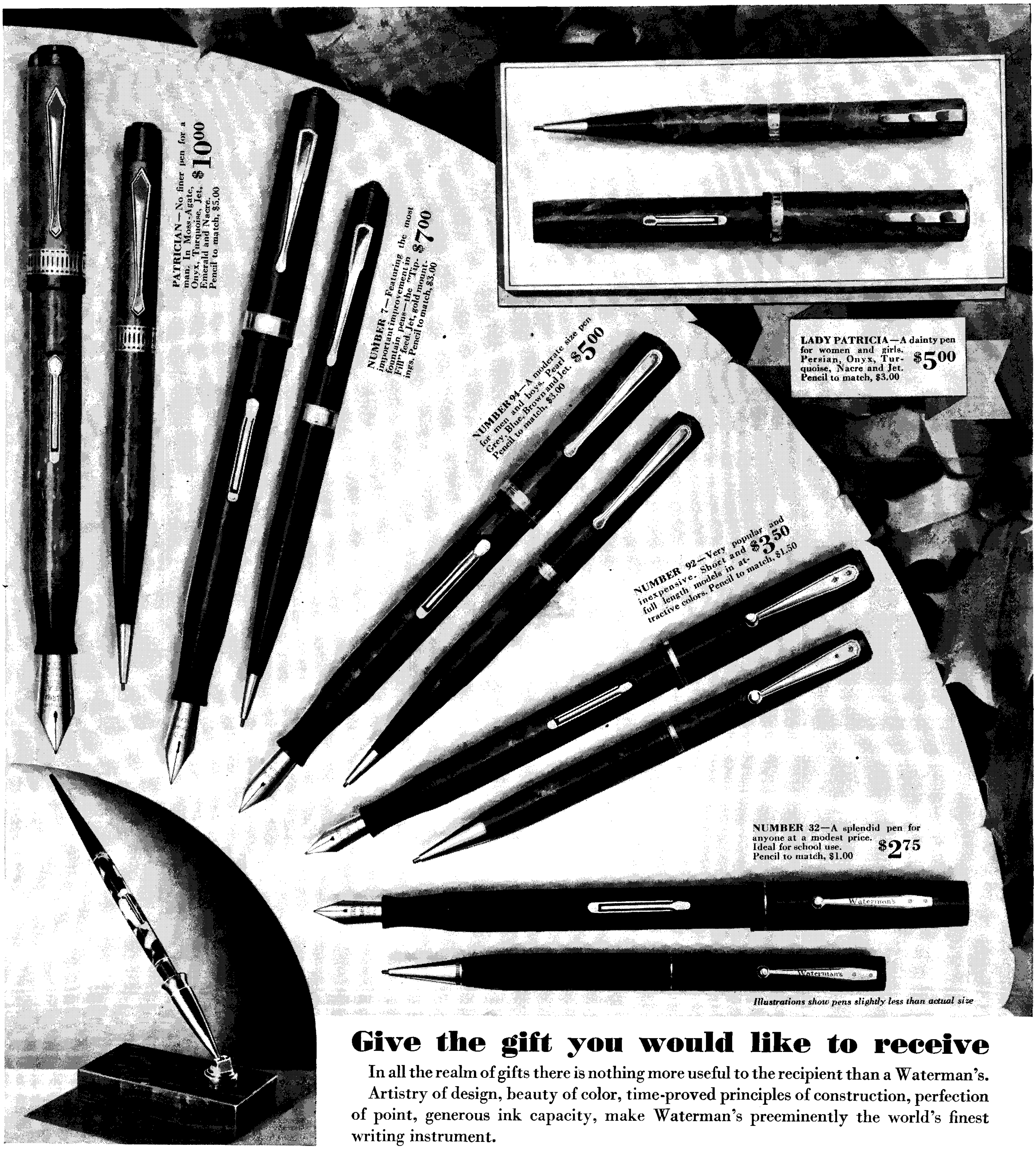
She went with them down the hall, walking as if she were in a dream. It was half past three. But that didn't matter—she must find him.

(Continued on page 42)



"He's not running after us. Let's go back and give in"

Sydney Hoff



PATRICIAN—No finer pen for a man. In Moss-Agate, Onyx, Turquoise, Jet, Emerald and Nacre. Pencil to match, $5.00 $\$10^{00}$

NUMBER 7—Featuring the most important improvement in fountain pens—the "Tip-Fill" feed. Jet, gold mountings. Pencil to match, $3.00 $\$7^{00}$

NUMBER 94—A moderate size pen for men and boys. Pearl Grey, Blue, Brown and Jet. Pencil to match, $3.00 $\$5^{00}$

LADY PATRICIA—A dainty pen for women and girls. Persian, Onyx, Turquoise, Nacre and Jet. Pencil to match, $3.00 $\$5^{00}$

NUMBER 92—Very popular and inexpensive. Short and full length models in attractive colors. Pencil to match, $1.50 $\$3^{50}$

NUMBER 32—A splendid pen for anyone at a modest price. Ideal for school use. Pencil to match, $1.00 $\$2^{75}$

Illustrations show pens slightly less than actual size

FOUNTAIN PEN DESK SETS are useful, artistic gifts for home and office. A variety of styles . . . priced as low as $\$7^{50}$

Give the gift you would like to receive

In all the realm of gifts there is nothing more useful to the recipient than a Waterman's.

Artistry of design, beauty of color, time-proved principles of construction, perfection of point, generous ink capacity, make Waterman's preeminently the world's finest writing instrument.

Seven different points insure the right point for every style of handwriting. See the complete Waterman's line at your local stores today.

L. E. WATERMAN CO., NEW YORK • CHICAGO • BOSTON • SAN FRANCISCO • MONTREAL

Waterman's

we fix flats!

..and THEY STAY PUT

★

TAKE your tire troubles to the repair shop or service station displaying the authorized Bowes "Seal-Fast" dealer sign and you will be assured of dependable, guaranteed tire repair service.

★

More than 22 million inner tubes and casings were repaired last year with Bowes "Seal-Fast" patent process without a failure of record.

★

BOWES SEAL FAST

PATENT PROCESS

A scientific rubber welding process which makes repairs a permanent part of tubes or casings—

DISTRIBUTORS WANTED

A few territories open to good salesmen who can finance themselves and prove their ability to run their own business.

BOWES "SEAL-FAST" CORP.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Rose in Bloomers

Continued from page 40

A few people were lingering downstairs, but no black-cloaked figure was among them. She met Ted Moffatt, looking cross and sleepy. When he asked her where she had been she merely smiled and inquired if he was ready to leave.

"Of course," he said shortly. "Everyone's gone."

She found her wrap and said good night to her hostess, still moving in a trance. It had begun to snow, so she waited at the front door while Ted got his car. As she stood there the other girl went by.

"Thank you for rescuing me," Rose said. "Did you find your friend?"

"No. He must be somewhere, but we're leaving. If you see him, will you tell him we've gone on? He's dressed all in black. Perhaps you know him—Hugh Mariner."

SHE managed to gasp, "Yes, I will!" and then stood stricken. He had come after all! But why hadn't she known him? He—and no one else in the world! But had he recognized her? No, he hadn't—he couldn't have! But then—

With a swift impulse she turned back. Then the door opened with a rush that nearly knocked her down, and Ted strode in. "Ready, Rose? Let's go."

He led her out through the storm and she went blindly, her mind whirling like the whirling snowflakes: Hugh—of course it was Hugh!

The next morning she thought that perhaps she had gone to sleep in the conservatory and dreamed it all. But as the day went on, the memory grew more and more vivid. It became the only reality of her life.

She knew now that she loved him. Perhaps she had always been a little in love with him, which was why she had been so hurt that day at the telephone. But had he recognized her? . . . No; of course he hadn't known her.

But what was she to do now? How would he ever find her—if he wanted to find her? As the days went by she was torn between desires to see him and to avoid him. She decided to ask him to tea—and dropped the telephone in a panic. Sometimes she was sure he was thinking of her, wondering about her, and then she would blush furiously, remembering that everyone in love thinks she is loved in return. She was swept by moods of indecision, ecstasy and despair. She was certain of only one thing: that she loved him completely and forever, and that somehow she must let him know.

But she grew so afraid of meeting him that she spent days alone, shut up in the house. Three weeks after the party, on a warm afternoon, when the robins were fluttering on bare, wet lawns and the streets were streaming with water, she went out into the sunlight and walked up to the Museum. There at least she would not meet him.

The place was nearly empty, and the echoing rooms depressed her, so she wandered into the department where Roger McLean worked, hoping that he might take her somewhere to tea.

Roger sent away his secretary and pushed a stack of photographs off a chair. "Well, Rose, you're looking very lovely and vernal in that pale green thing. Tell me what you've been doing."

"Nothing a bit amusing. That's why I came to see you."

He told her that he had withdrawn from society himself. "My last appearance was at the Morses'. You didn't miss anything, Rose. No one I know had a good time, except Hugh."

Her breath quickened. "How did he manage it?"

"Well, I think he discovered some lovely stranger and took her off to a quiet corner. But she must have been a good deal more enchanting than anyone I met."

She tried to speak lightly. "Why?"

"Because he's so changed. He's given up parties and people and become a recluse. I can't help suspecting the dark lady of the carnival."

Rose took a photograph from the desk and bent over it. "Oh, Roger, how ridiculous!"

"No—I've asked him about it. When he wouldn't have dinner with me the other night I told him I thought he must be in love."

"Of course he was furious."

"No. He simply looked at me queerly and said, 'Well, if I am, I'm sure I don't know whom I'm in love with.' Now how would you interpret that?"

Rose had leaned forward with a sudden movement, but now she replaced the photograph carefully and got up. "I couldn't. It sounds too mysterious. . . . Well, Roger, it's nice to see you. I wish you'd have tea with me."

"I'd like to, but I had planned to meet Hugh at five—at the Copley—and now I find I have an appointment here. I was just going to call him. Why don't you go instead?"

"Oh, no! I don't—"

"Why not? It would do him good to see you. He's been alone for weeks. Do, Rose—just meet him and say you're my second."

She stood hesitating, one hand on the desk because her knees shook so. Then she looked up and caught a glimpse of herself in the little mirror on Roger's wall. Her face was flushed, her eyes wide and alight. A strand of hair had blown across her cheek. She thought, "Even now, I don't look like my old self. I'm different, and I always will be. So why not!"

She turned. "All right, Roger. If you really think—"

"Splendid! You'd better hurry, for it's almost five." The secretary had appeared. "If that's Mr. Mercer, I'll see him now. Goodby, Rose—it's sweet of you to go. Tell Hugh—"

SHE heard no more. She walked down the corridor, out of the Museum, into a taxi. She felt held in a kind of suspension; if she moved, if she even thought, she would break the spell. She would rush home and never see him again and that would be the end of everything.

She reached the Copley. He was early, thank Heaven—he was already there. His bent dark head and abstracted profile made her catch her breath. He was so familiar, yet so mysterious—so heartbreakingly dear.

"Hugh—"

He got up, looking a little startled. "Why—hello, Rose!"

She explained hesitantly how she had happened to come instead of Roger.

"But how nice! I haven't seen you for ages, not since—" She saw the color come into his brown cheeks as he remembered the telephone affair.

When they were seated and he had turned to speak to the waiter, she studied his face. He was fascinating-looking, but what she saw now as never before was his essential sweetness, that same quality of understanding that she had felt when they talked in the dark. Suddenly she was filled with such shyness that she could not speak. Oh, why had she come? She could never tell him now.

Then he turned and smiled at her in his half shy, half confiding way, and her fears subsided. As they talked on lightly about various things, she felt that he was not really seeing her or taking her in, but she went on, sustained by the sheer joy of being with him.

During a pause she found him looking at her with a puzzled expression. "Rose, haven't you cut your hair?"

"Yes—but a long time ago."

"It's queer that I never noticed it. I always thought it was long."

"You haven't seen me very often. That's why it's so brazen of me to invite myself to tea."

He smiled rather vaguely. "No—but you're not at all the way I remember you. You've changed, or else I have. I used to picture you as a certain kind of person—"

"An old-fashioned girl of Louisa Alcott's books?"

A LOOK of bewilderment crossed his face. "No. But—oh, it doesn't matter, except that I was wrong."

"Perhaps I have changed," she said thoughtfully.

"How did you do it? Tell me your formula for a new self."

She shook her head, smiling.

"Please! Why are you so mysterious?"

"Don't you like mystery?"

"No. I'd much rather be enlightened. What's happened to you, Rose?"

She said slowly, "I haven't really changed. Only—I've waked up."

"Were you asleep?"

She nodded gravely. "All my life. Like a sleeping beauty."

"And then the prince came?"

"Yes. And woke me to a—a real life."

"So now, according to the traditions of fairy tales—and real life—you've fallen in love with him. Lucky prince!" He spoke lightly, but he was watching her intently.

"No, not in love. At least not in the usual way. This is romance, which is quite different."

"Of course." She heard him draw a quick breath. "But does it last?"

A flush was rising to his cheeks. Her own were burning, but she went on tremulously, "Of course it lasts—if you know how to keep it."

"How do you do it, Rose?" He was leaning forward, his eyes fixed on her face.

She bent her head, tracing patterns on the table with her finger. Her heart was pounding, her whole being trembling with a delicious, half fearful expectancy.

"Why," she said softly, almost in a whisper, "that's a secret, Hugh. I'm afraid I can't tell you now, but perhaps you'll learn it some day."

"Couldn't you tell me—if you looked at me? I think you could, because you have so much—so very much imagination."

Slowly she raised her eyes. In his was a look of amazement, unbelief, and then such complete, joyous understanding that it took from her the last trace of fear.

"Then it *was* you," he said softly.

She could not speak, she could only nod, as the wave of rapture that had been held back so long broke and swept over her.

"Rose, why are you crying?"

She laughed shakily. "Perhaps—perhaps because of the death of loneliness."

He reached across the table and put his hand on hers. "But loneliness died at the carnival," he said.

"By Ginger! – It's good!"

PROSPERITY

I'm only a kid, but I've got a swell job, which is to stick to a bottle and smile. I love that job.

Ladies, gentlemen, boys and girls! When people get more peppy, they look more peppy, they talk more peppy and they drink more gingery drinks.

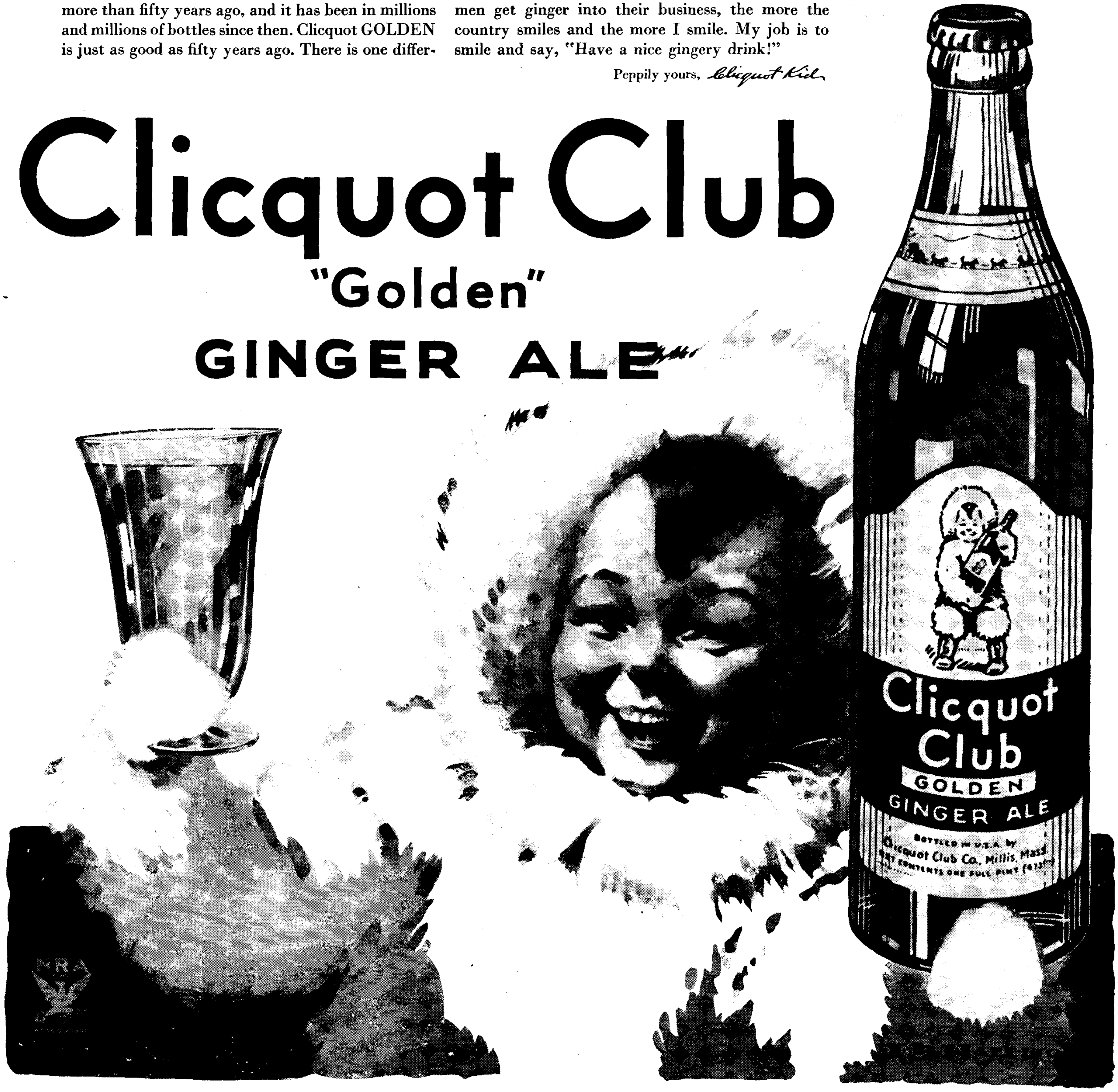
That's *my* speech on prosperity.

Clicquot Club GOLDEN Ginger Ale is especially gingery, and it's always just the same. It was born more than fifty years ago, and it has been in millions and millions of bottles since then. Clicquot GOLDEN is just as good as fifty years ago. There is one difference. Now when we make ginger ale, we put the ginger and other flavors together and leave them for six months to get acquainted and share their goodness with one another. So you see we never make Clicquot in too much of a hurry, and it always tastes just the same.

I really suspect more people than ever are going to drink Clicquot GOLDEN next year because the country's getting stronger all the time. You just can't get business men too full of ginger. When business men get ginger into their business, the more the country smiles and the more I smile. My job is to smile and say, "Have a nice gingery drink!"

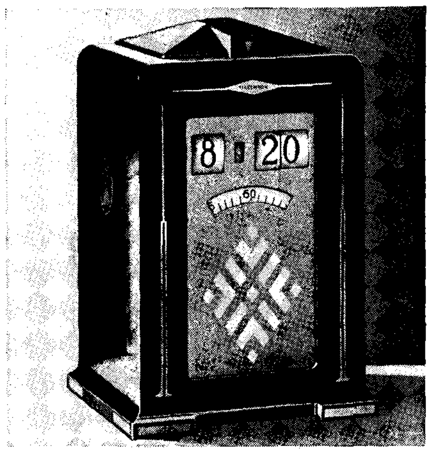
Peppily yours, Clicquot Kid

Clicquot Club
"Golden"
GINGER ALE

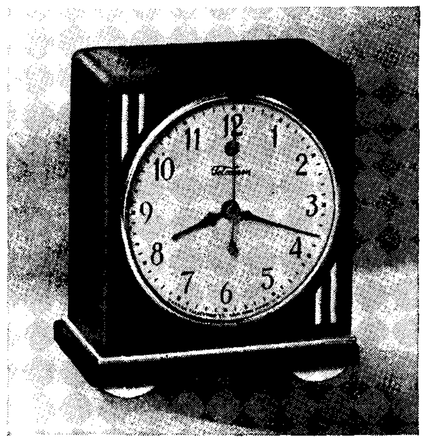

Clicquot Club
GOLDEN
GINGER ALE
Bottled in U.S.A. by
Clicquot Club Co., Millis, Mass.
Net contents one full pint (473cc)
NRA

CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY . . . MILLIS, MASSACHUSETTS, U. S. A.

☆ HERE'S
Christmas TIME
AT ITS BEST!



MINITMASTER *is new, novel, ingenious. It measures minutes as a speedometer measures miles. 6⅜ inches high. Illuminated face.* $10.95.

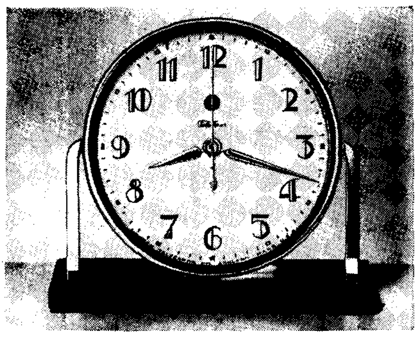


DUKE — *Handsome black molded case with gold-finished bezel, ornaments and feet.* $4.50.

SAID the sage: *"Time is precious,* because no one has enough of it." . . . Give *Time* for Christmas! Accurate, trouble-free electric Time. Handsomely housed in a Telechron Clock. There are models for every purpose, person, purse. Most good jewelry, electrical, hardware and department stores can show them to you. (When you give a Telechron, you give to the whole family!)

WARREN TELECHRON CO.
ASHLAND MASSACHUSETTS

Prices subject to change without notice



TELART — *Modern. Case and frame finished in chrome or gold. Black molded base.* $5.95.
SIGNALETTE — *Same model with alarm.* $9.95

Telechron

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by Warren Telechron Co.)

SELF-STARTING ELECTRIC CLOCKS

A Winning Ticket

Continued from page 24

she was swaggering down the main street like any hip-swinging trollop.

For Miss Ella Bingham, at fifty-seven, had joined the great adventurers. She was Balboa, she was John Mandeville, she was Marco Polo, and her feet were set upon the brown roads of the rolling world. However, she wasn't going to take any Pullman. A Pullman was foolish extravagance, and she didn't have her money yet, anyway. She had the eighty-seven-odd dollars that was her regular monthly allowance, and a few pennies besides. She was used to economies; she'd been careful for so many years.

It was mid-day, and her friends saw her off, with much excitement and many a forced and feeble joke; it was dusk, and she looked out at the pleasant lights of little towns just like her own, and felt no pang. The Ladies Aid had packed a splendid lunch for her and she bought a cup of coffee that was sweet and scalding, and sipped it daintily, feeling herself quite a woman of the world.

IT WAS late night; the lights of the coach gleamed wanly. The station, so it seemed, was Danville. A girl boarded the train; she slumped into a seat across from Ella, and a little ahead. A girl? A woman, a woman about eighteen years old.

Ella glanced at her; her lips tightened. "Poor thing," she said to herself, and shook her head. Who were her people to let her travel all alone, like that? Who were they?

She looked out of the window. Presently she heard the girl groan. She went to her.

Ella was a spinster, and a prudish one. She had looked upon death. She had never seen this. She stood there, helpless.

The conductor came. "She's bad, lady," he said.

"Get those men back," said Ella. She looked around. There was no woman in the car but herself, not one. "Can you . . . ? Is there . . . ?"

"We'll be in Moline in ten minutes," the conductor said.

"I'll . . . I'll get off with her," said Ella. "I'll take care of her."

"Friend of yours?" said the conductor.

"Yes," Ella said.

"I'll take care of your bags. I'll give you a lift," he said.

The minutes passed, slowly for them, more slowly for the girl.

"Moline, lady," the conductor finally said. "This is Moline. Moline!"

ELLA straightened her shoulders. "Moline," she said. "You're all right now, my dear. You're all right. I'll take care of you. That's a good girl— Help me with her."

The taxi-man took one look at them. "You'll never get her to no hospital," he said. "There's a wop dame around the corner . . ."

"Take us there," said Ella.

Four o'clock that morning, a boy was born into the world. Ella helped. She had to help. She'd seen little boys before. She'd never seen one naked and purple.

"She is brave," said the Italian woman. "She gets it from you. How many children have you, Madonna?"

"Only the one," said Ella.

"Here. Drink this."

And Ella had a glass of grappa, and choked and coughed, but drank it down. It was the first alcoholic drink she'd ever had.

"The boy will be fine," the Italian woman said.

Ella stayed. There seemed to be nothing else for her to do. A day or two surely wouldn't make any difference. Europe had been there for a long time.

After a week, she was able to talk to the girl.

"We were married on the sly," the girl said. "His—his father didn't like me. I wasn't good enough for them, I guess. I—I worked in the five-and-ten. As long as I could. He—his father's a butcher. They're German people. They think a lot of their sons."

"What is your—your husband like, that he'd let you go like this?"

"He's—he's awful young. He—he's all right. He's awful nice. He's awful scared of his father."

"Um," said Ella. "How about your own people?"

"My father threw me out. Three months ago. I ain't got any mother. She died when I was little."

"He— Your father threw you out? He put you out in the street?"

"I—I didn't tell him I was married." The girl looked down at her hands. Ella looked at them. The wedding ring, she thought, was from the five-and-ten, too.

"Why did you leave town, in—in your condition?" she said.

"I couldn't stay there. I hadda go away, where nobody would know me. I couldn't stand it. I—I was kinda crazy, I guess."

"Oh!" said Ella. "Uh! Yes. Yes, I see."

That was the kind of thing that she could see. That was what decided her.

A FEW days later she went to the town of Danville, and straight to a butcher shop.

"Mr. Burkhardt," she said.

"Yes?" said Burkhardt, who looked more like a butcher than most butchers.

"I wish to talk to you," said Ella.

"I'm busy. I'm very busy."

"You're not too busy," said Ella. As for her, she looked to Burkhardt the butcher like an acidulous and unpleasantly antiseptic old harridan.

"What do you want?"

"Your son got a girl into trouble," said Ella. "A girl named Annie Collins."

"He did not! She's a little tramp. She's been on the town since she was fourteen."

"That's a lie, and you know it. Anyhow, what of it? Get your son. Go get your son. Let him say he's not responsible. Let him dare to say it."

"MY SON'S not here. Who are you? What's this to you? Sticking your nose in people's business."

"Never mind who I am. You get your son. And don't you shout at me."

"Now, listen. You can't do anything. You can't scare me. That girl's of age. She's older than my boy."

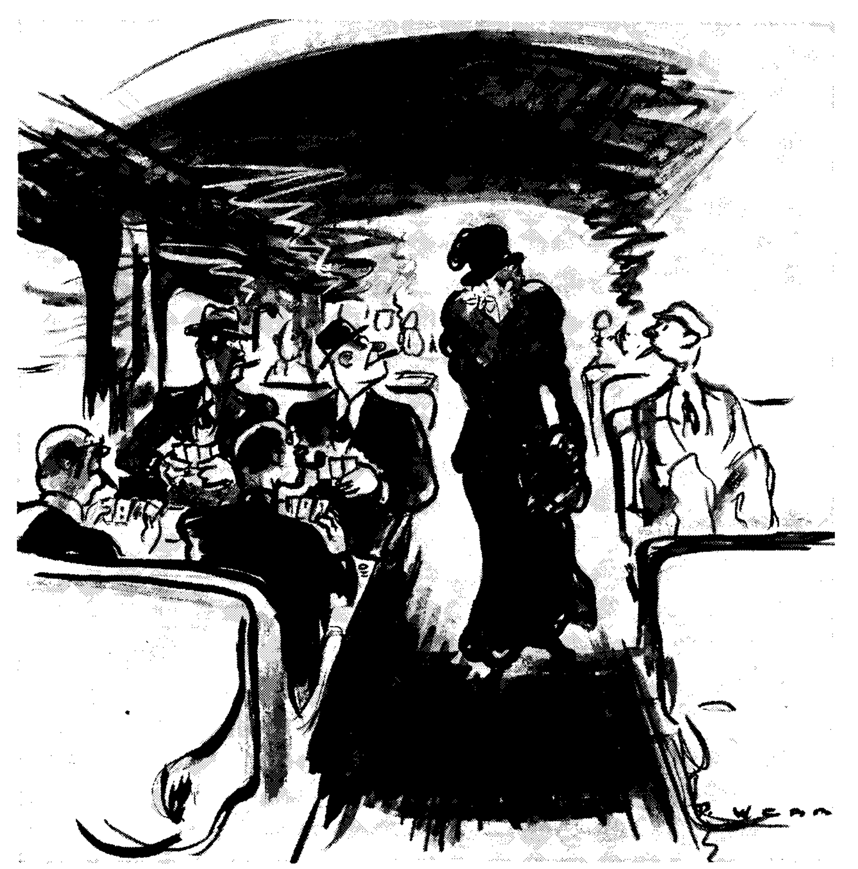
"I can have him arrested. I can make him support the child."

"Support the child? Huh! On seven a week? On what I make? Look! A little butcher store. I'm trying to get along. Seven children, I have. Emil is the oldest. An innocent boy, I tell you. This—this little—this—this bad woman comes along, to wreck my life, to wreck his life. A little tramp she is. I can prove . . ."

"No, you can't prove anything. And if you could, she's a child, a little child. She must be decent. She can't bear for her friends to see her shame. She goes away. She gets on a train, she doesn't know where she's going, so long as it's away. She . . ."

"Lady, this is Annie Collins you're talking about. She's not—she's not good."

"She's not good, is she?" said Ella. "Well, then. Well, then, Mr. Burkhardt, I'll tell you something. She may not be good. She may have been a—a—what



"I should think you could make a more substantial bet with three aces, couldn't you?"

Paul Webb

you say. But she's just won four thousand pounds, in the Irish Sweepstakes. What do you think of that?"

The butcher stared at her.

"Four thousand pounds. That's nineteen thousand dollars, Mr. Burkhardt. She's not in want. She'll never be in want. All that she's asking is a name for her child. It's a boy, a beautiful boy. The most beautiful boy I've ever seen. No bad woman has a boy like that."

"I—I— Nineteen thousand— I— Wait, lady. I go get Emil. We should talk this over. Lady, I—I'm thinking of the boy's own good. I—"

"Arrh!" said Ella.

Emil appeared. He was certainly no more than eighteen; he weighed about a hundred and twenty, and his eyes were meek and hunted. Ella knew little enough of such things, but Emil certainly didn't look to her like a chartered libertine, nor like a butcher, either.

"Emil," said Burkhardt, "that girl of yours . . ."

"Y-Yes," said Emil, getting paler.

"I'm asking you. Speak up, tell the truth. Is it . . . is—is— Don't stand there; speak. Speak!"

"I told you already," said Emil, his tone flat and dead. "What do you want me to say? I'm—I'm—you got me crazy. I—"

"Do you want to do the right thing by this girl? If you're sure that—that—"

"The right thing? The right thing? I'll tell you. Sure, I'll tell you. I'm married to her. Do you hear me? I'm married to her. I'm married to her, long ago. Now go on, do something to me. I stood all of it I'm gonna stand. I'm gonna hunt for her, and I'm gonna find her, and I'm gonna take care of her. Now, what do you think of that? I'll get along, somehow. I ain't gonna have that girl all alone by herself. I love that girl. See?"

And then Emil had hysterics all over the Burkhardt butcher shop.

"It ain't necessary for you to go away, Emil," said his father, who seemed, himself, to be much upset. "This—this lady tells me your—your wife is—is all right. She's a good girl, the lady says. Maybe I was wrong. Anyhow, we could all make mistakes. Myself, I'd like to hear anybody say a word about your wife, from now on. If she's your wife, she's your wife. What's done is done; we forget that. And—and, Emil, we got a little surprise for you. Your wife, she's won the Irish Sweepstakes. Nineteen thousand dollars, she's got. That what you said, lady?"

"That's what I said," said Ella. "Nineteen thousand dollars."

So he's truly married to her, she was thinking. That made it worse. Worse, not better. A man to leave his own wife, his child. Oh, well, he was young, he was very young. You could make an awful fool of yourself, when you were young.

SHE didn't go back to Moline with Emil. Instead she sent a registered letter by special delivery to Mrs. Annie Collins Burkhardt. Enclosed in it was a little ticket, and an affidavit, executed before a notary, to the effect that she, Ella Bingham, was transferring this ticket, which was worth four thousand pounds, to the said Annie Collins Burkhardt for good and valuable presents thereby acknowledged. She wasn't a lawyer's daughter for nothing, and the notary helped her.

Then Ella went on to the city of Chicago where she had things to do.

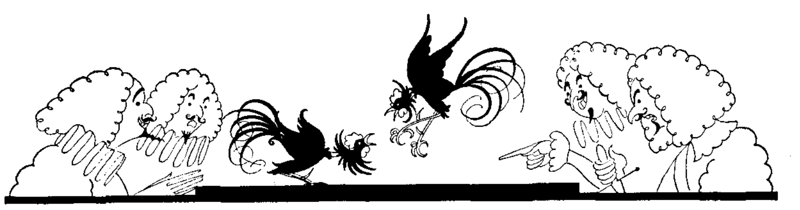
At the travel bureau where she made discreet and shamefaced inquiry they said no, they didn't do anything like that, but there was an office in New York that would. They gave her the address and she communicated with them. For a consideration, they agreed to mail postal cards for her from the garden spots of Europe back to the folks at home.

She arranged this matter, and then she began to go to the Chicago Public Library, to read up on Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Rome, and all the places she had planned to see.

She didn't like Chicago. She didn't like skulking about under another name, afraid to see someone from home. She needn't have worried. Nobody ever did see her. She died there of pneumonia. Her heart was bad, the doctors said.

The postcards kept coming for months after her death. Lots of them came to the Burkhardts, nice, pretty ones, with pleasant, stilted messages written in her mincing hand. Her neighbors at home think it's very funny that she never remembers them any more, that they never hear from her. She always gave herself airs, they say.

They think she's still traveling in Europe. Perhaps she is, or listening to Victor Herbert's music.



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Several centuries ago in England and Wales, cock-fighting was the favorite amusement at wakes, church festivals and schools. Cocking-mains also took place regularly in churchyards and sometimes even inside the churches themselves.

A strange affliction of mankind is melanosis, a disease in which an excess of pigment causes various parts of the body to turn black. Two of the oddest cases on record are those of a man whose face was half black and half white and of a white woman who turned completely black at 21 years of age.

The New York Academy of Medicine has just completed a study of childbed mortality in New York City during 1930, 1931 and 1932, and has found that 1,343 or 65 per cent of the 2,041 deaths that occurred were preventable, having been caused by poor obstetrical work, inadequate hospital service or ignorance of the mother.

"Proof" on a whisky label represents alcoholic strength, the figure being just double the volume of alcohol. Hence 100 proof (considered standard) means that 50 per cent of the liquor is alcohol. Likewise 70 means 35 per cent and 120 means 60 per cent.

New phonograph records that run for three hours contain "talking novels" for the blind and for persons who would rather have a book read to them than read it themselves. Only two records are required for an entire average-length novel.—*By Dr. W. H. Niestrath, Santa Monica, California.*

The only highway in the world that runs up into the Arctic Circle is the recently completed Rovaniemi-Petsamo Road in Finland. It extends so far north, in fact, that it reaches a latitude 300 miles above Iceland.—*By A. O. Hurja, Oak Park, Illinois.*

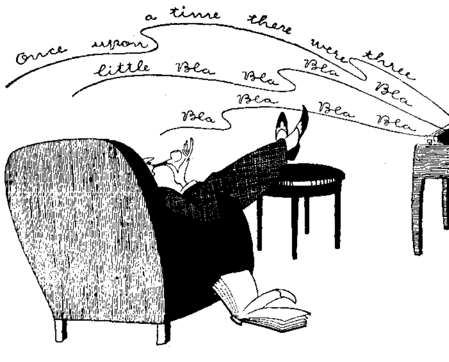
In various parts of the world today, including even the United States, members of certain religious groups are required to pass into a drugged state—by inhaling a stupefying incense or chewing a hypnotic plant—during religious ceremonies.

America now has a portable X-ray apparatus that operates from any light socket; Italy has an eight-cylinder outboard motor; and England has a fire-fighting device that extinguishes oil fires with water alone.

When movie war scenes are made in Hollywood, usually one man alone, working at a large electrical switchboard behind the camera, sets off all the mines and bombs planted throughout the "battlefield." In some scenes nearly three miles deep, he has had to use more than 400 miles of connecting wires.

Scientists have found 28 different species of bacteria which produce light of such intensity that cultures of them can be photographed in the dark.—*By Dr. C. W. Eisele, New Orleans, Louisiana.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.


Once upon a time there were three little Bla Bla Bla Bla Bla Bla Bla Bla

THAT'S THE MOST MARVELOUS LONG DISTANCE RECEPTION I EVER HEARD!
YOU SHOULD BUY YOUR RADIO THIS MORE ECONOMICAL WAY. WE SAVED ALMOST ½ -
30 DAYS FREE TRIAL
Write for Big FREE Catalog

AMAZING NEW

Super Deluxe 16-TUBE ALL-WAVE RADIO

9 TO 2,000 METERS
33 MEGOCYCLES TO 150 KC
WORLD-WIDE RECEPTION

$49.50 NEW LOW PRICE

WITH NEW DELUXE AUDITORIUM TYPE SPEAKER

BEFORE you buy any radio, write for big new FREE Midwest catalog . . . printed in four colors. It has helped thousands of satisfied customers save from ⅓ to ½ on their radios . . . by buying direct from the Midwest Laboratories. You, too, can make a positive saving of from 30% to 50% by buying a Midwest 16-Tube Deluxe ALL-WAVE radio at sensationally low direct-from-laboratory prices. They bring in broadcasts from stations 10,000 miles and more away . . . and give complete wave length coverage of 9 to 2,000 meters (33 megocycles to 150 KC). These bigger, better, more powerful, clearer toned super-selective radios have FIVE distinct wave bands: Ultra-short, short, medium, broadcast and long . . . putting the whole world of radio at your finger tips. Now, listen in on all U.S. programs . . . Canadian, police, amateur, commercial, airplane, and ship broadcasts . . . and finest foreign programs.

30 Days FREE Trial

Try this Midwest radio for 30 days before you decide. New four-color catalog pictures a complete line of beautiful, artistic consoles and chassis. See for yourself the 40 new 1934 features that insure amazing performance. These features include: Automatic Select-O-Band, Amplified Automatic Volume Control, 16 New-Type Tubes, Balanced Unit Superheterodyne Circuit, Automatic Tone Compensation, 29 Tuned Circuits, 7 KC Selectivity, Auditorium-Type Speaker, etc. These and many additional features are usually found only in sets selling from $100 to $150.

Wonderful Foreign Reception

Newberry, S. C.—My Midwest-16 is the finest radio I ever heard. I have tuned in "everything" in United States, Canada and Mexico. Have picked up stations in South America, England, France, Spain, Germany, Italy.

Wilbur Long, Jr., 746 Pope St.

DEAL DIRECT WITH LABORATORIES..

Increasing costs are sure to result in higher radio prices soon. Buy before the big advance . . . NOW! . . . while you can take advantage of Midwest's amazingly low prices. No middlemen's profits to pay. You save from 30% to 50% when you buy direct from Midwest Laboratories . . . you get 30 days FREE trial . . . . as little as $5 down puts a Midwest radio in your home. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back!

SAVE UP TO 50%

FREE 4-COLOR CATALOG

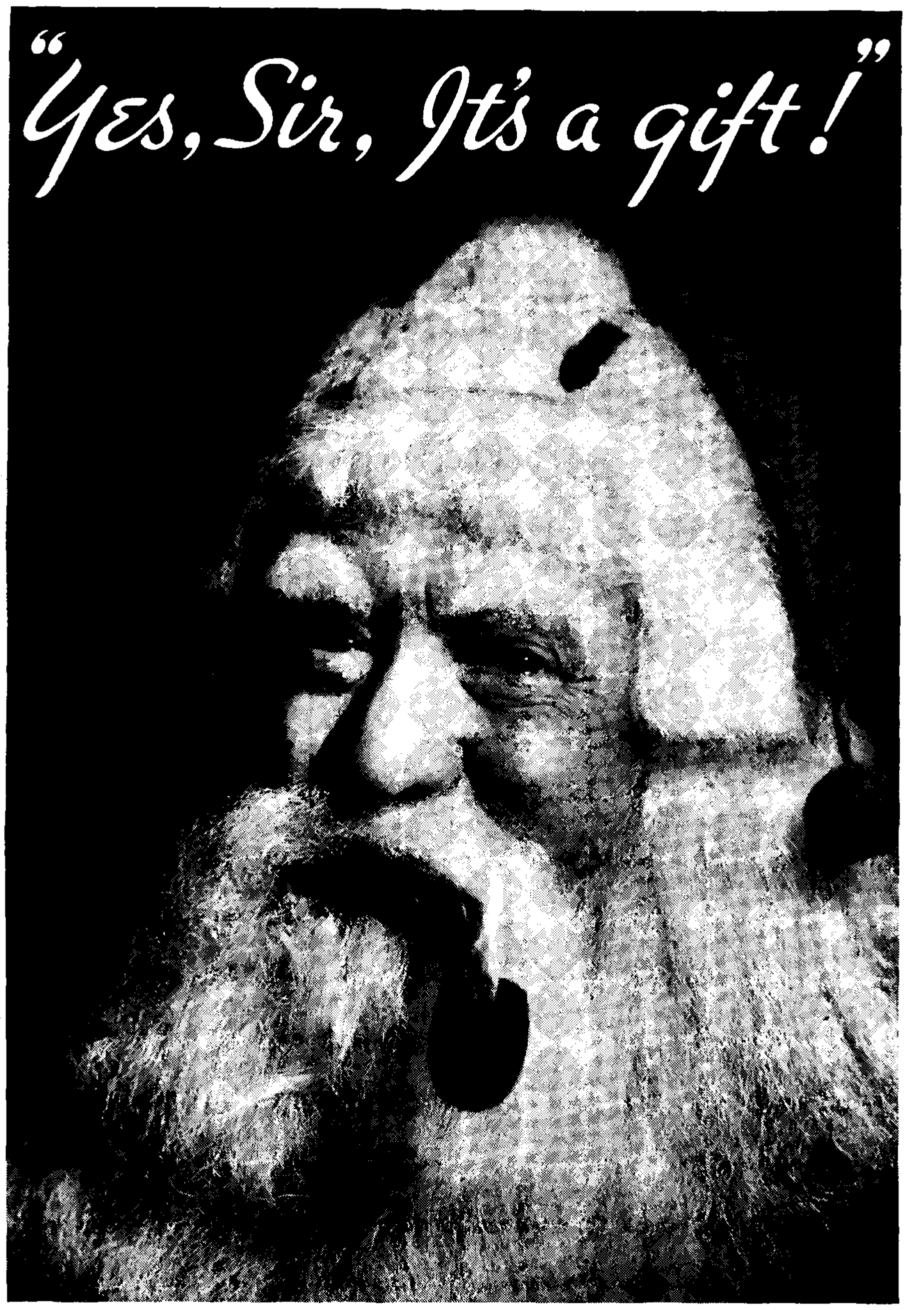
Midwest Radio Corp., (Est. 1920)
Dept. 410, Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A.
Cable Address: MIRACO, ABC, 5th Edition

Rush This Coupon for Amazing 30-Day Trial Offer... and... New 1934 Catalog

MIDWEST RADIO CORP.
Dept. 410
Cincinnati, Ohio.
Without obligation on my part send me your new FREE 1934 catalog, and complete details of your liberal 30-day FREE trial offer. This is NOT an order.

AGENTS! Make Easy Extra Money.
Check Here for Details ☐

Name..............................
Address..............................
City.............................. **State**..............................

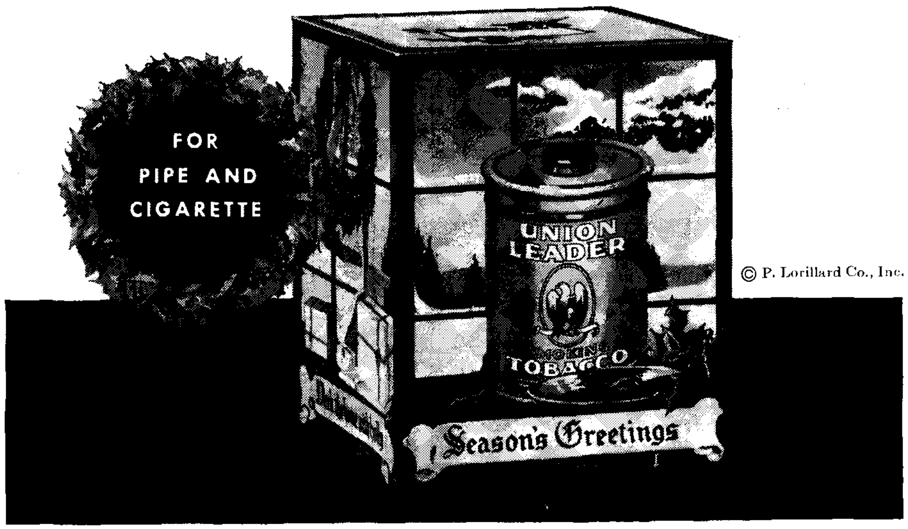


"Yes, Sir, It's a gift!"

When *he* opens up that big red Christmas Humidor of Union Leader, and samples his first pipe load, be prepared for this . . . "Ummh! that's real smokin'. Must've set you back plenty! How do you do it?"

At this point don't *you* be tempted! Don't tell *him* that the entire package, the full Humidor of Kentucky's richest old Burley, in special Christmas wrapping, costs less than many other tobaccos not half so good.

Keep the secret! Simply say, *"It's a gift!"*



© P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

UNION LEADER
THE NATIONAL SMOKE

Staged in Moscow

Continued from page 22

which no first-rate play, from The Trojan Woman to The Front Page, was ever written.

And although Stalin himself has called the heresy sniffers to heel so that such lovely and gently rueful old plays as The Cherry Orchard are being acted once more without any interference from the witch-burners—acted, mind you, before keen, ravenously attentive audiences, but audiences so drawn in this transition period from two régimes that you will find the young people laughing a little patronizingly at scenes which move their elders to tears—although, I say, these hungry theaters have access to the classics, I must remind you that even the classics can be twisted to serve the purposes of the new idea.

Way Down Southski

Not all of them need much twisting. Uncle Tom's Cabin, for instance, does pretty well as it is. The most fanatical Marxist could scarcely ask a more satisfying picture of private property at its foulest. I saw it in Moscow one afternoon at a matinée when all the children from one of the schools were turned loose in the theater. They enjoyed it no end, and were simply delighted (as I was) when Legree was slain in time for the final curtain.

There were some changes even in Uncle Tom. For reasons which still escape me, Little Eva, as a character, was replaced by a warm-hearted and buxom young woman named Dora, who brought to the part the most pleasing underpinnings I saw in Russia. But George and Eliza, Tom himself, a character named Tawpsee—you remember Tawpsee, who just grow'd—and even the bloodhounds, were much as I had always known them. When Legree said there was no more sense in educating a nigger than in putting a corset on a pig, and the audience laughed in pleased proletarian scorn of such capitalistic goings-on, I did suspect that there had been some recent retouching of the manuscript.

But you might think of Hamlet as less nourishing to such special prejudices. That would certainly be true of Hamlet as we may guess that Shakespeare himself imagined it, and true also of Hamlet as most of us have seen it acted. But the author of any living play always has two incalculable and ever-changing collaborators—the acting company and the audience—and over his dead body (as you might say), without actually altering a word, they can so rewrite his tragedy that he himself would never recognize it.

Once an Old Meany of the press, in his comment on some actor's début as the melancholy one, said that scholars should have kept watch beside the graves of Shakespeare and Bacon the night before to see which one of them turned over. On the night when Hamlet was first presented at the Vakhtangoff Theater, I think the author must have done more than merely turn over. He must have spun in his grave like a top.

My own reactions to it were less violent. Wedged into the keen, threadbare, turbulent horde from the particular boot factory which had reserved the theater for that evening, I was both engrossed and profoundly impressed by this Muscovite Hamlet, with its astounding distances, with its great sweep of masonry and with its lovely pageantry of costume. I never saw it bettered as a sheer festival for the eye.

Even though it was a Hamlet in which the "sweet prince" was presented as a burly rascal scheming to supplant his uncle, and in which the fair Ophelia (not only fair, if you ask me) emerged as a pliant hussy whose potentialities for mischief were brought to an abrupt end when she got drunk and fell in the brook, it seemed to me a stimulating and beautiful thing. But not—by a mile—as stimulating and beautiful as the play Will Shakespeare wrote.

Of course it is only one director's notion of how that text might be distorted to adjust it to the Marxist ideology, if I may fall for a moment into the horrid lingo of sociological debate. When Akimoff proudly presented his effort in Moscow, the critics, with a freedom their little American brothers do not invariably enjoy, all fell upon it with a single descriptive term. I do not happen to know the Russian word for "lousy" (I have reason to believe they must have one), but whatever it is, the critics resorted to it.

Akimoff, the Belasco of the Vakhtangoff, started out with a simple premise: Since Hamlet is a play of court intrigue with all its leading characters either royal or the hangers-on of royalty, they must all have been mean swine without a single creditable motive in the lot. Not only was Claudius a villain, having slain his brother to get the throne, but even young Hamlet could have been no great shakes. You see, he was no member of the proletariat, no son of a worker, but, by the inevitable corruption of his upbringing, a parasite like the rest of them and, in the exposure of his father's murderer, probably inspired, if the truth were known, by no loftier motive than an unvoiced desire to get the throne for himself.

With that somewhat partisan premise as a starter, Akimoff rings a hundred changes on the resentful old classic. I must content myself with mentioning two of them. I could tell you how he transforms the ghost into a little spoilsport device of Hamlet's for starting the ball rolling against the king. I could irritate you with an account of the care he takes to cast Hamlet as a prince who really was "fat and short of breath" and burdened with "too, too solid flesh." I could numb you with the pedantry of his reasons for splitting the "To be or not to be" soliloquy into a dialogue with Horatio and ascribing part of it to Erasmus. But I promise to limit myself to two scenes.

Shakespeare à la Russe

In one of the first colloquies of the guilty couple, it is Akimoff's notion to have the queen watch while the king poses for his portrait—poses resplendent and awe-inspiring on a platform in a great golden robe of state, with retainers propping him up and easing with their hands the heavy burden of his crown and ball and scepter. Then at a point in the dialogue when the king grows restive, he wriggles out of his costume and leaves all his panoply standing there, a hollow shell, while he himself is suddenly revealed for the poor little spindle-shanked thing he really is. "You see, you see," the play seems to say, "kings were ever thus. What fools men were to grovel before them!" Art under the Soviets is disposed to be thus sententious.

Then please follow Akimoff for a moment in his reasons for having Ophelia drowned while in her cups. The argument runs something like this: When Hamlet was written, madness was considered pretty comical. Just as the Duchess of Milan used to keep a few hunchbacks around the house because she thought them amusing spectacles, so she also kept mentally misshapen creatures on her staff because it was the fad of that age to think them funny, too. And when Elizabeth was queen of England, it was the style for the court gallants to drive out to Bedlam of a pleasant Sunday afternoon to have a good laugh at the lunatics. Therefore, says Akimoff, to the groundlings and to the fancy folk of the first audience that ever attended Hamlet, Ophelia's mad scene must have been played for its comedy values.

To preserve those values, a twentieth-century audience would need some equivalent. Perhaps the sight of Ophelia with her wits bemused by a swig of vodka would do the trick. No sooner said than done. Well, that, I believe, is the argument. And there is only one thing the matter with it: it overlooks the fact that the author of Hamlet was a timeless being, unbound by the limitations of his contemporaries. To them the poor, crazed Ophelia may have been a real good joke. But she was no joke to Shakespeare.

Playing a System

Plunged in meditation on the way back to my hotel I suddenly recalled an old crony of my salad days with whom I used to engage in nightly jousts at an insidious game called Poker Patience. In these contests, which were conducted for a modest sum, we ran neck and neck for several weeks, until once in the middle of a restless night there popped into my opponent's head a scheme for playing the game in such a way that he would infallibly beat me. Thereafter he lost steadily, attributing each defeat to capricious mischance, and not discovering the factor he had overlooked in his calculations, not discovering the mathematical hole in his scheme, until, I am happy to say, I was several hundred dollars ahead.

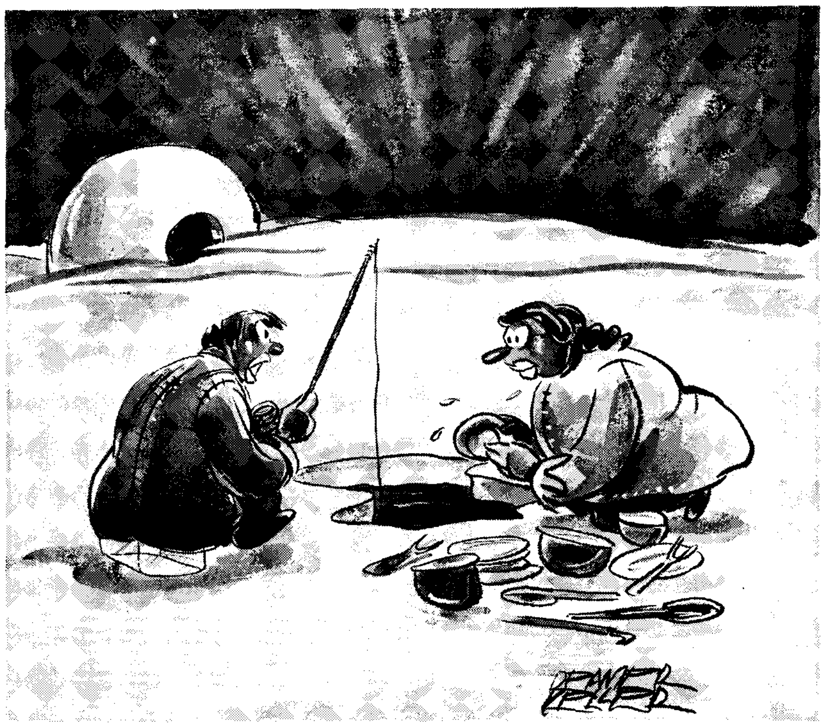
You see, he was playing a system in his gambling with the lords of chance, and there is a high, alarming cliff at Monte Carlo which is proverbially the place for the last despairing leap of those who do just that and then find out that their little scheme was not watertight after all.

It was Akimoff's direction of Ophelia's mad scene which made me recognize him as a man who was playing a system—and not him alone, but all these Kremlinites who, with the grim relentlessness of Calvinists, still have a great milling multitude in thrall. I suppose we are all holding our breath until we find out if there is a hole in their system too, holding our breath with some prayerful anxiety, mind you, because, for weal or woe, the outcome concerns us all. The least we can say is that the helpless Russians are the guinea pigs of a great scientific experiment, and whether we are to profit from it by positive or negative example, whether the remedy discovered by those doctors be a deadly poison or another insulin is the question to which only children yet unborn will really know the answer.

It takes Moscow to send a playgoer away from the theater thinking just like an editorial in The New Republic. I confess a faint relief when, in Leningrad, I found at least one entertainment that was not fraught with any significance whatever. In this respect, you cannot trust even the music halls. At the Music Hall in Moscow, the brilliant extravaganza I witnessed did more than trample on the Christian faith. It executed a war dance on the Christian faith. But there was at least one show I saw without so much as a single implication. That was the circus.

Its clowns and its acrobats and its animals speak a language that gives the interpreter a night off. In all its tricks and its manner it recognizes no frontier, and has not yet heard about the twentieth century. I could describe the one in Leningrad without changing a word by just cribbing Huckleberry Finn's own account of the one he attended down the Mississippi long ago.

Afterward I told the comrade in charge of all such light-minded entertainment in Soviet Russia that there were really three great internationals—the Commintern, the Church of Rome and the circus. I dropped my idle remark in his office. At my grouping of his humble province in such imposing company, he started to laugh with sheer pleasure and then, apparently because there were several people listening and little pitchers have big ears, he hastily disassociated himself from such levity and recalled his chuckle in mid-air.

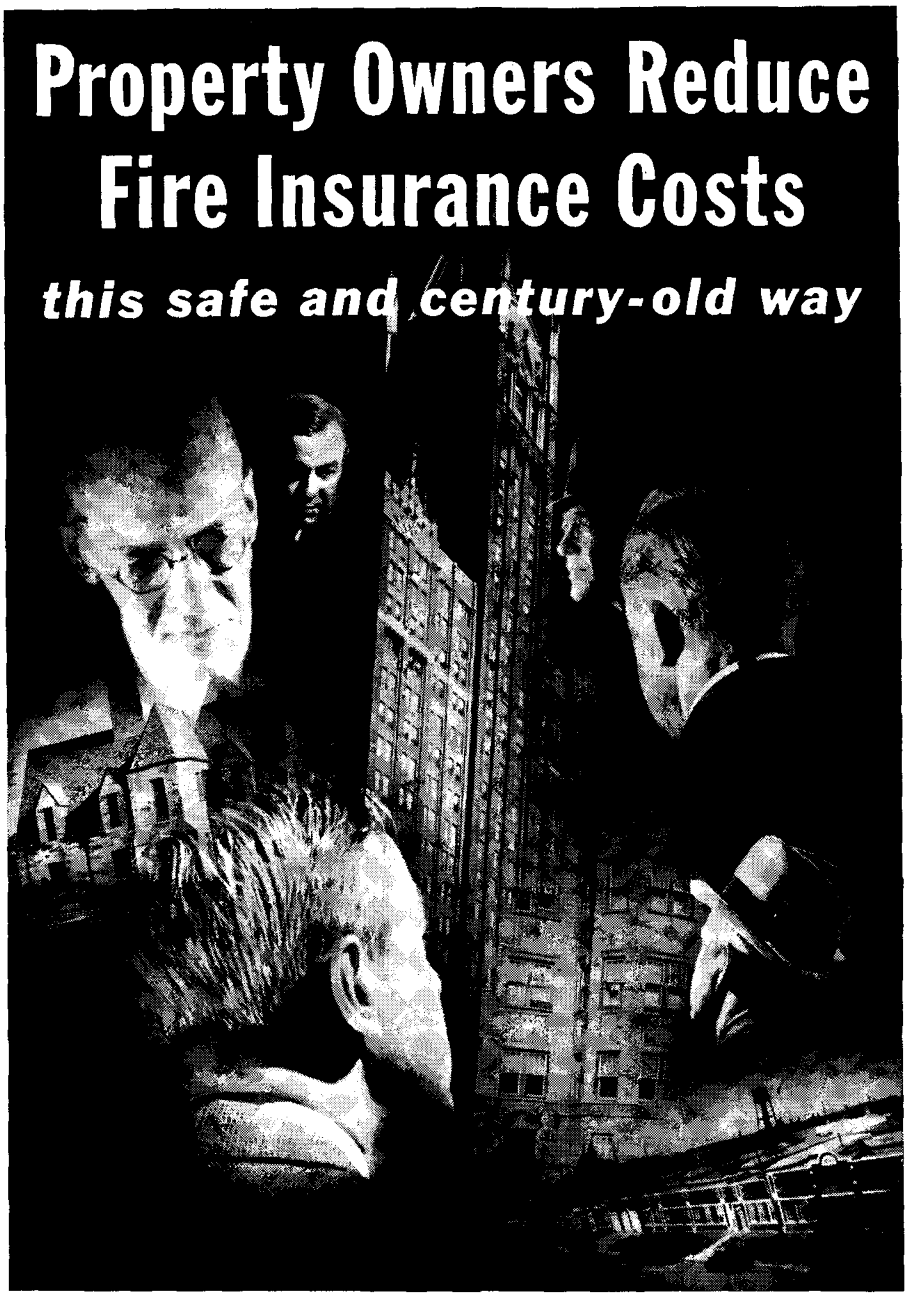


"How 'bout doin' your dishes some place else? I'm tryin' to fish!"

Reamer Keller

Property Owners Reduce Fire Insurance Costs

this safe and century-old way



SOUND protection—reduced cost. That's a combination to appeal to any property owner. Strong, legal reserve *mutual* companies offer exactly that.

Mutual policyholders include thousands of the most experienced property owners and managers. Over 40 billion dollars worth of property is protected against fire under *mutual* policies. The *mutual* plan of insurance, older than any other—differing in certain aspects from all others—is stronger today than at any time in its 180-year history.

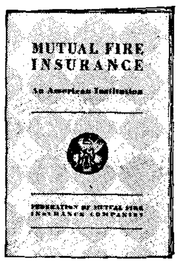
Through selecting risks carefully—through helping owners avoid fire—mutual companies have been able, year after year, to save a considerable part of the premium and have returned these savings to the policyholders.

The 73 members of the Federation of Mutual Fire Insurance Companies have returned over $125,000,000 since 1922. These companies, established leaders, with an average age of 50 years, offer the utmost in protection and service. A list of Federation companies will be sent on request with no obligation of any kind. Also, if you are interested, an explanation of how these companies have saved for their policyholders—what, exactly, they offer to you. Write today for this helpful information. Use the request blank below.

This Seal identifies a member company of The Federation of Mutual Fire Insurance Companies and the American Mutual Alliance.

MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE

An American Institution



WRITE FOR THIS BOOKLET

C-D

Federation of Mutual Fire Insurance Companies,
230 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Gentlemen: Kindly send me a list of Federation companies—also a full explanation of the operation and benefits of *mutual* fire insurance.

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

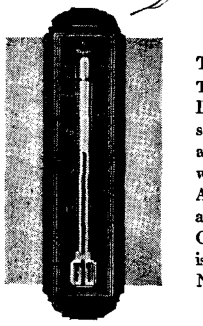
THE MUTUAL PLAN HAS OPERATED SUCCESSFULLY FOR 180 YEARS

Gifts

that speak for themselves

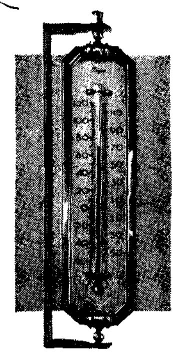
HERE are just a few of the out-of-the-ordinary gifts your Taylor dealer is now showing. There are Taylor weather and temperature gifts to please every member of the family at prices from $1 to $50. But remember that such gifts, unless accurate, are useless. The name Taylor is your guarantee of accuracy and full value. It is worth looking for and insisting upon.

I'M GOOD LOOKING IN ANYBODY'S ROOM



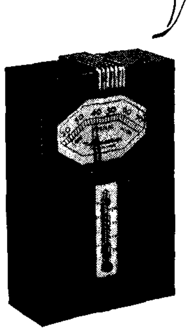
This **TAYLOR WALL THERMOMETER** De Luxe model in modern style—ornamental, as well as useful. It's 7 inches long, with red Permacolor tube. A help in avoiding colds, and a fine Christmas gift. Choice of 3 two-tone finishes—blue, brown or red. No. 5107. Price $2.00.

I TELL YOU HOW TO DRESS



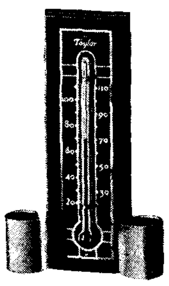
The **TAYLOR WINDOW THERMOMETER** tells what the temperature is outside—before you go out. Its adjustable chrome bracket and frame are weather resisting. Black figures on white enamel scale: red Permacolor tube. A useful gift all year. No. 5300. Price $3.50.

I TELL YOU WHEN THE AIR IS TOO DRY FOR HEALTH



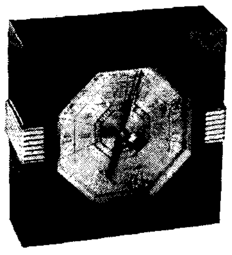
Here's a gift that will be treasured in any home. It's the **TAYLOR HUMIDIGUIDE**—for health and comfort. Tells when the atmosphere is too dry. Shows temperature, too. Hampton model No. 5538, ebony finished case, 6 inches by 4 inches, with chrome highlights. Price $5.00.

SOMEBODY NEEDS ME ON HIS DESK



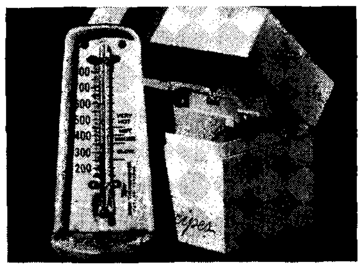
TAYLOR STANDING THERMOMETER. Just the thing. Give him this useful thermometer to ornament his desk. It's 5 inches high, satin black finish, blue lacquered scale, with white metal trim, scroll base, indoor temperature range, red Permacolor tube. No. 5358. Price $1.75.

I TELL WHAT THE WEATHER IS GOING TO BE



Snow, blow, freeze, or thaw? **TAYLOR STORMOGUIDE** tells in advance. A useful gift. Satin black, chrome trim, 5 inches x 5 inches. No. 2257. $10.00.

I'LL IMPROVE YOUR BAKING



TAYLOR HOME BAKE OVEN THERMOMETER. Glazed pottery base. Six-inch scale; range 200 to 700 degrees. Free card index file. No. 5928. Price $2.

SHOP WISELY... when you buy weather and temperature gifts. Ask yourself "Is it accurate?" Look for the name Taylor; it's your *guarantee* of accuracy! Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester, N. Y., and Toronto, Canada.

Taylor INSTRUMENTS

IN INDUSTRY, other types for indicating, recording and controlling temperature, pressure and humidity.

Champs and Chumps

Continued from page 28

knew it until I observed a sudden decline in his fighting fitness just at the end of a training bout. He'd go out and come back fagged and beaten. The trick was that opposition managers would watch for him to be out somewhere with his wife, plant a pair of toughs to flirt with her. The boxer flew at them—and they were ready with brass knuckles.

He took lacing after lacing outside the ring. Once he actually quit a fight cold in the third round because the manager of the other fighter had framed it for my man's wife to be escorted to the fight by another chap. She was entirely innocent; he had telephoned the wife that her husband wanted her to meet a ring acquaintance of his to take her to the fight.

There he was, putting up a stiff battle, when in the middle of the third round he saw his wife and this other chap stalking down the aisle for their seats. He literally dived out of the ring—he lost the decision and finally lost his wife because his jealous fits made things unbearable.

There's some woman back of every fighter in the ring, either fighting for him or with him.

The fiercest fighter of them all, Jack Dempsey, had a heart as wide and soft as a custard pie when it came to susceptibility to girls. Jack was always a loyal chap.

The first thing Dempsey thought of when he got his end of the purse for beating Willard in Toledo in 1919—that end was $15,000, no more, no less—was to buy a home for his parents. Jack thought $15,000 was all the money in the world and actually hopped a train from Chicago for Salt Lake to live in luxury, as he thought, for the rest of his life. Three meals a day was luxury to Jack compared with his early hoboing.

We yanked him back to Chicago and poked a contract before him for $10,000 a week for vaudeville. That's the nearest Dempsey ever came to being knocked out by shock.

When Dempsey Saved the Day

In the ring or out, there's always ready work for honest hands to do. The two toughest spots Dempsey ever put us in was against Bill Brennan and Georges Carpentier.

Kearns and I sat in Dempsey's corner watching tough old Bill Brennan pound him round after round. The champion had been well trained—perhaps a little finely drawn. Maybe the trouble was that he had caught Bill Brennan when Bill had the one big day that comes to every first-rate fighter. Anyhow, by the time that bout had gone ten of the fifteen rounds, Dempsey was badly licked—and Brennan was as tough as ever. The sports writers were in consternation. Everybody had picked the champion to get by, by a wide margin—and here he was being staggered by blows. Remember, he had previously knocked Brennan out in Milwaukee with a blow so hard that it broke Brennan's ankle.

We decided to stake everything on the eleventh round.

"Go in and slug or be slugged," we told Jack.

"I'm boxing him dizzy," Dempsey said.

"Boxing!" yelled Kearns. "You're a good-enough catcher tonight for any big league. You're ex-champ unless you win by a knockout."

Dempsey started from his stool. He looked scared. It was the first time we had ever told him in his corner that he was licked. Kearns yanked him back and we made him swallow a shot of rye.

"Keep that right hand high," I shouted to him—and he did. Brennan, sensing victory and the prize of the title, went out to cover up and coast. That was his blunder. Dempsey weaved him about the ring for two minutes, then suddenly cut loose with a Fitzsimmons left to Brennan's middle. Brennan slugged back. Dempsey was reckless. He shot one more, two, three, to the stomach, a right chop to the chin as Brennan sagged, then a vicious rabbit punch to the back of the neck that knocked Brennan into a coma.

There were roars that the punch was foul. Technically it was; but it saved the title for Dempsey.

A Champ Who Couldn't Stall

If ever the outcome of a fight was certain it was the Battle of the Century between Carpentier and Dempsey.

THE ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL TEAM

selected by

GRANTLAND RICE

and the All-America Advisory Board will appear in Collier's for December 30

Dempsey and Kearns and I were the guests of General Heppenheimer in Jersey City the night before the battle at Boyle's Thirty Acres. Dempsey was sore at the war-slacker label stuck on him and just as sore at the war-hero label adorning Carpentier. He was so very sore that he swore he'd knock the Frenchman bowlegged with the first punch. Kearns went out and offered to bet $30,000 that the fight wouldn't go more than a round. That started a whirlwind of betting, which reached the ears of the powerful politicians in Jersey.

Just before the fight they sent for us.

"See here," said one of them and the others grimly backed him up. "All the world's in this big bowl and they're entitled to a show. There's going to be no one-round finish. Understand?"

The fight started. Dempsey, always a fast starter, looked clumsy because he was trying to lay off the Frenchman. He rapped Carpentier's ribs a few times and jabbed his jaw. At the end of the round he took his stool and said:

"Georges can't fight. I won't be able to carry him."

The second round came. Carpentier sensed that Dempsey was taking it easy. The Frenchman was clever. Dempsey was a poor actor. He couldn't fool skillfully. He left himself wide open and

Georges shot a beautiful overhand right that sent Dempsey back on his heels. Jack's eyes flashed and I figured it was curtains for the Frenchman. But Dempsey held himself.

"Listen," said Kearns, at the end of that round. "Don't let him get away with that, Jack. Take him."

But in the third round Dempsey stalled again. Carpentier tried another savage right-hander that whistled by Jack's chin. The round ended.

"See here," said Kearns to Dempsey in the corner. "If you don't stop fooling and take him in this round I'll go in there myself."

A left smash to the button settled M. Georges.

After the brawl was over we met at the Belmont Hotel to split up three hundred thousand dollars in cash. That was Dempsey's end of the purse. He and Kearns split fifty-fifty and I got my cut from Kearns.

Ringdom's Greatest Battle

The Doc—that's Kearns—said to Dempsey:

"I'm thirty thousand out because you didn't finish him in the first round."

Jack wasn't in the least fazed.

"And what do you think I'm out?" he retorted. "Here you specify three hundred thousand dollars for our end and Rickard says okay, when if we'd fought for fifty per cent of the gate it would have been six hundred thousand. Don't kid me about your piker bets."

And this was the boxer who just two years before thought his end of $15,000 for the Willard fight was all the money outside the U. S. Treasury.

I think it was from that moment that Dempsey began to believe that he could manage himself as well as Kearns was doing the job. When articles were signed for the Firpo fight Dempsey insisted on percentage and got it. My special task was to watch Dempsey's physical fitness first, and his private affairs second. He trained faithfully for the Firpo affair because he never underestimated the behemoth from the Argentine. Dempsey was physically at his peak the night he stepped into the ring with Firpo. Lucky for him. Unless he had been absolutely at his finest he could never have withstood Firpo's right-hand smash to the chin that sent him reeling through the ropes.

If that bout had been held in England, Firpo would have been champion. Dempsey was actually out of the ring. Johnny Gallagher, the referee, should have begun his knock-down count the instant Dempsey left the ring. Grantland Rice, on whom Dempsey fell outside the ring, helped push Dempsey back. In England that would have brought the champion's instant disqualification. Gallagher was confused. Kearns and I yelled at him not to count. He didn't. Nobody knows how many seconds elapsed from the instant the Firpo blow was struck until Dempsey regained his feet and fought back. The ball park was in furious uproar. When Jack was back in the ring we shrieked at Gallagher to stand in front of Firpo till Dempsey got his bearings. Gallagher obliged.

It's history how Dempsey quickly recovered and cut Firpo down with five savage jolts to the wind. But if ever luck saved a champion's title, it did that night.

Poor Johnny Gallagher was made the scapegoat of this accidental drama, precipitated by the unexpected Firpo blow. Newspaper men swore that Gallagher had been "fixed," and the Commission apparently believed this, for they never gave Gallagher another assignment. If Gallagher was fixed, somebody else fixed him. We didn't. My own idea is that the surprise of seeing Dempsey knocked out of the ring bewildered Gallagher. He lost his wits and in the panic did exactly what Kearns and I, concentrating on him, told him to do. That bout enriched Dempsey and Firpo; but Johnny Gallagher lost his reputation through it.

Although my official parting with Jack Dempsey came three years later, Kearns and I saw the champion on his way out from us at Shelby, Montana, where we went to fight Tom Gibbons.

I wanted Kearns to drop Dempsey. I saw Jack had passed his peak. I had found a man who could lick Dempsey any time he stepped into a ring. He was Harry Greb.

Greb had been a fighter for me when I had charge of the U. S. Navy boxers in the inter-allied contests in London after the Armistice. Greb hadn't done so well over in London because he trained principally on ale. But when he got back home he soon smashed his way to the middleweight championship. I persuaded him to come out West and be a sparring partner for Dempsey. And Greb opened my eyes. He'd go ten and fifteen rounds any day, every day, with Dempsey, and Dempsey couldn't lay a glove on him. Greb had only one eye—the left—although very few knew about his handicap until he died on an operating table having his sound eye treated.

My idea, after being convinced that Greb could beat Dempsey as decisively as he had beaten Tunney, was to buy Greb's contract and challenge Dempsey. But Kearns would have none of it. Greb, in my presence, even, offered to box Dempsey—as Tom Gibbons did—for nothing. Dempsey would have none of it.

Soon after this we came to the parting of the ways—both exits, Dempsey's and mine, hastened by his new wife, Miss Taylor, who never liked Kearns or me.

Without Dempsey we had to get another big name; we did—Mickey Walker. Here was the gamest fighter in the ring, a young man of amazing physical endurance, who had fought his way through to the welterweight, middleweight and light-heavy championships. Kearns and I figured we could put Mickey onto the big throne. It might have been done if Mickey hadn't liked playing around too much. Also his domestic life wasn't tranquil. He was in and out of the courts as much as he was in and out of the ring.

Pre-Battle Psychology

But how he could—and can—fight. The first bout I piloted him in was against Greb—Walker, the welterweight champion, fighting Greb, the middleweight champion. If you were one of many thousands of wild-eyed fans assembled in the Yankee Stadium that night, you may remember with what impatience you waited twenty-five minutes before the Greb-Walker go. Mickey and I were making a little sightseeing tour because I'd learned enough about Greb to know that waiting made him furious. He'd been dressed for the ring and biting his nails for fifteen minutes before we entered the park.

Mickey was ready in ten minutes and when the bell rang Greb tried to annihilate him with a punch. His temper blew and Mickey was able to battle him through to a draw.

That was the first fight I handled for Walker. There have been dozens since, and not one of them without the excitement that always surrounds Walker. The hottest night I ever put in around any ring was at one of those unimportant fights that Walker wouldn't deign to train for. This was in Louisville on the eve of the famous Kentucky Derby. We needed some spare change to

(Continued on page 50)

For Christmas

Give Him

Interwoven Socks in this handsome Christmas Gift Box.

Every man knows the superiority of Interwoven . . . they're the best looking . . . best fitting . . . the most durable Socks made.

Every pair is knit with wonderful wear-resisting toes and heels . . . a special patented construction that makes Interwoven famous the world over.

You have hundreds of original and most attractive styles to choose from in Silks . . . Lisles . . . Lisle-lined Wools.

Colony Clocks . . . Vertical Stripes . . . Genuine 6 x 3 English Ribs . . . neat Spaced Figures . . . in warm rich colorings.

Get Him Interwoven Socks
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

By the Largest Manufacturer of Men's Socks

Give him golf luggage he'll be proud of.. always..

be sure it has the Slide Fastener that gives permanent satisfaction

ITS CORRECT NAME IS TALON

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The slide fastener is one of the most important items to check when buying golf bags. Talon is the safe slide fastener that always works. Found only on the finest of golf bags, use the name Talon as a guide for your money's worth.

● **Breathes there a golfer... who doesn't crave a new bag? We doubt it!**

And because the chances are he hasn't bought one himself during the past few years... you'll find no gift that will give him greater pleasure.

And to make sure it's the kind of golf luggage he'll use proudly for months to come, get the kind that has genuine Talon fasteners. Because there are just enough inferior slide fasteners on the market... you must be sure to insist that the golf luggage you buy has the genuine Talon Slide Fastener.

HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY, MEADVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA • NEW YORK • BOSTON
CHICAGO • PHILADELPHIA • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO • SEATTLE

(Continued from page 49)

finance a trip to Mexico, so Kearns thought it could be picked up by having Mickey fight a second-rater. The Louisville promoters offered $7,500 for a ten-round bout. This was way below Mickey's price, but we took it for easy money and signed for the bout.

Mickey's opponent was to be a Pole named Swiderski—a tough boy, but I figured he was made to order for Mickey.

Mickey thought so, too. He didn't take the bout seriously. He played around. With the result that when I got to Louisville I found Mickey very much out of condition. The fight was just two nights away. It was impossible to bring Mickey back into fighting shape. So I went to Swiderski and told him I'd pull the champ out of that fight because he looked so bad. Swiderski was big and a little bright. We reasoned together. He wanted the fight because there was a thousand or so in it for him and the prestige of boxing the champion. I agreed to go through with Walker in the ring if Swiderski wouldn't take advantage of Mickey's unpreparedness.

A Bad Night for Walker

We were all set. Kearns came into town for the bout. But there was difficulty. The armory wasn't filled, although almost every sports writer in the country was in on the cuff. The promoters complained they couldn't meet their $7,500 guarantee to Mickey Walker. They offered $5,000. We refused to take a cut. For an hour they argued with us, while the mob in the armory razzed promoters, fighters, everybody. A Kentucky boxing commissioner urged us, for the honor of the state, to accept the $5,000. We sparred for time, as Mickey was resting and improving minute by minute.

Finally we agreed to take the $5,000. But the rest hadn't been long enough for Mickey.

"That palooka we're fighting is clumsy but tough," Kearns said to me as the bout began.

He had barely stopped talking when Swiderski let one go at the champion's chin and down went Walker. The mob, sore at Walker because of their long wait, howled in delight at the picture of the champion on the floor. Walker struggled to his feet. Swiderski was on top of him. Down he went again. And again. Nothing like this had ever happened in a title fight since Dempsey whipped Willard.

"I thought you said it was in the bag!" Kearns barked at me. But I wasn't waiting. Walker was on the floor for the fifth drop when I sidled around to the timekeeper and smacked the bell, ending the round.

We rushed Mickey to his corner, dousing him with water and smelling salts. There was general uproar. Swiderski, in his corner, was straining for the second-round bell. It seemed to Kearns and me as if all Kentucky was in that arena yelling for Mickey to be killed.

Mickey stumbled out for the second round.

"Stall," I yelled at him. "Keep your right hand up and stall!"

He stalled—right into a haymaker from Swiderski. Down went the champion again. Without waiting for the count, I hurried around the ring to the timekeeper. Everybody was too excited to notice. Mickey struggled up, backpedaled and kept Swiderski away. But the champ was too groggy for sustained generalship. Swiderski crowded in, nailed him again, and down he went again. I slapped the timekeeper's bell. Kearns hopped into the ring. So did I.

We dragged Mickey to his corner while a row raged over the sudden ending of the round. The Boxing Commissioner roared that the timekeeper was wrong. The timekeeper roared back. One of our corner boys jumped up and grabbed the bell-hammer.

"Hold that bell up," roared the boxing commissioner, "so that everybody can see you hit it."

During all this Kearns and I stayed in the ring, dousing Mickey, while Swiderski's manager raved at the delay. We kept the act up for seven minutes, while Mickey rested. Then, seeing our stall succeed, Swiderski's manager lost his head. He dashed over to take a swing at me.

"Wait a minute, big boy," I said, grabbing his arms. "Your man agreed to go easy with Walker in bad shape. He's double-crossing."

"He did?" yelled the manager. "He didn't tell me about that!"

We shoved him back to reason with his fighter. He didn't need to. The seven-minute rest had brought Walker to his wits. He went into the third round—and only once for the remaining seven did we have to smack the time bell early to save Mickey.

"I went wild when I saw you on the floor and the title in my reach," Swiderski explained.

"You stayed wild too long," said Walker. "I'm going to take you into Newark and knock you cold."

Two months later Walker did exactly that.

I've never known a fighter quite like Mickey Walker for sheer—is the word permissible? — guts. Against Jack Sharkey he had a terrible load to carry, for Sharkey was a good, big man even though he had a big, loud voice. When we told Walker to cover up he waded in and kept on wading. Once I thought Sharkey would behead him with those sizzling left uppercuts. Mickey smiled on, gorily—and got what the better critics called a draw. He had a right to be killed in that fight, he was so reckless.

Against Max Schmeling he went through the toughest ordeal I've seen any modern boxer survive in the ring, and without a murmur. In training, Mickey had his right eye ripped. Schmeling spotted the scar early in the bout and peppered it with his left. It became a dangerous wound. With a scalpel in the corner we opened and cleansed it and built a dike of antiseptic vaseline under the eye. Schmeling reached that. Finally, the referee said he wouldn't let the bout continue. He thought Walker would be blinded. Mickey pushed him aside and waded in.

He fought so hard, and so futilely with the handicap of that damaged eye, that even Kearns and I—fairly hard-boiled chaps—couldn't let him go on. We made him quit. Walker would never have stopped until he'd been knocked senseless. That's the best tribute I can pay any fighter.

A Motorist's Dream Comes True

True, Mickey gave me woe as his handler. He got into a jam once with a filling-station helper that got us into the papers. Mickey clipped him; but the fellow asked for it. And once we were driving in Jersey when a truck-driver grazed our car and yelled an insult. They met—the driver and Mickey, in the middle of the road. The driver remained there until I told him that he had been hit by the middleweight champion, Mickey Walker. He got up, dusted off his overalls and ran after Mickey to shake his hand!

The big brawl of all that Walker was supposed to have mixed in made the most interesting and prolonged newspaper story. And it never happened. A butcher was supposed to have knocked Walker down in a street argument. When the newspapers rode

Mickey, I went out to Rumson, New Jersey, where this butcher was supposed to live. I met the butcher; but he'd never met Walker. A shrewd local gangster had planted the story of the mythical brawl with Walker and got this butcher boy a few armory fights on the strength of it. He challenged Walker, but before Mickey could get around to it some lesser light had sent the butcher back to his cleavers.

Mickey Walker will go down in ring annals as the most durable of modern champions. I hope he's not the last great boxer I'll ever handle; but I'm beginning to suspect he is. They don't produce his class any more. You didn't have to have many tricks with Mickey. He was a fighting man.

It wasn't to make a champion or to keep him that all the tricks of the trade I've acquired had to come into play. It was in that most hopeless and thankless of tasks—trying to bring back a has-been. True, he was the greatest has-been in recent ring history; but the result proved what all of us know—they can't come back.

Leonard Comes Back to the Wars

I saw Benny Leonard about eighteen months ago. He looked in fine physical shape. He was turning 35, and broke. Knowing what an amazing box-office card Leonard had always been since he dropped the Britisher Freddy Welsh for the lightweight title, I advised Benny sincerely that I thought he could partially restore his lost fortunes by returning to the ring.

He agreed, trained industriously for three months. Then I arranged for him to work out in the sticks—a test bout in Vermont. In Burlington they had a young welterweight who fancied himself. A clumsy kid—but a kid—and Leonard, according to ring standards, was an old man. Leonard was to fight at 150 pounds. I looked over this kid on the afternoon before the bout. He just looked too strong. Taking him to a feed store I put him on the scales. He weighed 153.

"You gotta make 147 ringside," I said. "That was the agreement."

His manager squawked.

"How can he take off that weight by ringside?" he bawled.

"I'll show him," I said.

Taking the kid to a Turkish bath, I put him through a stiff dehydrating—keeping the reducing process up until as nearly fight time as possible. I figured he'd left a good deal of his energy in that bath and that the veteran Leonard would be on more even terms.

The bell rang, Benny Leonard went into action; but that young novice was speed on feet. The reducing process had actually benefited him. At the end of the second round Leonard was puffing like a dyspeptic walrus. It would have been tragedy to have had the greatest lightweight of all time kayoed by an unknown. I worked the vaseline trick. This is to have a packing of white vaseline in a hip pocket to grease your man's ribs and arms and face as you send him from his stool, so that his opponent's blows skid off. We always did this with Dempsey.

Leonard went out and the blows slid from him, as his opponent was inexpert. But in the next round the other boy showed water beads on his skin. He had been greased, too. Between rounds, I took Leonard's gloves, and, apparently drying them, rolled them in a towel dusted with rosin. That gritted the gloves and made them stick when they hit. The trouble was they didn't hit often enough or hard enough. Through seven painful rounds, I tried every resource known to a handler, including feeding Benny stiff shots of whisky and strychnine. He came through to the last round.

"Be sure to lift your hand at the finish, Benny," I warned him.

The other kid had it by a wide margin; but when the bell rang Benny's hand went up—with a struggle; it was heavy. The homespun referee let it stay up—and the wires went out that Leonard had come back.

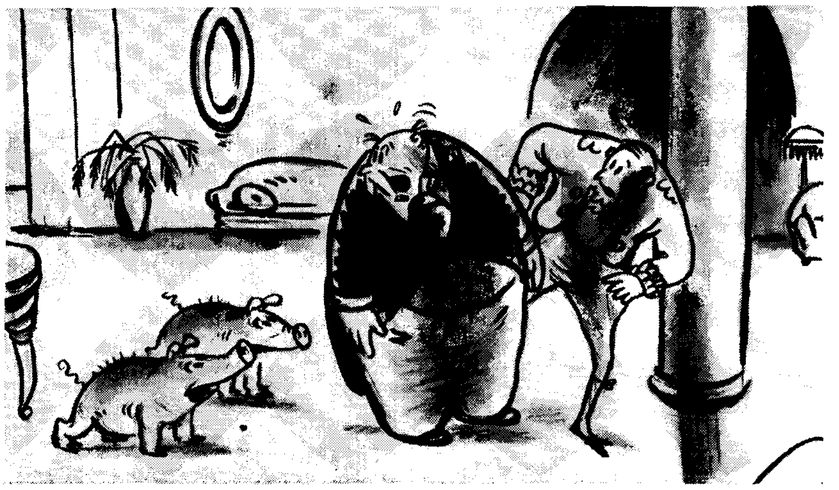
But there came a night in Madison Square Garden when we had built him up to face Jimmy McLarnin, the Vancouver vortex. I don't like to remember that one. Yet, in a way, I do, for if ever there was dogged grit shown by a man against insuperable odds, Leonard showed it that night.

We gave him stimulants, we sluiced and massaged him. We gave him first aid, second aid—every aid but the one that would help—we couldn't give him back his years.

He stood there, wise in every trick of the game, showing superb generalship in fooling the young and eager McLarnin. All right for a few rounds. I remember a hot July Fourth in Reno when Jim Jeffries did the same with Jack Johnson—for a while. Then Johnson smiled cruelly and stalked in and chopped him down.

McLarnin showed that same cruel, killer's smile. But he didn't stalk in and cut Leonard down. For the first time in my life I surrendered a champion. As McLarnin poised his right hand for a killing punch I tossed in a towel. That punch never fell. That towel carried a small fortune for Leonard and me as it dropped in that ring.

But in a career of twenty-five years in and around the ring, there are many things I should not have done that have been done. This is one of those I should have done, and did.



"I don't know! I just felt like hollerin' real loud, an' in they come!"

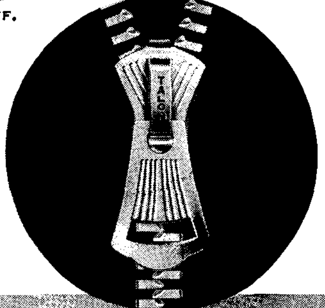
Frank Owen

Luggage is lighter and smarter when closed with *This Slide Fastener*

ITS CORRECT NAME IS

TALON

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Seldom is there offered such a single guide . . . as the Talon Fastener . . . to complete satisfaction in luggage gifts for men and women.

● This year, more than ever, Talon indicates beauty created by master craftsmen. There is a new Talon Fastener on luggage made specially for this application. It closes twice as easily against strain and is mounted on the strongest textile fabric ever made.

Because the Talon opens and closes with one easy pull . . . you are giving the most convenient type of luggage. Heavy frames and buckles are eliminated. The Talon is the lightest closing device obtainable in relation to the capacity of the luggage.

And more, because Talon Fasteners are also used on the inside of luggage, making possible organized interiors, things are found quickly.

Insist upon the genuine Talon for satisfaction in luggage when you buy!

HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY, MEADVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA • NEW YORK • BOSTON
CHICAGO • PHILADELPHIA • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO • SEATTLE

soothes like a Bedtime Story

PETER RABBIT

You sleep . . sleep . . sleep—soundly the whole night through. Millions who use Luden's have had this experience when coughs disturbed their rest.

Made just like a prescription, Luden's contain eleven medicinal ingredients . . . each one approved by the U. S. Pharmacopoeia. That's why Luden's give quickest cough relief.

GIVE QUICK RELIEF
LUDEN'S
Menthol
COUGH DROPS

LUDEN'S 5¢

Marriage for Revenue

Continued from page 9

Raglan's eyes flared. "I will not. Read our articles of partnership and permit me a cattish query: Take all that cash out of the business?"

"It wouldn't be taking it out," flashed Abbott with quick comprehension. "It isn't the same thing at all. What you'd give to Eleanor would be gone for good, while what I'd do would be merely to keep my funds in another form where I could get at them at the drop of the hat."

"That depends on how fast the hat drops," said Raglan. "Anyway, I won't do it."

ABBOTT, having a place to go, was not one to let grass grow under his feet; if there was a fence in the way he rode at it straight and hard. However, as regarded Mrs. Raglan, he knew he would have no trouble in locating her, having had occasion to call her up once or twice before. At the moment there was something else on his mind—something of more personal interest than staging a divorce for his partner. Although instinct warned him he ought to put it off until he went out at lunch time, the driving desire to get things done was too much for him. Besides, in the feverish market of that stormy epoch, half an hour's delay might stand for a thousand dollars. He picked up the telephone and directed the operator to put him through to Mr. Terrell of Hobart, Terrell & Waldron.

"Hello, Terry! Ad speaking. How's everything? What about a little golf *tomorrow afternoon*? Any excitement on the floor? Really—XL, eh? No! Do you think so? Well, I might, but I don't want to be a piker this time. Buy me a thousand in the same name as before. Oh, no, of course not; I'll get the margin to you today."

He rang off, gave the operator another number and presently was talking to Mrs. Raglan. "Hello, Ellie! This is Ad Abbott. I've got something on my mind. Could I drop in around five, or do you happen to be free for dinner? Larry? Yes; you guessed it. Dinner? All right. I'll stop for you early."

MEANTIME things had been happening to Regis. First, she had been made to wait, not because Mr. Smith, the office manager, was any more occupied than usual, but because of the adamant rule that anybody crashing the inner gates of a broker or theatrical producer must be made to wait till the heart sinks and hope grows weary. Eventually, with no apparent reason for the sudden move, she was delivered over by Happy, who seemed to take joy in repeating Mr. Abbott's laconic message verbatim.

Mr. Smith was a wiry man with pale eyes and a face like a mask. Mornings he was as trim as a new pin, but toward closing time his hair and his clothes were apt to look as if he had been through a cyclone.

It went without saying that he knew the affairs of Abbott, Raglan & Company from alpha to omega, but in addition he knew in minute detail the affairs of every individual from the office boy up to the tops. He had a working motto, a sort of thumb rule of life: To know people, know all about them. Nothing less could have explained his reaction upon chancing to hear the telephone operator murmur, "Yes, Mr. Abbott," in conjunction with the familiar number of a rival firm. Immediately, though with no appearance of haste, he cut short his interviewing of Regis at the very start, waved her vaguely to a vacant typewriter and departed, moving in the general direction of Mr. Abbott's office.

As he walked, though his eyes were alert, his thoughts could still dwell on this new girl. Here was somebody he knew nothing about—a brand of human being with which he was totally unfamiliar. He suspected her of belonging to that heavenly stratum at the very top of the human hierarchy toward which Wall Street, in its soul, forever sweated and toiled. What was she—a tumbled grain of star dust? Attempting to size her up would be like trying to read Greek without a dictionary. Where had she come from and why? That at least he could settle. He went straight to Kit and soon was in possession of the meager facts in the case. A moment later he was at Mr. Abbott's door, his knuckles raised as if to knock, but they did not fall. Standing close to the glass he heard all he needed to hear: "—no, of course not; I'll get the margin to you today."

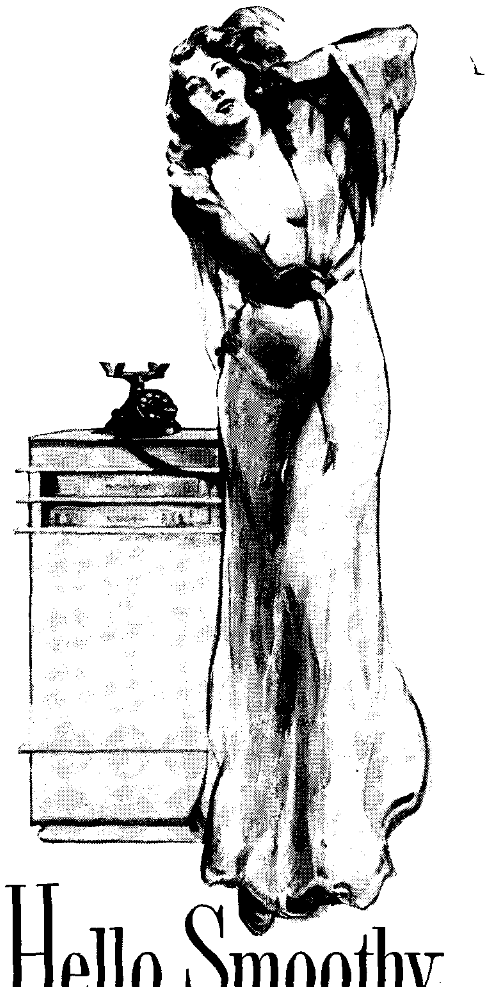
He withdrew as silently as he had come, a curiously satisfied expression in his eyes. His excursion had proved well worth the effort. So Mr. Abbott was taking a flyer on the outside, in itself a white sin. Had he placed the order to clear, it would have meant he was merely reaching for a quick profit, but since he was putting up cash he was evidently buying to hold. What? Probably what everybody else was buying—XL. Again, if it was only a hundred shares, his action might be passed off as a peccadillo, but if it was for *more he was committing a breach of* contract. Mr. Smith had a feeling it was for a lot more. He frowned, not necessarily in disapproval, but in an attempt to file the newly acquired knowledge exactly where it belonged.

DURING his absence Regis had ample time to study a strange scene. She sat not far from Mr. Smith's desk but had not yet the knowledge to realize how strategic was the position. Behind her, shut off from the general hurly-burly, she could hear the staccato phrases of three girls at the switchboard. Stretching to the left was a series of wire cages with men inside, all standing, all busy, all pacing from one corner to another with an intentness which alone saved them from looking like animals in captivity. In the other direction were desks and more desks.

Mr. Smith, returning, beheld a picture without being conscious that it was a picture. Regis had not so much as taken off her hat, since no one had told her where she could put it. She sat erect as if fixed in a pose, knees crossed, her hands locked in her lap. Though her face had lost some of its animation through the weariness of waiting, she formed a spot of light, strikingly illumined against a somber foil. She was lovely, but lovely in the wrong place. To anybody less embedded in business as a matrix, her abject loneliness might have struck a pathetic note, but all Mr. Smith could see was an element so foreign to established routine as to make him recoil as from a menace. In his experience conformity was as essential as air—conform or get out. He picked up *a company report at random from* his desk and approached her.

"Here," he said, "type this. Two carbons."

She glanced through the pamphlet and wondered why he could not have applied to the issuing company for as many copies as he desired. Realizing she had not been employed to ask questions, she took off her hat, rolled it care-



Hello Smoothy

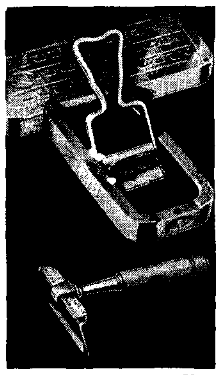
"THAT tip of yours was absolutely swell—I've just been talking to the man who sold you your Rolls Razor—he tells me every man he's ever sold one to simply raves about it . . . so I've ordered a perfect flock of them . . . one for each of the male relatives . . . this Christmas they're not going to kid me about fool, female presents."

★ ★ ★

And what better present can you give a man than a lifetime assurance of the smooth, clean, effortless shaves that come with the use of a Rolls Razor?

The single *"Lifetime Blade"* of a Rolls Razor *is tooled* from the finest Sheffield Steel and hollow ground. Stropped in its case before shaving, honed when necessary, this blade, with common-sense care, will actually give an entire lifetime of perfect shaves.

That's why wherever you go you'll find more and more men using Rolls Razors—whose enthusiastic letters tell us give the "finest . . . most perfect . . . smoothest . . . best . . ." and every other adjective that means superlatively good "shave in the world."



And remember this—with a Rolls there is no continuing tax on the pocketbook for new blades. You pay once—and that's all—which a little simple arithmetic will prove to you makes the Rolls, in the long run, the least expensive of all safety razors to own.

One of your friends uses a Rolls Razor—ask him.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

Imperial Rolls Razor Nickel Plated. $10
Other models and kits up to $50

For a smooth, non-irritating lather use Rolls Razor Shaving Soap in "lock-tight" bowls. It lasts about 8 months. Price $1.50

Rolls Razors are for sale at the better shops throughout the world. If your dealer cannot supply you send check or money order direct to us and we will forward a razor postpaid promptly.

Descriptive folder sent on request

Lee & Schiffer, Inc. **U. S. Distributors**
Dept. U **305 East 45th Street, New York City**

ROLLS RAZOR
WITH A LIFETIME BLADE

fully and slipped it into one of the empty drawers; then she went to work. Her fingers seemed all thumbs. Thrice she dragged the paper from the machine, crumpled it quietly and dropped the ball into a wastebasket. Lunch time came, but there was no general exodus; one person would slip out and then another but so dovetailed were these goings and comings that at no moment did the room seem less crowded. As a consequence she missed her lunch entirely and by four o'clock was feeling very hollow. Closing time found her equally unprepared, but with a difference; whereas at the luncheon hour the room had scarcely seemed to thin out, she now awoke to the fact that she was its only remaining occupant.

Except for Mr. Smith's brusque order nobody had spoken to her all day long. She had felt the men looking at her more than once, but the other girls had not even bothered to do that. She blinked her eyes. She was alone, a foreigner among her own people, a white crow to be pecked to death by the outraged flock. Was that it? At the thought her head went up, she dabbed twice at each eye, laid away her typing, rose and put on her hat. Abruptly a twinge of fright seized her. What if they had locked her in? But no, that was absurd, since office doors do not lock on the outside. Picking her way through the incredible litter of the day's work, she escaped into the empty halls.

SHE ate a sandwich at the nearest lunch counter and headed home, her feet and her heart like lead. In spite of her success she had had a terrible day. But presently an odd readjustment began to assert itself. While Don had lived, the Mulholland apartment had been her refuge during holidays from school and college, and in the summers he had sent her somewhere, twice abroad. As a gay transient she had gotten along well enough with Dora. But his death had changed the whole picture, turning what had been a casual haven into a place of despair. As a result, the nearer she approached it, the more tolerable did the ordeal of her first day in the office seem by comparison.

It was true in a sense that Dora had lived in Don, surrendering her own life completely, either through indolence or because by nature she belonged among the air plants. He had been an anchor to her; but, once freed of that restraint, her individuality, only dormant, had asserted itself with astonishing suddenness and force. Regis had always thought of her vaguely as sugar-sweet, malleable, soft as a graceful kitten. Remembering that blind valuation, tears of chagrin now sprang to her eyes. Dora, beneath her velvet exterior, hid the sinews and claws of a cat. She could neither be crushed nor shaken off; the only chance of victory lay in escape.

Though so tired, Regis felt a new strength spring up within her. Had not the possibility of escape been brought appreciably nearer by today's venture? Working, however uncongenially, she would be freed for many hours out of every week. She might—she caught her breath—she might even leave and go it alone! Using her latch key, she entered to find exactly what she had expected—Dora in negligee curled on a couch with a book in her lap and the telephone within easy reach of her hand. The telephone! How many other women looked upon it as an economy, a source of sustenance, a magic box out of which might pop a meal at the last moment!

"Did you have a nice game?" asked Mrs. Mulholland languidly, for her voice could be as smooth as her skin.

"I haven't been playing golf," said Regis, "I've got a job."

"You've really done that!" cried Dora, half rising, but promptly falling back against the cushions. "What kind of a job?"

"So far it's only typing."

"You mean you're a secretary?"

"Oh, no; just a stenographer."

"Where?"

"In a brokers' office—Abbott, Raglan & Company."

"Why?" asked Dora. Her tone, without rising, changed its blur for the cutting edge of steel. "Who did you know there?"

"Nobody. Mr. Abbott was in Don's class at college."

"I never met him; I've never heard of him!"

"Neither had I."

"So you're just a common stenographer with a lot of men you never saw before."

"Yes," said Regis, her cheeks and her eyes suddenly aflame.

"You're a stubborn, ungrateful girl," began Dora and, as she continued, her voice climbed higher and higher to a steady, shrill note. "I've told you what we could do if we stuck it out together; we could have held on without anyone ever guessing we're practically paupers and we would have won out. I did my best. Now you're ruining everything, not only your own chances but mine too."

"I don't see it," interjected Regis. "But why go over all that again?"

"You took on this particular kind of work especially to hurt me," continued the thin flow of Dora's voice, almost without interruption. "There are dozens of jobs that society accepts with a laugh, but this isn't one of them and you know it. There's a line you can't cross without stepping completely out of one kind of life into another. Except for charity no woman alive can go in for drudgery and make it smart."

"Smart!" cried Regis. "How I loathe that word! Listen to me, Dora—you shall listen! You think we ought to half starve ourselves just to skin through—buy clothes and pay the rent. You think we ought to cadge meals, theater tickets, caddy fees and all the other permissible extras from Tom, Dick and Harry just to stay with a crowd that has more money than we have. You want to hang on in the hopes of marrying not a man but a charge account. It's rotten, and because that sort of out is revolting to me you act as if I were stabbing you in the back."

"You are! You are!" shrilled Dora.

"I'm not!" cried Regis. "All I'm trying to do is to be decent, to be what I am—what I really am!"

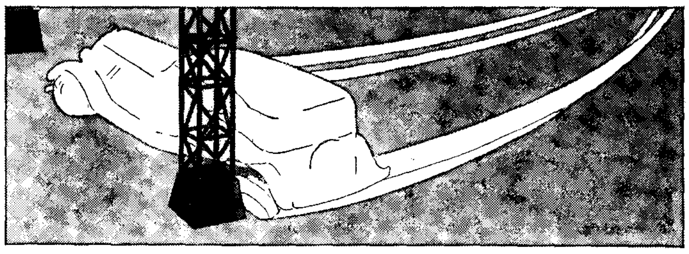
"WHAT you really are is a fool and you'll realize it when it's too late. If it were only you but it's me! You're pulling everything from under me! You know I can't stay on here without you! Even if I could, what sort of figure would I cut with everybody trying to remember what had become of you—as if you were dead! I won't stand it—I won't, I won't!"

"I'm afraid you'll have to," said Regis, her voice thick in her throat.

She was excited—tremendously excited. Here was her chance, here the crossroads, here the dividing of the ways. She would say straight out: "I'm going to leave you, Dora—going to get out—going where I'll never have to see your face again." But the animation died from her face as swiftly as it had been born, for Dora had been too clever for her. She had turned with a convulsive movement on the last "I won't!" She was lying flat, her head buried in cushions. Her shoulders shook with tearing sobs that Regis knew would keep right on tearing for an hour.

(To be continued next week)

NEGLIGENCE



HUSBAND NEGLECTED SAFETY—IGNORED WEED CHAINS—WIFE AND CHILD HURT

ANY man who will risk the lives of his wife and children driving without WEED Chains on snow, sleet, ice or slippery mud—well, we don't know how to say it.

51,720 were injured and 1,740 killed by skidding cars in one year, 1931. Thousands were maimed by drivers who thought they wouldn't skid. It is not only beginners, it is over-confident good drivers who pile up skid accident victims.

Don't fool yourself. Don't take unnecessary risks. Put on Weed Chains to safeguard against skidding, to give your tires traction enough to pull through snow, ice, sand or mud.

Genuine WEED TIRE CHAINS at New LOW PRICES

Weed Americans Double the Wear of Ordinary Tire Chains—Ask Your Dealer Why

Now Weed Americans double the mileage of ordinary tire chains. Ask your dealer to show you the 4 exclusive, basic improvements: (1) New metal, Weedalloy, (2) Bar reinforced cross chains, (3) Electric welded side chains, (4) New type end hook. Accept only genuine Weeds—the tire chains with brass plated cross chains, gray galvanized side chains and red end hooks. Made only by American Chain Co., Inc., Bridgeport, Conn. Largest manufacturers of chains for all purposes.

NOW PAY LESS .... PLAY SAFE AND USE

WEED CHAINS

Uneasy Money

Continued from page 13

2. It will help the worker by enabling business to resume operations on a rising price market.
3. It will help the banks and insurance companies by cutting mortgages in half, thus reviving billions in frozen mortgages.
4. It will, in fact, not hurt creditors much because they have to choose between reduction of debts and complete loss.

The Goldsborough Plan

There are plenty of other money doctors in Congress. There are those who follow Representative Goldsborough, from Maryland, in the House. Goldsborough is the congressman who made the first touchdown for inflation. That was away back in the Hoover days. He put through a bill calling on the Federal Reserve Board to put out Federal Reserve notes by buying government bonds in the open market up to the sum of ten billion dollars, if necessary, to raise the price levels of commodities to the 1926 level. Then the bill provided that price level was to be held stable by means of the use of the commodity dollars of Professor Irving Fisher. That bill passed the House by an enormous majority—only 33 voting against it. Its supporters were Democrats and Republicans.

That group is no longer very potent. Open market operations by the Federal Reserve Board have been proven to be futile. That was Mr. Hoover's first depression cure. But of course he did not propose to use up ten billions in the process.

The Thomas amendment, it will be recalled, gave the President four ways of inflating. He has used, up to now, but one of these, though he is in the midst of using another.

The one he attempted to use was this very scheme of pumping credit into business by means of the Federal Reserve banks. But again it has failed to work. *In the last four months the* Board has purchased, in round figures, about $850,000,000 of government bonds and notes. These are bought from banks. In return the Federal Reserve bank gives the member bank from which it buys credit for the bonds bought. This is nothing more than crediting the bank with a deposit for the amount of the purchase.

This deposit or credit does not do any good to business until the bank withdraws it from the Reserve bank and puts it to work. Well, that entire $850,000,000 of credits created by bond purchases still remains untouched in the Reserve banks in the form of excess reserves. For this reason it is not likely that we will hear much of the Goldsborough plan.

But the commodity-dollar part of it will get a hearing. That issue is pretty well mixed up. The commodity dollar does not mean inflation. It is merely a change from gold to commodities as a measuring base for our money. We will still use gold as the form of redeeming our dollars, but the average price of some 700-odd commodities as the means of measuring it. The Goldsborough followers are for that. But Senator Thomas and Senator Wheeler are against it. There is no assurance that the inflationists will be for the commodity dollar. But we may hazard a guess that they will be for it if they have to take it to get inflation.

They are for a managed currency, however. At least many of them are, and of course there are other proposals for managing the currency besides the commodity dollar. The commodity dollar is one form. Its friends propose that the dollar, instead of being measured by the value of 25.8 grains of gold, will be measured by the value of some seven hundred or more commodities which are included in the Department of Labor index.

This, they say, will make for a more stable unit of value. With the dollar measured by the value of gold alone its value is subject to the whimsicalities of the price of gold. But if measured by the value of more than 700 commodities the fluctuations will be far less severe. Some commodities will go up, others will go down, but the average will be pretty nearly the same. The Treasury Department will calculate these averages every month or week or day and the gold content of the dollar will be increased or decreased accordingly as the index goes up or down. The amount of gold will fluctuate instead of the value of the dollar. This is the Fisher plan.

Others, however, believe—some think the President holds this view, and Senator Thomas does certainly—that we need pay no attention to the gold content of the dollar. We can simply buy and sell gold in the world gold market and thus peg its price and in this way keep the value of gold stable and hence stabilize the value of the dollar in terms of commodities. Many of the silver people think the same thing can be done with both gold and silver.

But the inflationists believe that the President cannot raise the price of commodities merely by bidding up the price of gold. That will affect the price of the dollar in the money exchange markets of the world, but not at home. This will do no good, they insist, unless the President, after pushing the price of gold up and the value of the dollar down, puts out more money.

If he fails to do this he will be deflating instead of inflating. We now have 5,640,000,000 dollars in circulation. The *inflationists insist these are not enough.* These are, roughly, 100-cent dollars. If we cut them down to seventy-five cents or fifty cents without adding to their number, they contend, we will actually have less money. We will in one case, for instance, have 5,640,000,000 fifty-cent dollars instead of 5,640,000,000 100-cent dollars. After devaluation, therefore, must come the issuance of more dollars.

Who Will Benefit?

One thing at least is obvious—that there are many differences between the inflationists and that these must be ironed out before a program can be put through. But, if they should succeed, what will happen to the country? What will be the effect of inflation upon the different groups in our population? Let us see.

The worker—what will be his fate? If the price of everything were to go up at the same time and in the same degree, the result of inflation would be nil. But this does not happen. The prices of many things will rise at once. But one thing we may be sure of: The price of labor will not rise. Millions are out of work. But many more millions are at work. Cut the value of the dollar and you will immediately cut the wages of all those at work. Our crying need is more purchasing power. Cut the value of the dollar and you promptly cut our purchasing power.

What of the farmer? He is the most insistent battler for inflation. He wants higher prices. But higher prices will not benefit him unless he can collect them. And from whom will he collect them? From the workers in the city whose wages have been cut by the decline of the dollar? Moreover, after the farmer sells, he must buy. And does he imagine that whatever advantage he gains in selling for fifty-cent dollars will not promptly be taken away from him when he is forced to buy with fifty-cent dollars? Indeed, he must buy before he sells. He must buy now and all winter. He will not sell until his harvest is in.

What will be the fate of the merchant? If the inflation is accomplished at one stroke, he will make money on all he buys before the inflation and sells after it. That will be the end. Thereafter he will reap the penalties. For, with prices higher and purchasing power smaller, he will sell less and, perhaps, see his profit disappear altogether.

If the inflation is achieved in doses and at intervals progressively the merchant will be able to make money to the extent that he knows the difficult art of speculation. He must cease to be a merchant and become a gambler.

Back to Speculation

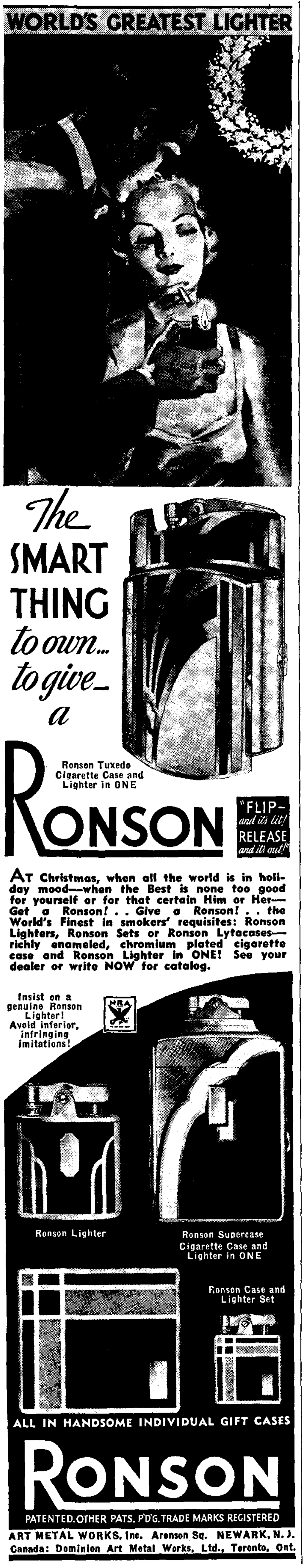
Inflation is supposed to be the debtors' paradise. If being rid of his debts were all that there was to the adventure this would be true. But, alas, while ridding himself of a debt of a few thousands he may end by ridding himself of double that amount in actual income. Who are the debtors? They are the farmers and home owners who owe money on mortgages, whose debts will be reduced by the fall of the dollar, but whose incomes will suffer more severely than their debts, since their incomes are generally, over a period of a few years, larger than their debts.

What is more, the debtor who owes money on a mortgage may very well and probably does have money due him, *perhaps a great deal more, from his savings* bank, his small bondholdings and his insurance. When the balance is struck, he may find he has suffered as a creditor more than he has benefited as a debtor.

The chief gainers—perhaps the only gainers—will be the professional speculators who understand the intricate machinery of the speculative market for stocks and commodities. They will gain at the expense of millions of innocent and helpless savers and investors.

And no man can tell where it will end. The reason inflation is so difficult, so nearly impossible to control is this: The first inflation never comes unannounced. Its approach is heralded by a speculative rise in prices which always goes too far. When the inflationary act is consummated, the populace is surprised to see nothing happen. The effect is all achieved in advance. In fact, there is likely to be a recession. This produces disappointment. The explanation is handy: We did not inflate enough. Meantime, as labor struggles to lift itself to the new price level, the benefits obtained by other classes are lost and the demand for more inflation becomes imperious. The reasons which persuaded the nation to the first step are equally commanding for taking the second step. And the second step is taken. After which the disappointments and agitations are repeated again and again.

We stand on the eve of a fateful decision. The whole mass of the people, who will be the chief sufferers, have their chance now to throw their influence against the perilous first step.


WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

The SMART THING to own... to give— a RONSON

Ronson Tuxedo Cigarette Case and Lighter in ONE

"FLIP— and it's lit! RELEASE and it's out!"

AT Christmas, when all the world is in holiday mood—when the Best is none too good for yourself or for that certain Him or Her—Get a Ronson! . . Give a Ronson! . . the World's Finest in smokers' requisites: Ronson Lighters, Ronson Sets or Ronson Lytacases—richly enameled, chromium plated cigarette case and Ronson Lighter in ONE! See your dealer or write NOW for catalog.

Insist on a genuine Ronson Lighter! Avoid inferior, infringing imitations!

Ronson Lighter

Ronson Supercase Cigarette Case and Lighter in ONE

Ronson Case and Lighter Set

ALL IN HANDSOME INDIVIDUAL GIFT CASES

RONSON

PATENTED. OTHER PATS. P'D'G. TRADE MARKS REGISTERED

ART METAL WORKS, Inc. Aronson Sq. NEWARK, N. J.
Canada: Dominion Art Metal Works, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

A Dime a Dozen

Continued from page 19

as an individual or an institution, even though the hand of an extremely popular President and an angry people is raised against him. Bosses have, in the past at least, filled a fairly definite need. Other Presidents have started after them, including Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson and, for a while, Herbert Hoover, but they simply took to their storm cellars until the presidential storm blew over. Provided they can win local elections and enjoy the enormous patronage which centers in City Hall or the county courthouse or State House, they can usually outlast the anger of Presidents.

Mr. Roosevelt, of all people, knows that. He was a key figure in Mr. Wilson's attempt to destroy Tammany twenty years ago by erecting a rival dynasty in New York City, but all he got were several lickings and the empty honor of a vice presidential nomination.

In taking the warpath against the sachems of the Wigwam, he is simply resuming unfinished business. Fate has a delicious sense of humor. Roosevelt campaigned for a State Senate seat in 1911 as an upstate, anti-Tammany man, and within a few months after reaching Albany he was in a pitched battle with the late Boss Murphy. At the head of a few young Democrats, who had, like himself, been elected in normally Republican strongholds and therefore had no support to lose, he blocked the plan of Tammany to send a corporation lawyer to the United States Senate.

At Baltimore in 1912 he worked for the nomination of Mr. Wilson while Tammany's sore and sullen heroes glowered at the youngster in his political teens. At San Francisco in 1920, then a gay young Adonis, he engaged in a rough-and-tumble with the keeper of the New York standard as he tried to drag it into a demonstration for the War President. In 1924 and 1928 he stood loyally by Alfred E. Smith, whose attitude toward "the Hall" while governor was most unprofessional and ungubernatorial. Even when the "block Roosevelt" movement collapsed, that sultry evening at Chicago, Tammany's braves, then supporting Mr. Smith, were making vain but feverish deals to prevent Roosevelt's nomination. Since then the Tiger has shown him its fangs several times, and he has reciprocated by withholding patronage from the New Yorkers.

Girls Who Failed

Political bosses, however, are a long-lived race. They have survived numerous political and legislative reforms which were designed to put them out of business. They were supposed to disappear when the direct primary law was passed, and when the election of United States senators was vested in the people instead of easily controlled legislatures. But it didn't work out that way.

Giving women the vote was heralded as a blow at bossism. The ladies were expected to bring to politics a finer and cleaner spirit, and to cleanse the political stables. For a time the bosses did shiver and speculate on the threats the advent of feminine voters might hold out. But not for long. They courted the ladies by giving them nominations, and many a corrupt leader has concealed his sins behind a woman candidate. Women have been sent to Congress from cities and states where politics are most closely organized, not from the haunts where liberals and reformers roam and roar.

It was thought that prohibition would loosen the grip of the boss. But it was just a beautiful dream. Prohibition increased the power of organized politics by organizing the underworld. It filled the politicians' treasuries with money paid in bribes and protection, and it led young men on the make to join up in order to get indorsements as dry agents or speakeasy operators. It raised up such allies as bootleggers and racketeers and speakeasy proprietors, for all these violators needed political backing as protection against the law. In fact, had it not been for the profits which the politicians got from the by-products of illegal booze, the pinch of depression might have broken their power long ago. Prohibition was their life-saver.

Now, if the bosses could make friends with the direct primary, woman suffrage and prohibition, is there any assurance that they cannot gather to their breasts any new weapons that may be turned against them? It is true that they have shown themselves to be a resourceful race, but there are several new and different factors in the present crisis confronting them. For one thing, the depression has them groggy.

Nobody Loves Him

Clubhouse charity, which ranges from a hod of coal for a widow to picnics at which undernourished children are drowned in pink and indigestible lemonade, can't compensate for empty treasuries, burdensome taxes, payless teachers, closed schools and wasteful political handouts. Patting babies on the cheek doesn't weigh against conditions which make those cheeks white and drawn.

Coincident with the presidential disavowal of the professionals comes repeal of the dry laws and governmental control of liquor. Most states which have set up agencies of distribution have taken care to insure that the old, evil influences shall not be permitted to discredit this new experiment in temperance, and a decade's experience with prohibition may lead the people to resent any political tampering with the system. If these safeguards work, the boss may find himself out in the cold. A political machine lives for profit, and cannot maintain itself without a steady flow of funds.

Even more fundamental and permanent forces seem to be working against the boss. The 1922 and 1924 immigration restriction acts, which virtually stopped the flow of foreign-born to the United States, have robbed the great political organizations of their most dependable recruits.

The anti-boss possibilities in many of the Roosevelt experiments are limitless, though generally unrecognized by those most likely to be affected. If the Administration puts over its program for placing urban workers on subsistence farms outside the city limits, thereby transplanting them from the soil where machine politics flourish, it will make gaps in the armies that now go forth to vote for the boss.

If the National Recovery Act releases workers from the fear and insecurity which now keep them subservient to selfish political, industrial and class interests, if they no longer feel that they must vote under artificial pressure, worth-while considerations rather than the tigerish law of the jungle of politics may influence their voting. And these are only a few of the changes which may give a new spirit and direction to American politics. Thus the New Deal may hold only a pair of deuces for the bosses who have always been used to having an ace in the hole—or at least a four-flush.

UNCLE SAM
ain't no Santa Claus

YOU can't expect Uncle Sam or anybody else to do the things that you should do yourself. There's no Santa Claus but YOU when it comes to your future and that of your family.

Today Uncle Sam's most important job is building America solidly and sanely on a bedrock foundation. Precisely the same task confronts countless men and women who are struggling to regain their foothold and make their future permanently secure.

As a nation and as individuals we must keep to fundamentals and refuse to consider impractical or untried measures. America will not be made safe and secure by unsound money, repudiation of obligations or extreme artificial restoratives. And, individually, the best course is self-reliance and wise planning for the years to come.

An advocate of sound progress, United Mutual is helping men and women everywhere to lay the foundation for their future prosperity. The United Mutual recovery plan will give you, too, a means of buying new protection or replacing insurance now lapsed at a lower initial cost than you ever thought possible. You can be your own Santa Claus and a real Santa Claus to your family by investing in a United Mutual Safeguarded Recovery Policy. Write to us for complete details without the slightest obligation.

SAFE-GUARDED
LIFE INSURANCE

All United Mutual's invested assets are in U. S. Gov't. and Municipal bonds—the strongest security the world affords.

UNITED MUTUAL
Safeguarded LIFE INSURANCE

© 1933, UMLIC

IMPORTANT—MAIL THIS COUPON WITHOUT DELAY

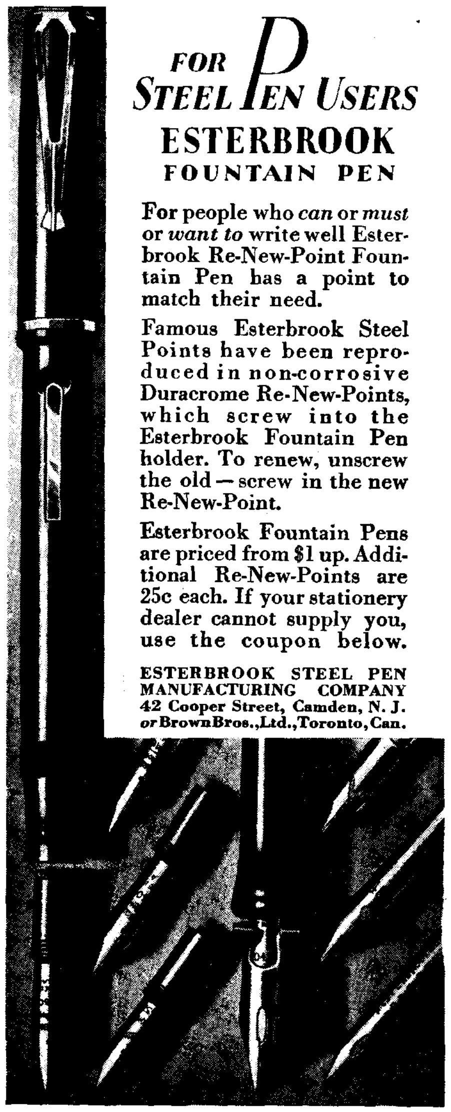
UNITED MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Please send me without obligation complete information in regard to your Recovery Plan Policy which offers new protection and safeguarded investment at low initial cost.

NAME__________________ BIRTH DATE______________

ADDRESS__________________ CITY AND STATE______________

★ UNITED MUTUAL HAS GOOD OPEN TERRITORY FOR CAPABLE MEN ★



FOR STEEL PEN USERS
ESTERBROOK
FOUNTAIN PEN

For people who *can* or *must* or *want to* write well Esterbrook Re-New-Point Fountain Pen has a point to match their need.

Famous Esterbrook Steel Points have been reproduced in non-corrosive Duracrome Re-New-Points, which screw into the Esterbrook Fountain Pen holder. To renew, unscrew the old—screw in the new Re-New-Point.

Esterbrook Fountain Pens are priced from $1 up. Additional Re-New-Points are 25c each. If your stationery dealer cannot supply you, use the coupon below.

ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
42 Cooper Street, Camden, N. J.
or Brown Bros., Ltd., Toronto, Can.

RENEWABLE JUST LIKE STEEL PENS

Esterbrook
FOUNTAIN PENS
and STEEL PENS

Esterbrook Steel Pen Manufacturing Company
42 Cooper St., Camden, N. J.
I enclose $1 for Esterbrook Re-New-Point Fountain Pen, postpaid. I have checked Re-New-Point desired in the fountain pen.

☐ Gregg Shorthand
☐ Bookkeeping
☐ High School or College
☐ Social Stub
☐ Business Falcon
☐ Executive Signature
☐ Manifold Use, Orders
☐ Bold Stub

Name ____________
Address ____________
Dealer's Name and Address ____________

LAW
STUDY AT HOME
Be independent. Earn $3,000 to $10,000 annually. We guide you step by step—furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Degree of LL. B. conferred. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 64-page "Law Training for Leadership" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them NOW.
LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 1240-LA, Chicago

RAISE RABBITS FOR US
WE SUPPLY STOCK AND BUY WHAT YOU RAISE
PAYING YOU HIGHEST PRICES—Established 20 Yrs. Rabbit book, catalog and monthly market bulletin showing prices we pay our breeders, 10c. Address
OUTDOOR ENTERPRISE CO., Inc., Box 411, NEW CITY, N. Y.

"ATHLETE'S FOOT"
ITCHING FEET AND TOES

Quickly Relieved and Healed!
End your misery from the intense itching of ringworm infections of the feet and toes by using Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX—a proved remedy that clears up "Athlete's Foot" rapidly and completely. This powerfully antiseptic and germicidal ointment is a guaranteed *specific* for this condition. The first application stops itching and soon heals the inflamed, cracked or scaly skin and restores it to normal. Get this sure relief today at your drug, department or shoe store. Price $1.00 jar; trial size 50¢.
Dr. Scholl's Solvex

Campus King

Continued from page 15

clinging to Burke. Burke broke free and rushed him against the ropes. Rowe's head rolled with the blows and he slid to the floor. Unconscious. No, not unconscious. He got to his knees and groped for the ropes. Slowly, very slowly, he pulled himself up, pawed at his eyes, and lurched away from the ropes. Burke dropped his fists and stood back. Rowe couldn't see him. Men were on their feet now, shouting to the referee to stop it. I shouted too. A dirty towel sailed into the ring. That was all. The ugly-faced victor half carried Rowe to his corner.

MADDEN had to pay for his folly. The president ordered him on probation, and the whole sorry affair became known. There were whisperings at faculty teas, loud indignation on Fraternity Row. Madden was judged a fool and a traitor. His teammates cut him, the Sigma Rhos asked for his room and his pin. His career had come down like a house of cards.

The merchants whom he owed appealed to the president. The campus hero had been welcome to credit, but not a swollen-faced outcast. They wanted their money. The Dean's Council took action. Madden must pay or go.

Wendy surprised and distressed me. She wanted me to lend the boy money against the inheritance which would be hers in the spring.

"No," I said firmly, "I wouldn't consider it."

She was trying not to cry. "Please, Uncle Allan."

"No, Wendy."

She was crying. I went into my study and closed the door firmly.

I ate dinner alone. Wendy was upstairs in her room. At eight o'clock I put on my coat and walked over to the Sigma house.

Rowe was in his room, sitting in the dark by the window. He got up and turned on the light. His face was bruised and discolored.

I asked him what he intended to do.

He shrugged his big shoulders. "I don't know. I'm through, prof. Sold down the river."

"I'm sorry, Rowe. Wendy's sorry."

He scowled at that. "She needn't be. It's my funeral. I don't want anyone to be sorry. Least of all, Wendy."

"If you could, would you stay and get your degree? It wouldn't be pleasant, you know. You'd have very few friends."

"I'd stay," he said grimly, "and give my right arm for the chance."

"You needn't do that." I drew a check from my wallet and handed it to him.

He took it, stared at it, silently.

I said, "You must pay it back, Rowe. It's Wendy's."

"The fool kid," he said softly. "The darling." And he tore the check across and across. "Tell Wendy," he said, grinning again and defiant, "tell her—I'll be back."

When I opened my front door, Wendy was there, sitting on the stairs.

"It's raining," I said. "I should have worn my rubbers."

She knew where I'd been. Her dark eyes were questioning me.

I shook my head. "He's leaving in the morning, Wendy. You'd best forget him, my dear."

She sat there, hugging her knees, a frail little thing with hurt eyes. She said, "He'll be sorry when I'm famous." She was trying to smile. "I'll send him my picture, signed 'Nertz to you. Wendy.' "

"Wendy! Please!"

A big tear welled over and moved down her cheek.

" 'Fie on you' would sound better," I said.

A strange little thing, she found that amusing.

WENDY was restless that winter, and active. Too active. She came down with influenza and was ill for weeks. Curt Ellery sent her flowers and came daily to see her.

I heard but once from Rowe Madden; a newspaper clipping, mailed to me without comment from St. Paul. One Montana Malley had fought Sailor Jones, eight rounds to a draw. I tore up the clipping and said nothing to Wendy.

The weeks became months. Wendy was twenty-one now and had her little fortune, a modest nest egg indeed.

One June evening she told me that she intended to leave Paxton for a career on the stage. The confident folly of youth! I was dismayed. She lacked, I told her bluntly, the physical strength for such work. I spoke of her father and the small towns of her childhood.

She sat listening in the lilac-sweet dusk. The porch hammock creaked. "My father was a genius," she said.

A genius, indeed! There was need, I saw, to be firm. "You'd lose your money," I said, "and come back defeated and ill. You're not going to New York, Wendy. Please don't speak of it again."

Curt Ellery's white flannels emerged from the twilight and came up the walk, most opportunely. I left them together.

On the last day of exams I came home with my blue-books, to find the house silent. Wendy had gone. A letter lay on my study desk; a foolish little letter, begging forgiveness and promising that I'd be proud of her soon. I put it away and went to work correcting exams. Such exams! I marked them all under sixty.

Curt Ellery was heartbroken. He would never, he told me, care for anyone else. Wendy was still his ideal. I was sorry for the lad.

WENDY wrote often for a while, letters full of excitement and hope. She had joined a little theater group on Long Island. The director was writing a play destined for Broadway. Perhaps she would play in it. In September her letters stopped coming.

And in September, Rowe Madden strode into my office; lean, brown and smiling.

"Hello, prof," he said happily. "How's Wendy?"

I told him.

When I had done, he said slowly, "We'll be proud of her, prof. You and I."

I made him talk of himself. He had paid off his debts, and was through with the ring. "My hands," he explained. "I'm going to be a surgeon, you know." He grinned. "A darned good one!"

"I'm beginning to believe," I said, "that you will. You'll get what you want."

"No," he said, "not now. I had to pay for my fun. I'm still paying. But I will be a sawbones." He got up to go. "Remember me to Wendy."

"Would you care for her address?"

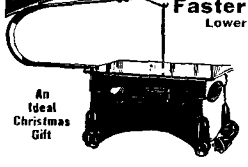
He shook his head. "Just tell her the hill-billy came back."

I heard from Wendy at last through a friend in New York University. Wendy was working in a bookstore off Sixth Avenue. She had been in a play

CHICAGO FLYING SCOUT Roller Skates

What A Gift!
Your Boy or Girl deserves the best. "CHICAGO'S" Quality—Speed—Strength and Low Mileage Cost are unmatched.
Best Quality
Demand "CHICAGO'S" *The World's Greatest*
FREE BOOK! "How to Roller Skate," Games, etc. Send 10c if you want Gold p. Club Pin. Write Now!
CHICAGO ROLLER SKATE CO.
Roller Skates with Records for Over 28 Years
4407 West Lake Street Chicago, Illinois

NEW Electric Jig Saw
Complete with MOTOR $6.50
Faster! Safer!
Lower Priced!



An Ideal Christmas Gift
The WOODCRAFT Electric Jig Saw! Nothing like it ever before on the market. A jig saw with motor built in, complete in one unit. Blade makes 7200 strokes per minute—four to nine times as fast as other saws. Cuts finest inside and outside figures—scrolls, fret work, jig saw puzzles, etc. Takes standard blade—also blades for cutting copper, aluminum, brass and soft sheet metal. Cast iron base and top, 9" square table, 12" throat, 10" high. Weight, 20 lbs. Strong and durable—nothing to wear out. Cuts wood 2" thick. Operates on any alternating current. Portable—move it anywhere. Fine for home work-shops, also wood pattern shops. Safest saw made, because of its very short stroke. Does work equal to saws costing several times as much. Ask your dealer or order direct at the special introductory price—only $6.50. Money-back guarantee. Circular on request.
Frannon Appliance Corp., 630 S. Dearborn, Howell, Mich.

CASH REWARD!
HOW do you like this issue? Mighty good, isn't it? Just full of good things from cover to cover. Don't you think you can show other folks in your town what a colorful and entertaining magazine it is? As your reward you will make a liberal commission on each new and renewal subscription you secure for COLLIER'S and the other Crowell Magazines. Even if you have only a little spare time, you may make $1.00 or more an hour. *Write now!*

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C-32
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please tell me about your Cash Reward to readers of Collier's.

Name ....
Address ....
Town ....
State ....

that collapsed in New Haven. She looked, my friend wrote, discouraged and ill. I wired her to come home. She wrote me at length. It was as I feared; she had financed that play. She wouldn't quit now—she couldn't.

I sent for Curt Ellery and showed him the letter. "You write," I suggested; "ask her to come back."

He shook his head. "Billie wouldn't like that."

"Billie?"

He was blushing. "Billie Arden, sir. I've found my ideal at last."

"Congratulations," I said. "Whatever comes to you, Curtis, I'm sure you'll deserve."

He thanked me happily and departed.

One rebuff should have been sufficient. But Wendy was my sister's child. I telephoned to Rowe Madden. He came in after supper.

"I'm worried about Wendy," I said. "Read that."

He said, when he'd read the letter, "I wouldn't worry, prof. She'll win out."

"If she lives," I said bluntly. "Her mother didn't."

His face changed, hardened. "I didn't think of that."

"Well, I have. And she will not come home. I can't understand her."

"I can," he said. "When you're down, kindness just hurts. You don't need help so much, prof, as you need to help someone else."

"I don't follow you, Rowe."

He grinned, slowly. "You wouldn't," he said. "You see, prof, you've never been down."

"That," I said, "is beside the point. Will you write to Wendy?"

He rose to go. "No," he drawled, "I guess not. It wouldn't do any good."

Another idealist, I thought bitterly, closing the door on his back.

THE first day of the Christmas vacation I took the train to New York.

I found Wendy on Christmas Eve in a basement shop under the roar of the Sixth Avenue trains. She looked up and smiled, a tired little smile that defied me and asked for forgiveness. Her cheeks were flushed—rouge or fever, I couldn't tell which.

I frowned at her over a green mound of best sellers. "This won't do," I said. "It won't do at all. I've come to take you away."

With a look that said, "You old roué!" a fat matron elbowed me aside. "Pardon me. I want a murder story, young woman, with love in it."

I looked at the woman, and through her, and withdrew.

It was ten o'clock when Wendy came out. She put her arm through mine and talked gayly. People everywhere, coming and going. So many strange faces. And the Christmas look on them all. As if each one were saying, "Good luck to you, brother."

Wendy stopped on the corner to get a wreath for the window, a bottle of cream and a little red candle.

She was living on a narrow, dark street off Sheridan Square, sharing a room with a girl who had gone home for the holidays. A strange room; violent cretonnes, red lacquer and a burlap screen. A fireplace with a gas log in it.

WENDY hung the wreath and lit her red candle. Then she sat on the floor, her brown head against my knee, too tired to pretend any more.

"Wendy, did all your money go into that play?"

She didn't answer.

I knew.

"You're coming back with me now."

Her head moved. "You don't need me, Uncle Allan." A tired little voice. "No one needs me."

The gas log burned bluely; a train rumbled and died away in the distance.

Feet in the hall, and a knocking. Wendy slipped to her feet. "Someone for Bette," she said, and went to the door.

The silence was strange. I turned to look. Rowe Madden was there, grinning in the doorway. Wendy didn't speak.

"It's Christmas," he said. "Where's your tree?"

"A tree!" I said, with great presence of mind. "A tree, of course. I'll get one." They neither saw nor heard me go out.

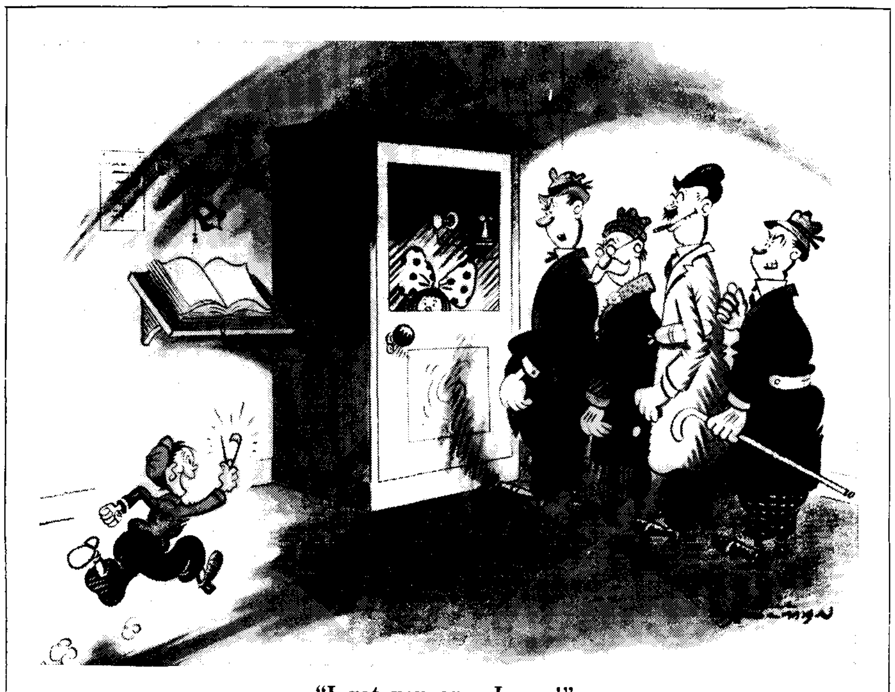
I bought a tree from a push cart on Bleecker Street, a puny little tree for a dollar. I carried it to Wendy's door and went in, my heart thumping from the stairs. It was all right, quite all right. Wendy was close in the curve of Rowe's arm, and her dark happy eyes smiled up at me.

"I'm coming home, Uncle Allan," she said. "Rowe won't stay for his degree if I don't." A proud little voice. "He needs me, you see."

Above the brown head on his shoulder, Rowdy Madden was grinning; black poll and lean jaw, and defiant blue eyes. The mountain boy who had fought for a hat. A hill-billy still, defending his own.

"God bless you, Rowdy," I said.

All the bells in the world started ringing. It was Christmas morning.



"I got you one, Jenny!"

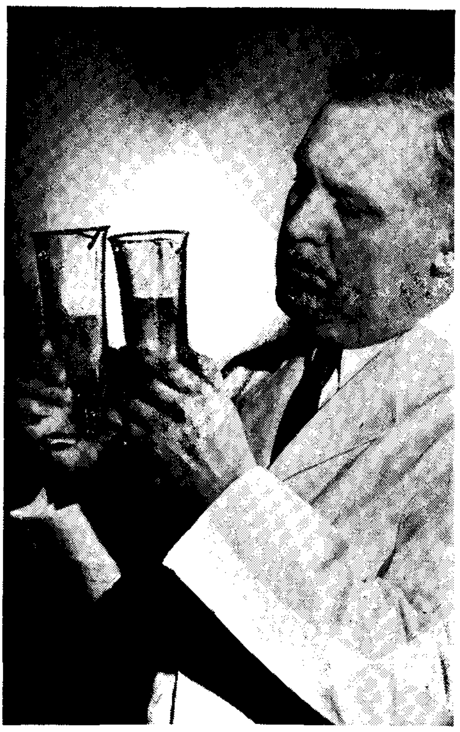
Bill Holman

A GREAT NEW ADVANCE IN TREATING *Acid Indigestion*

For Fussy Stomachs Due to Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Gas... People Now Eat an Antacid Mint

●

Avoid the Dangers of Strong, Caustic Alkalies



PEOPLE who suffer with distressing symptoms of acid indigestion such as heartburn, gas, sour stomach, a feeling of fullness after meals, can now take advantage of a greatly improved way to relieve these annoying conditions.

Many people heretofore have mixed up and drunk strong water soluble alkalies in an effort to get temporary relief. For a long time physicians have known that such alkalies taken in strong concentration had serious disadvantages. Alkalosis might eventually be caused, if the habit were kept up. Kidney trouble might be developed. And last but not least, soluble alkali taken into the stomach could change the normal state of the stomach juices, actually slowing up digestion, instead of helping it.

A new and effective kind of relief is found in a new antacid mint called TUMS.

Even healthful fruits and vegetables may cause stomach distress due to acids and fermentations they contain.

After-eating distress may now be relieved without resorting to strong water soluble alkalies.

TUMS contain an antacid compound soluble only in the presence of acid. When the acid condition is corrected the remainder passes on undissolved, inert and without affecting the blood and kidneys. Thus TUMS act as a buffer, neutralizing the excess acid in the stomach but not changing it into an alkaline condition. They do not retard digestion and are far safer than soluble alkalies, as they produce no irritation.

Try TUMS. They come in a convenient little roll so you can carry them with you always. Munch 3 or 4 after meals or whenever distressed. Any time that you are feeling not quite up to par, eat 2 or 3 of them. You may be surprised at the improvement. They are delightful, just like candy. Only 10c—at any drug store. (TUMS do not contain soda or any water soluble alkalies.)

Free *Beautiful new gold and blue 1934 Calendar - Thermometer. Also samples of* TUMS—*Just send name and address, enclosing stamp, to* A. H. LEWIS COMPANY, Dept. TDD-6, St. Louis, Mo.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

TUMS FOR THE TUMMY

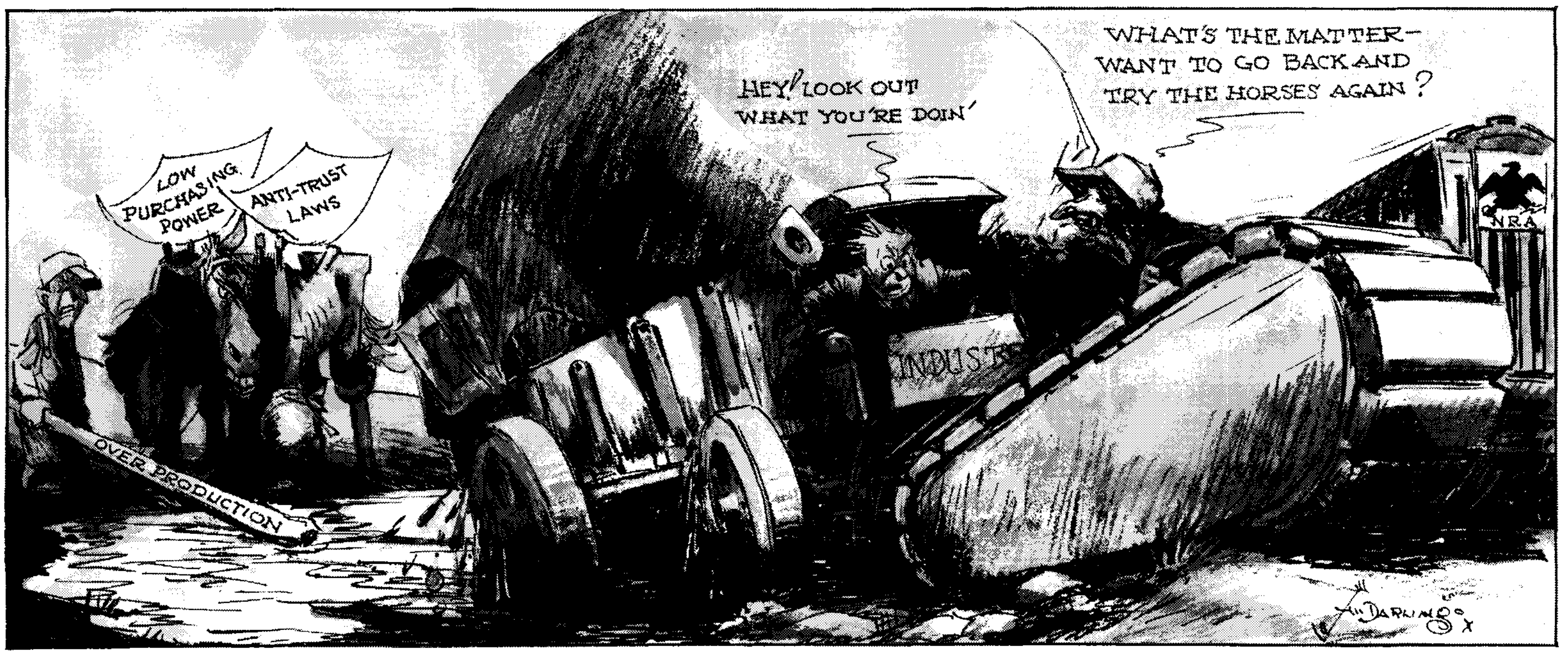
TUMS ARE ANTACID NOT A LAXATIVE

EAT LIKE CANDY
TUMS
10¢
STOMACH DISTRESS

10¢
HANDY TO CARRY

Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK, *Editorial Director* **WILLIAM L. CHENERY**, *Editor* **CHARLES COLEBAUGH**, *Managing Editor*


LOW PURCHASING POWER
ANTI-TRUST LAWS
HEY! LOOK OUT WHAT YOU'RE DOIN'
WHAT'S THE MATTER— WANT TO GO BACK AND TRY THE HORSES AGAIN?
NRA
INDUSTRY
OVER PRODUCTION
J.N. DARLING

If You Know a Better Bird—

THE honeymoon days of the NRA are over. Harsh and angered words are heard. The routine irritations of living burst out into controversy.

Confused minds question the desirability of keeping the Blue Eagle as the symbol of our national industrial recovery.

The NRA is not a sacred cow. Like other public efforts it is subject to criticism. If it turned out in experience and application to be a poor and useless scheme, it ought to be abandoned and it would be abandoned.

Unless we go completely crazy, however, the NRA won't be dropped by this Congress or any other Congress in the near future. Certainly the NRA will not be abandoned until something fairer and more practicable has been invented to take its place. So far no one has suggested a better substitute.

Forget for the moment the petty difficulties which the NRA has produced. Consider the broad purposes it was designed to serve. Measure its accomplishments and its failures. Thus we may get a just and reasonable picture of its place in our lives.

President Roosevelt described the purposes of the NRA in his message to Congress on May 17th last. These were to stimulate reëmployment, to increase purchasing power and to prevent unfair competition and disastrous overproduction.

With these purposes surely no rational person can quarrel. Everybody will be benefited by reëmployment. Everybody will be benefited by an increase in purchasing power. Every reputable citizen certainly is against unfair competition. The purposes of the Recovery Act are thus obviously good and generally approved.

How, then, about the means provided in the law to accomplish these ends? They are simple enough. For the period of the emergency, Congress consented to suspend the anti-trust laws so that employers might combine to increase employment, enlarge the national purchasing power, and so hasten economic recovery.

The industrialist could have exemption from the anti-trust laws and protection against unfair competition if he agreed to coöperate with the National Recovery Administration.

Congress went one step further. It provided a licensing system for those employers who didn't sign codes. Not everybody is to be licensed. Licenses are designed only for the control of those stubborn fellows who, contrary to the public interest, persist in unfair competition. Licenses thus are a last resort after persuasion has failed.

Obviously, there is nothing radical in all this. For long years conscientious employers have bewailed their impotence to correct glaring abuses because of the prohibitions of the anti-trust laws.

The Recovery Act makes possible these reforms so long demanded.

Nobody who surveys the field without prejudice can doubt that the NRA has accomplished highly desirable results.

It was guessed that 12,000,000 workers were unemployed last March. Of these possibly 3,000,000 were out of work because of the so-called normal changes of industry. In 1928 at least as many were out of work. So about 9,000,000 was the number whose unemployment last March might be fairly attributed to the depression. Of this number certaintly a third have been reëmployed.

More than that, all the indices show a very considerable increase in the wages paid. Purchasing power has actually been greatly increased. Of course we did not turn in one step from the depths to the heights, but that we are on the highroad to recovery few informed people doubt.

Of course many individuals and groups have tried to gain unfair and selfish advantages from the New Deal in industry. Some employers have been "chiselers" and some labor organizations have made unscrupulous use of the opportunities offered by the Recovery Act.

Section Seven, the most debated labor section of the statute, marks a radical change in our legal policy as well as in industrial practice. No part of the law is more charged with the dynamite of controversy. It may be necessary to rephrase this section. Certainly it will be necessary to administer it fairly and thoughtfully. The outbreak of strikes in the early autumn did more than any other one factor to arouse discontent with the administration of the law.

Some now say that, having turned the balky engine over and got it going, the NRA is no longer needed. Consider that view for a moment. Suppose Congress were willing to repeal the Recovery Act, what would be put in its place?

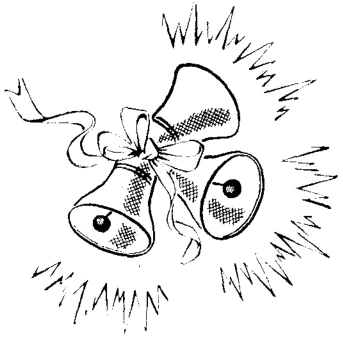
Certainly the anti-trust laws would stand unrepealed and unimpaired. Does any thoughtful manufacturer or merchant want that? Is anarchy in business so pleasant and so profitable that cutthroat competition must be restored? Obviously not.

Furthermore, the temper of this country is not reactionary or even highly conservative. If the Recovery Act were repealed, something stronger would be substituted. Look at the lunatic suggestions for inflation which have backing in Congress. A Congress which listened to Oklahoma's Elmer Thomas or Louisiana's Huey Long would draw up a pretty law for the regulation of our business life!

The Recovery Act is not perfect and its administration, according to the frank confession of so good a witness as General Johnson, has not been flawless. The man who makes no errors, however, is dead.

The law can be improved and with luck it will be when Congress assembles. It won't be bettered, anyway, by any attempt to destroy it. The fact is that the Recovery Act was a belated attempt to do swiftly in the midst of a tremendous emergency what should have been quietly undertaken and accomplished long years ago. It can profitably be amended by its friends, but it won't be amended by its enemies.

Here's a gift that will



RING THE BELL

with any man!

Gaze, all you weary shoppers, and rejoice! Here's the perfect answer to the "What-to-give-a-man-for-Christmas" question. Williams Holiday Package. This year, more attractive, more practical—and a bigger value—than ever before! ● Under the cheery red-and-gold cover of this generous package is everything any man needs to keep his face fit—and his mind filled with kindly thoughts of you—for weeks to come. A tube of Williams Luxury Shaving Cream, and its companion in shaving comfort—a flask of bracy, skin-soothing Aqua Velva. A tube of the new, suave Williams Glider Brushless Shave for the latherless addict. And . . . a tin of Williams Talc for Men. ● Where could you find a gift so lastingly useful, so appealing to a man—so suitable for executives to give their associates—and at a price so kind to your Christmas budget —$1.00. Put this ever-popular package at the top of your shopping list. Ask for it wherever toilet goods are sold.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.
Ville La Salle, Montreal, Canada

Williams HOLIDAY $1 PACKAGE

Williams HOLIDAY PACKAGE
Williams HOLIDAY PACKAGE
for a man's Christmas
LARGE SIZE
Williams Luxury Shaving Cream
Famous for its SMOOTH RICH LATHER
Williams
WILLIAMS
Williams TALCUM FOR MEN
Williams AQUA VELVA
Williams Glider
BRUSHLESS SHAVE
Williams Glider
WILLIAMS HOLIDAY PACKAGE

8 64
for Christmas
and for Always
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE